★ Sept. 16, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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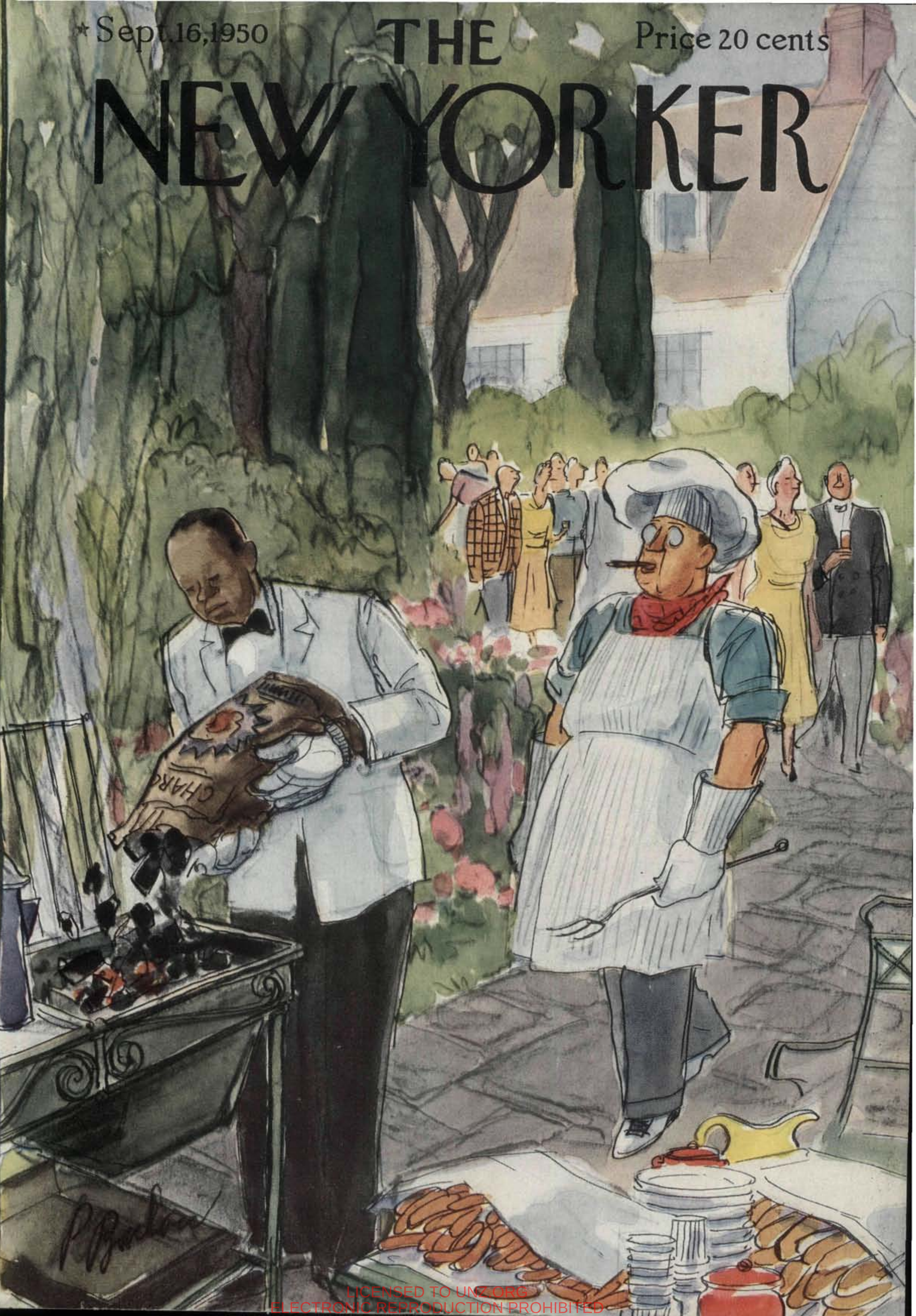
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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips, as well as Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously moving as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and eight-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

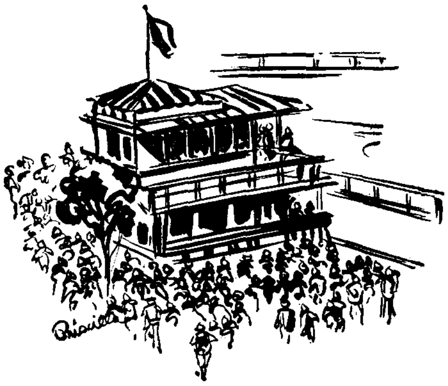
The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and compelling in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Walter Abel, Bruce Gordon, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman**: The end of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he *can't go on any more*. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 19, Thomas Mitchell will take over the lead from Robert Simon. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mister roberts**: The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. Patricia Neway and Bruni Falcon spell each other in the leading role, and Gloria Lane and Lydia Summers also appear. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes**: Lorelei Lee and her peculiar friends in Anita Loos's novel provide a nice, rowdy evening. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate**: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare *might have written it if he had had a hand* from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific**: Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Daphne Laureola—Dame Edith Evans and Cecil Parker heading an all-English cast in a comedy by James Bridie. Produced by Leland Hayward and Herman Shumlin in association with Laurence Olivier, and directed by Murray MacDonald. Opens Monday, Sept. 18. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 14-17: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 19: "Giselle" and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 20: "Les Patineurs," "Checkmate," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21: "Les Patineurs," "Checkmate," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22, and Saturday *matinée*, Sept. 23: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Checkmate," "Dante Sonata," and "A Wedding Bouquet." (*Metropolitan Opera House*. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—William Scotti's band plays for dancing in the subterranean but pleasant Garden every night but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays in the Madison Room during dinner, and in the Palm Court for cocktails. No dancing in either room.

Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, a crow's-nest far above New York Harbor, will be open for dinner and (after nine) dancing to the music of Bob Collum's band through Saturday, Sept. 16, when it will close for the season.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This emporium has reverted to type, the spotlight now being occupied by Errol Garner, whose hot little hands work wonders with a piano, and Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five. The row starts around nine. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's reminiscences of early New York café life as it probably never was. The most entertaining mementos are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are the bandmasters. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—This long-established enterprise is now showing its fall collection of clothes for the well-dressed nightlark. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-

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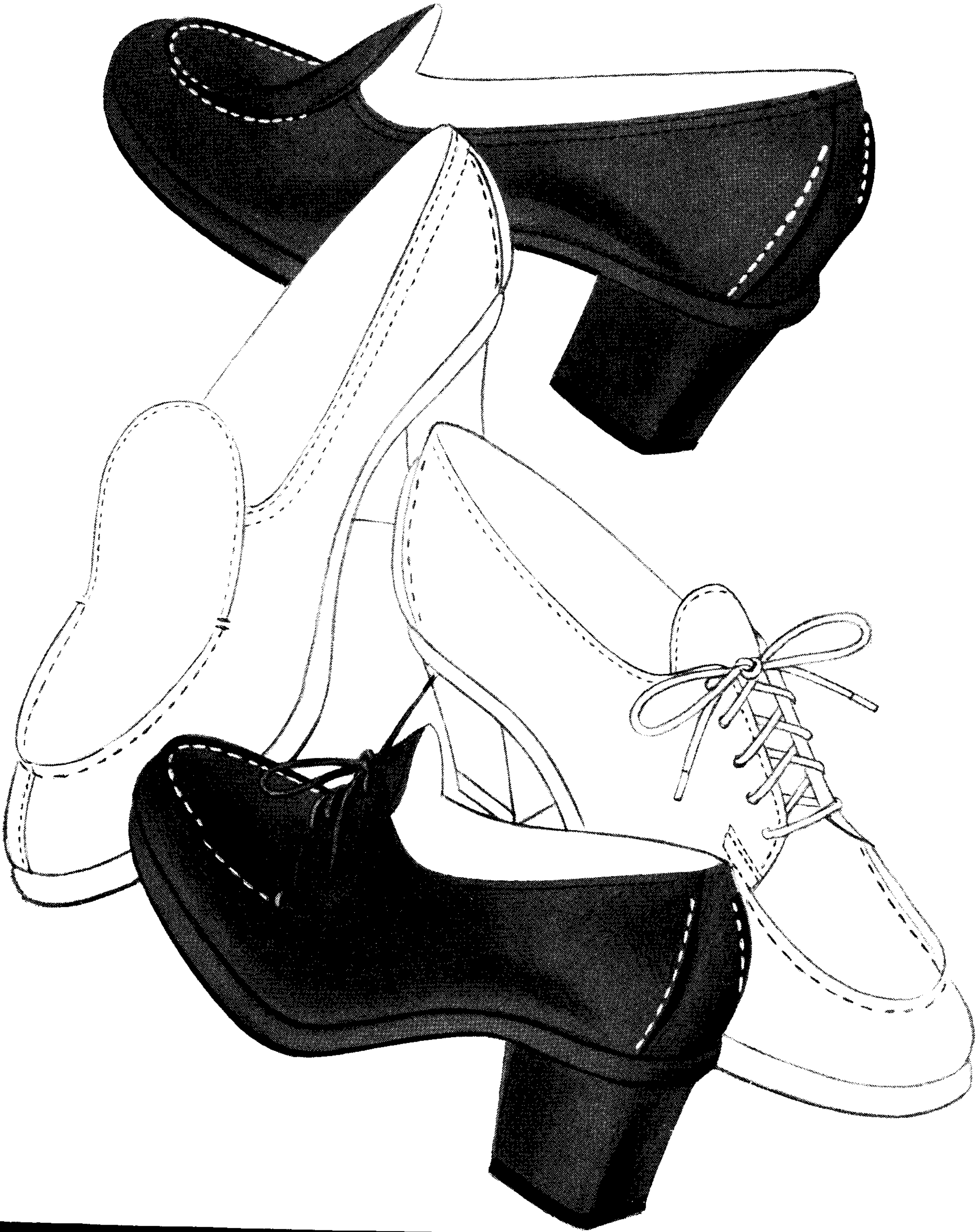

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT • PITTSBURGH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1000)—The Terrace Room again has an ice show at dinner and supper, looking like all other ice shows but demonstrating how much can be done with a cake of ice, a dozen pairs of skates, and six pairs of beautiful legs. Jean Arlen has the best pair of each. Bernie Cummins' big band, happily, is softer-voiced than most. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton is at the piano between sets.... ¶ The Cotillion Room will reopen Tuesday, Sept. 19. Mimi Benzell, a fetching but sometimes coy graduate of the Met's finishing school, will be on hand, as will the Cotillion Room's Old Guard—Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. They will all perform at dinner every day, and at supper except Sundays. The première is a benefit but is open to the public. Closed Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's lush and lyric dance music. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On Monday, Sept. 18, the dance orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz will sound taps on the handsome and serene Roof, which is open for dinner and supper every day but Sunday.... ¶ Next night, the Maisonette will start off its season, with the same musicians and undoubtedly the same deckle-edged clientele as the Roof, plus Margaret Phelan, a resolute soprano. It, too, will be closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Ralph Flanagan's orchestra for dancing. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The dormitory set getting anywhere from its first to its eighty-first glimpse of the big outside world. Suzy Mulligan sings, and Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every night, except when the angels are weeping, there is dancing under the trees and the stars from seven on. Inner nourishment, too, after a fashion.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, whose basic little black dress is the very least of her talents, has just begun her annual visit to America. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band make the dance music.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Vaughn Monroe, the strong man of the air waves, and his orchestra operate at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with it, and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): That famous ceramic tree glitters brightly once more, but no more brightly than the piano arabesques of Cy Walter, who's back on the podium at dinner and again at supper, except Sundays.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Felix Romaine's tableside violin from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio, which gets pleasantly warm at times, later in the evening. Sundays, Nancy Reed's piano is the only obbligato to the small talk.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, a sassy little singer who uses the top of a piano as both a running track and a swimming pool. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are again playing double piano and Hazel Webster, of course, is still the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind songs about the love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet around ten to begin her night-blooming ballads. Herbert Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Maxine Sullivan's cool little voice fills the midnight air with gratifying sound. Laurie Brewis, who by now is part of the family, dips into his special reserve of show tunes about eight, and also does Miss Sullivan's piano background. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his lifelong co-workers—Mae Barnes, who can single-throatedly shout down the walls of Jericho; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—takes off around ten-thirty. A surprise (and prize) package named Alice Ghostley contributes some amusing songs and an amusing face. Closed Mondays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney's piano from six to twelve, except Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Monday through Friday, and Bernie Dolen's band for dancing between the same hours on Saturday and from noon to nine on Sunday.

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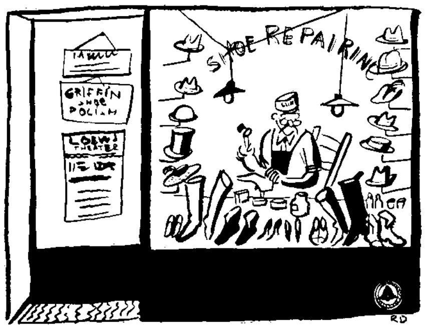
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a well-known horseplayer, reviewing his life and hard times. Carol Bruce, a handsome songbird, takes care of visiting romanticists. Dancing.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Billy Daniels, casting ditties left and right in the course of his feverish walkathon. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the gliding bandstand.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The Weavers, a group of ingenious singers who manage to be funny as well as folksy, plus Eddie and Tony, two merrily uninhibited young wolves in sheep's clothing, and Bill McArthur, a fair enough impressionist. Meg Mundy, who sings, seems rather lost in the dark. Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke provide the customary excellent musical background.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, one of Julius Monk's brightest inventions, having a field day with his songs of the subconscious. A willowy blond called Shirl Conway and some tots called the Four Lads do their special ballads, and a pair of new humorists called the Deuces Wild try out their pet gags. The light, fantastic chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio is the setting. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The words and music of Richard Dyer-Bennett, for which "spellbinding" is but medium praise. A dash of Bermudian Calypso sauce (Marie Young) and a dash of reasonably smart American comedy (Charlotte Rae), as well as the fine dance music of Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, et al. Closed Mondays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, emptying his fabled horn of plenty to the rousing accompaniment of Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, and sometimes Mr. Condon. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Thursday, Sept. 14, Benny Morton's band (Big Sid Catlett, Rex Stewart, Buster Bailey, Billy Kyle) and Gene Krupa's orchestra. The next night, a new show purporting to portray the history of jazz (there's a familiar ring somewhere in here) and requiring the services of Fletcher Henderson's and Earl Bostic's bands, not to mention showgirls and jokes. Closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Illinois Jacquet and his band putting on their vociferous rat race. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Sept. 15, a tug of war between Wild Bill Davison's band (Red Allen, George Wettling, Frank Signorelli, and Omer Simeon) and Max Kaminsky's group (Wilbur de Paris, Buster Bailey, James P. Johnson, John Kirby, and Freddie Moore).... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory for the youngsters. Sept. 15, Kansas Fields, Willie the Lion Smith, and Pete Pellizzi and his Indiana Five will do the honors. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra; closed Mondays.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**SETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays.... **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998).... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays.... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday.... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tues-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . NEW HOPE, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.: Bowden Square (Southampton 788). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

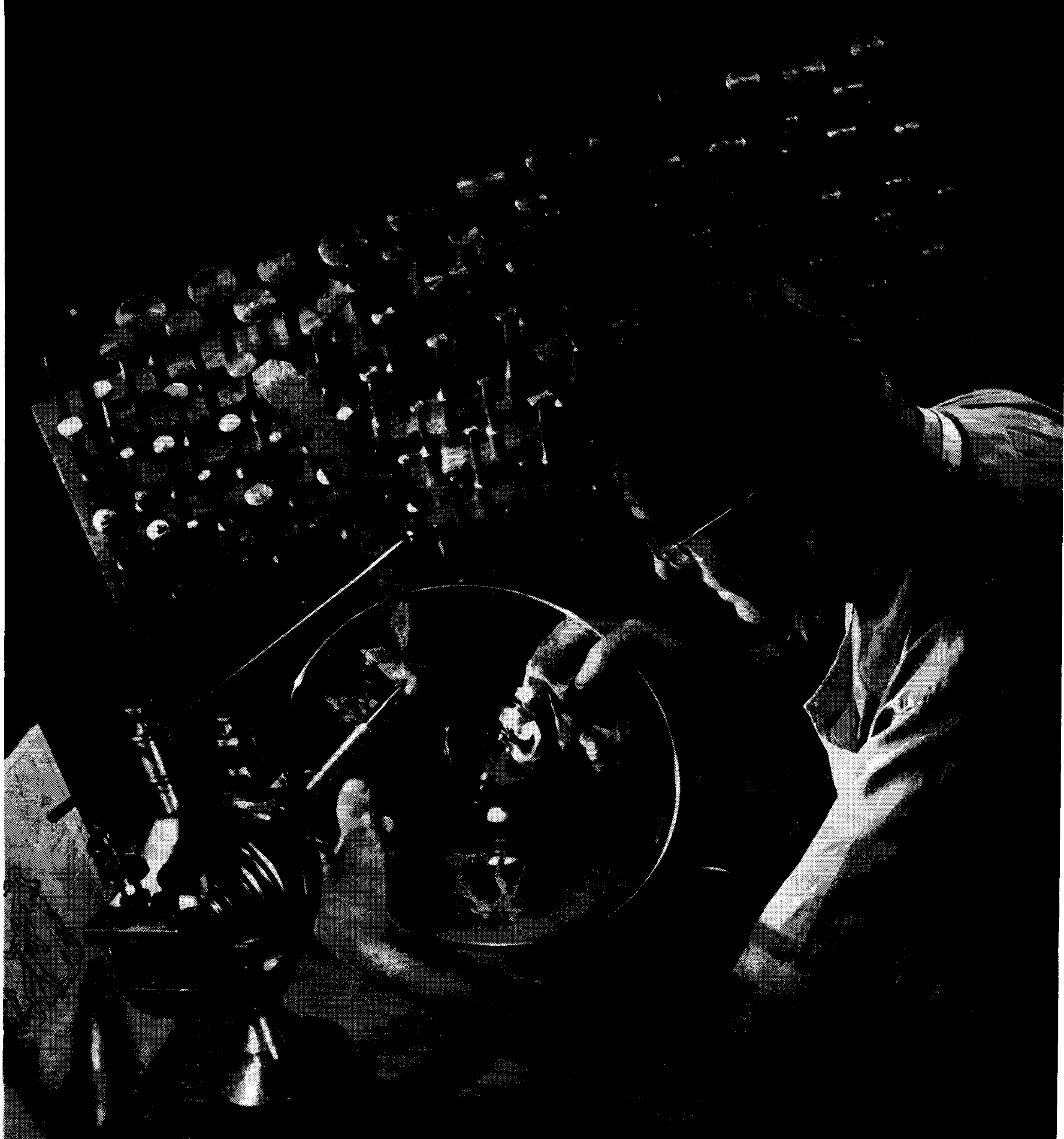
GROUP SHOWS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Recent paintings by members of the gallery, including Frederic Taubes, Julio de Diego, and Aaron Bohrod; through Sept. 16. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A stimulating forecast of what may be seen here during the coming season, with abstractions by Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, Adolph Gottlieb, and others; through Sept. 30. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan and William Kienbusch, in a showing of oils; through Sept. 15. . . . LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: The third part of this gallery's seasonal retrospective, with canvases and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, José de Rivera, and others; through Sept. 15. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Hassam, Ryder, and Kroll; through Sept. 20. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Paintings in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, Charles Heidenreich, and others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 30. . . . WELLONS, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30.

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by such well-known artists as Vlaminck, Dufy, and Utrillo, along with some interesting work by two young Parisians, François Arnal and Bernard Buffet. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ More Dufy and Utrillo, as well as others who might be called standard-bearers in the modern movement, among them Braque, Picasso, and Soutine. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Sept. 30. Closed Saturdays.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented—Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, Hayter, and others. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Dec. 5.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Group show. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Sept. 23. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Group show by



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

members of its art faculty. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 13. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: German Expressionist prints; through Oct. *11*.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures, chiefly self-portraits, by the blind; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Starting the next day, a showing of oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by members of the Museum's art school faculty. The group includes Max Beckmann, William Baziotes, Reuben Tam, and Milton Hebald. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Chess sets and boards given to the Museum by Gustavus A. Pfeiffer, in 1948; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of twentieth-century paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection. There are groupings of American, British, pre-Nazi German, and Latin-American art, as well as a section devoted to portraits. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Oct. 15.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Thursday, Sept. 21: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23: "Der Rosenkavalier." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Playing at the Roxy Theatre, where Dimitri Mitropoulos conducts programs of about forty minutes each between motion-picture showings. Eileen Farrell, soprano, also appears. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th St. CI 7-6000. Through Thursday, Sept. 14.)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—Ella Fitzgerald, Coleman Hawkins, Flip Phillips, Buddy Rich, Lester Young, Oscar Peterson, and Hank Jones, plus Charlie Parker with his string group, and others beating it out. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE ROAD-RACING—About a hundred of the fastest things on wheels, in hot cross-country pursuit of the Queen Catherine Montour Cup, the Seneca Cup, and the Watkins Glen Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 10 A.M.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Sept. 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2:30, and Monday, Sept. 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 19-21, at 1:30. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Sept. 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 15, at 1:30, and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2:05, and Monday, Sept. 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20-21, at 1:30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Sept. 15: Paddy Young vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22: Tony Pellone vs. Johnny Saxton, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Sept. 23, all at 2: Lafayette vs. Fordham, at Easton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 19-21.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 14-16.) . . . ¶ Wilmington Horse Show. (Wilmington, Del. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 22-24.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 23.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17.)

Polo—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: A match in the National Open Championship, Sunday, Sept. 17, at 3; for the benefit of the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 16. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Sept. 18, through Monday, Oct. 9. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Sept. 18; the Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 20; and the Manhattan Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 23. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track at the times given above.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Starting Tuesday, Sept. 19, the General Assembly will hold plenary sessions weekdays at Flushing Meadow. About nine hundred visitors will be admitted to each meeting. Mondays through Saturdays, except Saturday, Sept. 16, at Lake Success, committees of the General Assembly will confer in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and visitors will continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, through Thursday, Sept. 14, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253; starting Friday, Sept. 15, for tickets to either place, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Mineola Fair—Tents, poultry, dog-obedience tests, baton twirling, fireworks, square dancing, baby shows, and other customary paraphernalia of country fairs. This one even boasts a three-ring circus, a carnival section, and a wild-animal show. (Fair Grounds, Mineola. Daily, 10 A.M. to midnight; through Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Flower Show—The annual dahlia display by the American Dahlia Society together with the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Sept. 20, from 4 to 10, and Thursday, Sept. 21, from 10 to 10.)

Auction—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and French furniture, porcelains, paintings, and other decorations, the property of various owners, among them the late Margaretta C. Spedden. (Exhibition, Saturday, Sept. 16, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 18-19, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Wednesday, Sept. 20, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 2.)

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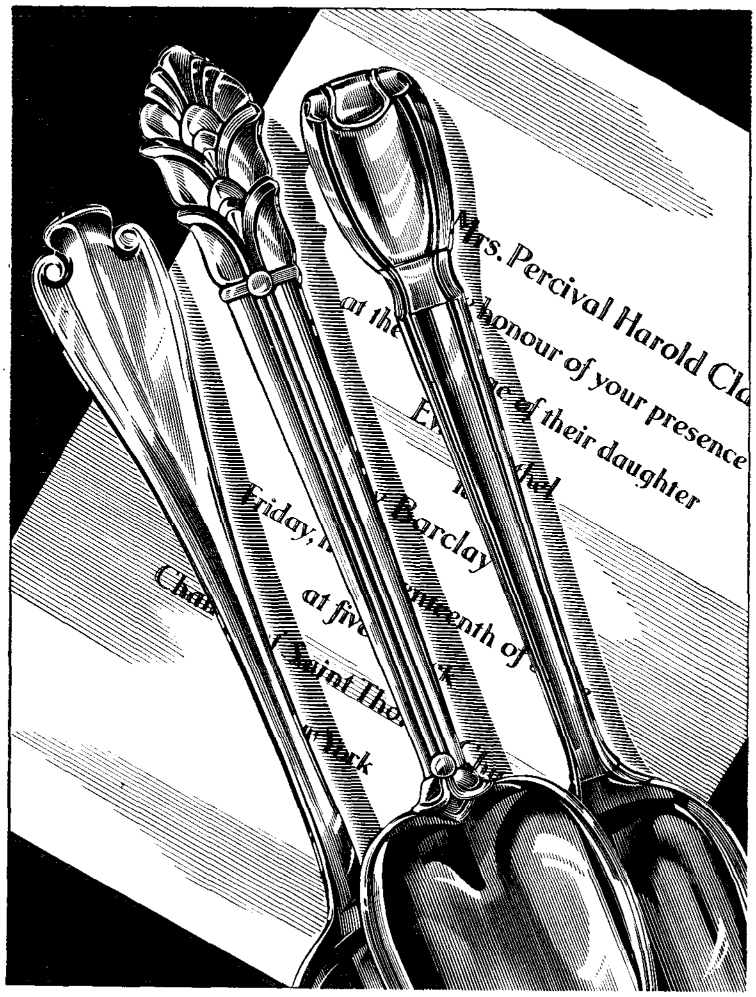

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—A faithful translation to the screen of the spirited musical comedy about Annie Oakley, for which Irving Berlin created all kinds of good tunes. Betty Hutton may be a little too jittery as Annie, but Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Howard Keel, and J. Carrol Naish are right on the target. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 15....¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 16....¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Sept. 18....¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Sept. 19....¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; starting Sept. 20.)

THE LAWLESS—Interracial relations, this time in California, with Mexican immigrants serving as a minority. A brisk, exciting melodrama, with Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 19-20....¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 19.)

MADELEINE—Desire under the gaslight, with Ann Todd as a Victorian maiden who loves well but unwisely; her lover ends up stuffed with arsenic, and she ends up with a subpoena from Her Majesty. Nothing spectacular, but worth while because of Miss Todd's capable performance. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

MYSTERY STREET—How a police lieutenant and a doctor from Harvard go about solving the murder of a lady of whom nothing remains but a skeleton. Pitched in a low key, but absorbing for all that. Elsa Lanchester, Ricardo Montalban, and Bruce Bennett figure prominently. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 14....¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Sept. 15. ...¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 16....¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Sept. 20.)

NO WAY OUT—A serious, quite moving, and often overly tense study of color prejudice in a county hospital. Sidney Poitier is memorable as a young Negro doctor. Richard Widmark is memorable, too, as a Negro hater and one of the meanest and craziest men in the world. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD—An overstuffed piece of Hollywood luggage, all about an aging star of the silent screen and her futile attempts to stage a comeback. Gloria Swanson is fine as the disappointed lady, but she's fairly well smothered by her material. With Erich von Stroheim and William Holden. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Sept. 20.)

THREE LITTLE WORDS—Fred Astaire's dancing—with a splendid assist from Vera-Ellen—and some nostalgic songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby help make this a diverting musical. Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn are on hand, and funny, too. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

TREASURE ISLAND—They're all here—Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Blind Pew, and the rest—in as lively a production of the wonderful old tale as you could hope to see. Produced by Walt Disney, in England, with Robert Newton, Bobby Driscoll, Basil Sidney, and a large cast of assorted cutthroats. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—A competent adaptation of the Terence Ratigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Sept. 18-19.)

ANGEL (1939)—High life and intrigue in Paris. Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 17-19.)

BLACK NARCISSUS (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 15-16.)

GOIN' TO TOWN (1935)—Mae West in the midst of Southampton society. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 17-18....¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 20.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1947)—The Dickens story. An English picture, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 17-18.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 20.)

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 14.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 19-20.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-la, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 16.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—The screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 19, tentative.)

PYGMALION (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 19, tentative.)

REAP THE WILD WIND (1942)—A Cecil B. DeMille treatise about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; starting Sept. 16.)

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 15.)

THE SEVENTH VEIL (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 15-18.)

STORY OF G. I. JOE (1945)—The American infantryman's progress through Africa and Italy during World War II. With Burgess Meredith. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Sept. 15.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

TILLIE AND GUS (1933)—W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth involved in a ferryboat swindle. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 17: "Drottningholms Teatervarld" (1935), a Swedish film, and "Juno and the Paycock" (1929), with Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood....¶ Starting Sept. 18: "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Sept. 20 (tentative): "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 20 (tentative): "Gilda," revival, Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; and "Platinum Blonde," revival, Jean Harlow, Loretta Young.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 15: "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien; and "Alcatraz Island," revival, John Litel, Ann Sheridan.
From Sept. 16: **REAP THE WILD WIND**, revival; and "The Fleet's In," revival, Dorothy Lamour, William Holden.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Sept. 18: "The Lost One" (in Italian), revival; and "One Night of Love," revival, Grace Moore.
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
TREASURE ISLAND.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 20: **SUNSET BOULEVARD.**

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 19: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From Sept. 20: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
NO WAY OUT.

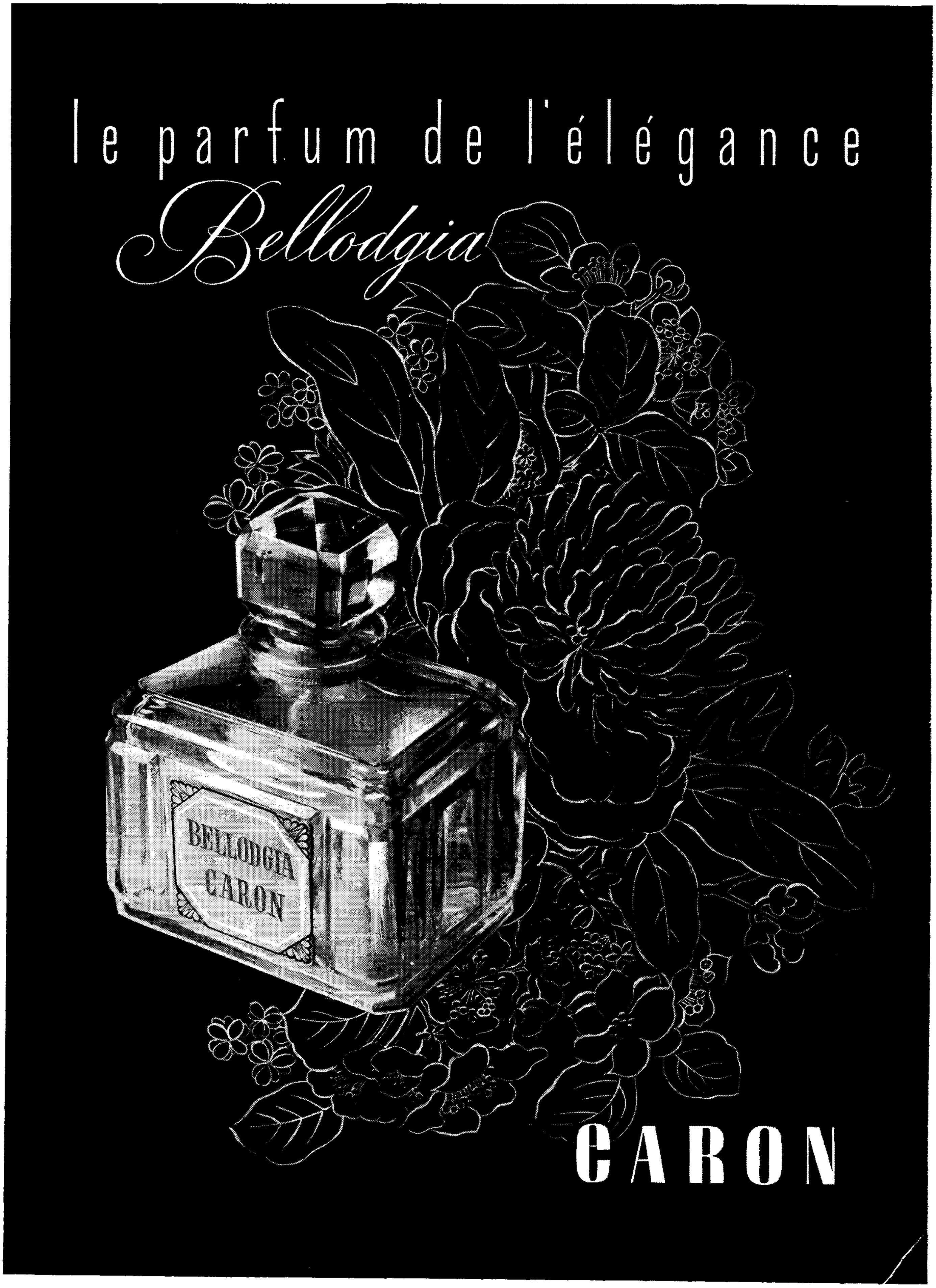
ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Sept. 14: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles. (The Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, plays for about forty minutes between features. Eileen Farrell, soprano, also appears.)
From Sept. 15: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
THREE LITTLE WORDS.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Sept. 17: "Difficult Years" (in Italian).
From Sept. 18: "Bitter Rice" (in Italian), Silvano Mangano.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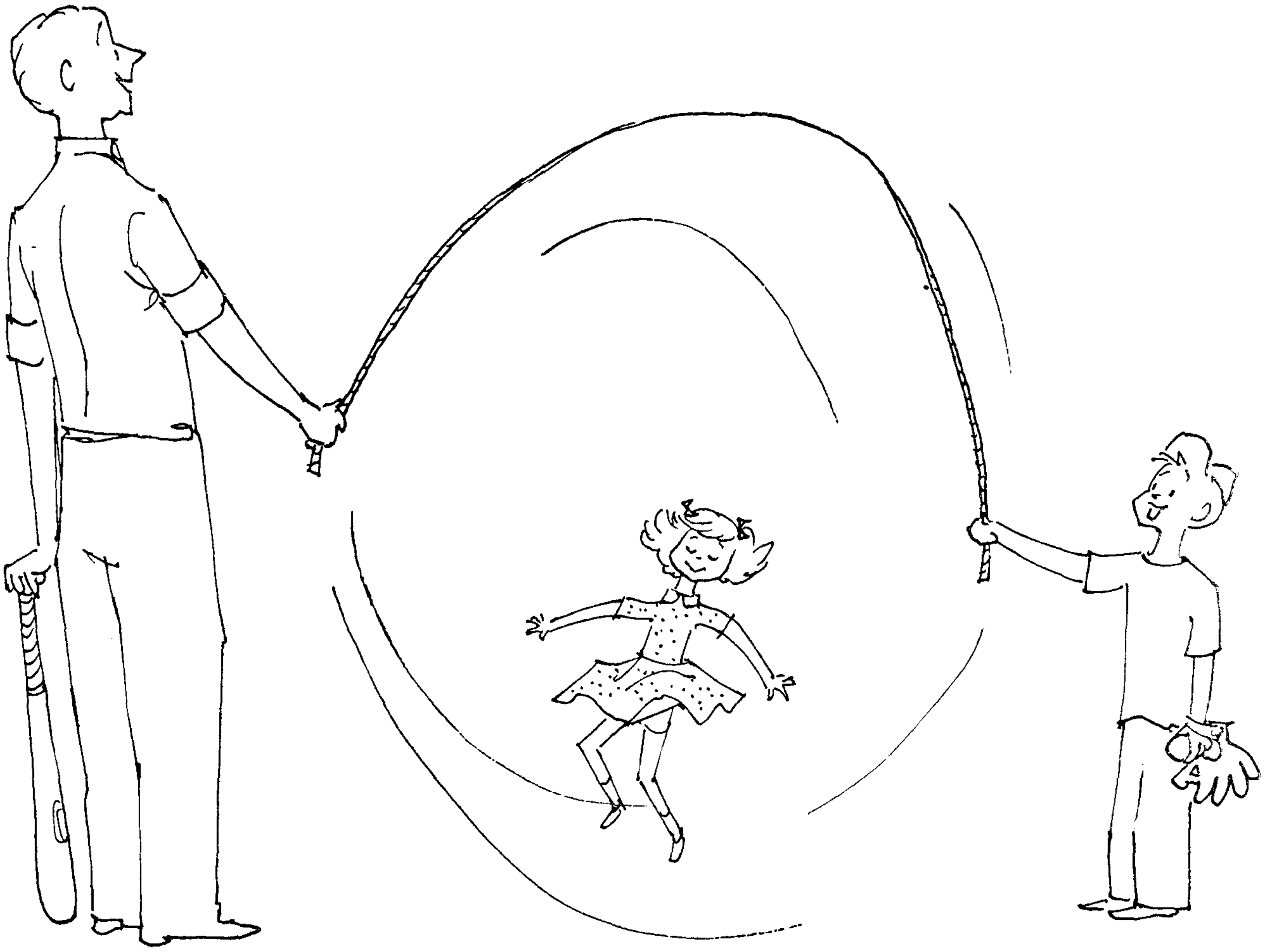

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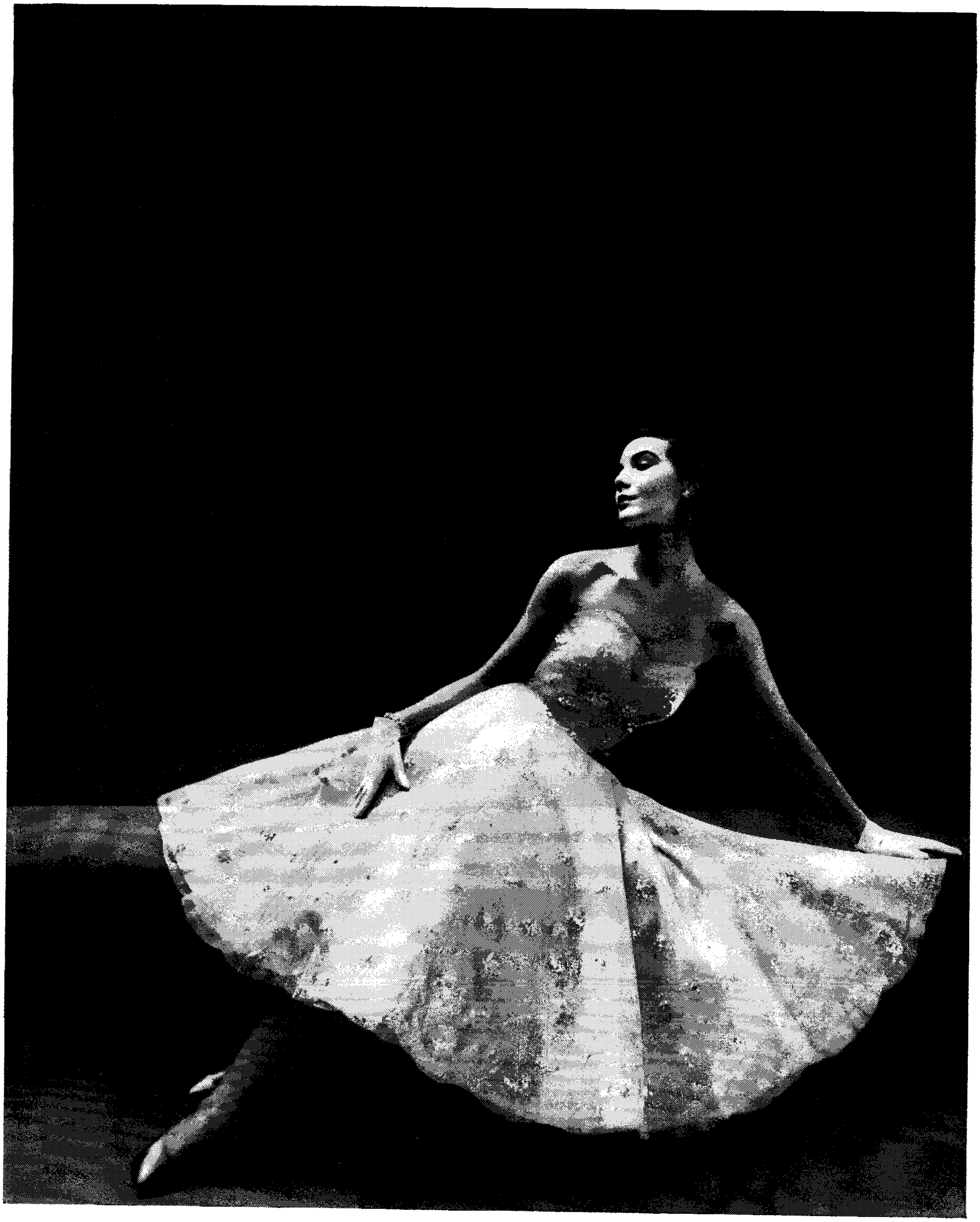

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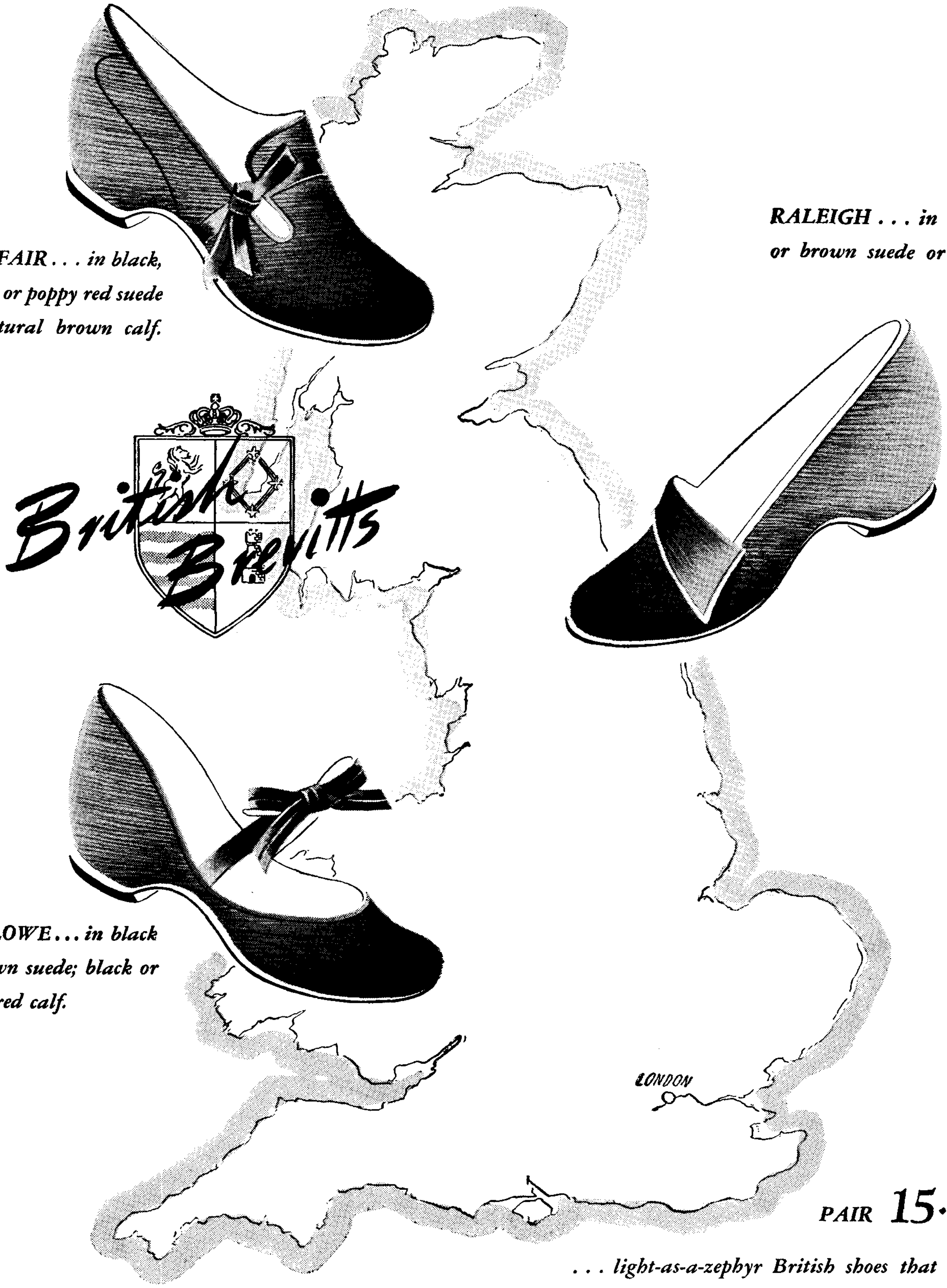

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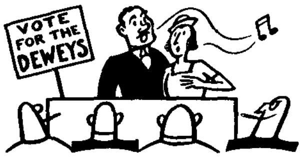
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is odd that during all the carryings-on among New York politicians about "balanced tickets" nobody suggested that some party pattern its slate after the one reported to have been made up for the next national election in Argentina, where the candidate for President seems likely to be Juan Perón and the candidate for Vice-President Eva Perón. Here is political balance at its purest—a recognition of the fact that all voters can readily be grouped into as few as two basic classifications, male and female, and of the fact that the relationship of man to woman is a far more appealing theme than that of man to upstate Catholic or downstate Jew. Mrs. Dewey, for instance, would have made a pretty fair nominee for Lieutenant Governor. She knows her way around Albany, she enjoys the Governor's confidence, and whereas he is a baritone, she is a mezzo-soprano. If the Republicans had arrayed themselves behind this familial team of vocalists, they would have achieved as balanced a ticket as anyone could ask for, including the Democrats.



AS was recently recorded in these columns, the telephone exchange at the new United Nations Headquarters is to be PLaza 4, the phone company having considered using UNited Nations 4 and then decided that to do so would disrupt too deeply the lives of its UNiversity 4 subscribers. (We don't know why, come to think of it, UNited Nations 3 or 5 or some such wouldn't have worked, but undoubtedly there is a good reason.) Anyway, one of *our* subscribers has written the phone company and sent us a copy of his letter, expressing the view that PLaza was an unimaginative choice and that something more suitable could and should have been selected. He mentioned PLanet 4 as a possibility, but it seemed to us that it might create the undesirable impression of an astral outfit in chronic need of being brought down to earth. Having dismissed it, we felt obliged to see what we could do in the way of constructive research, and we spent a half hour industriously fiddling with our desk dictionary and the "P" and "L" holes in our telephone dial, which holes we assume the phone company was, for some reason, confined to. Results were not encouraging. We found that the phone company could have picked only words beginning "KR," "KS," "PL," "SK," and "SL." (Theoretically, it could have picked words beginning with "JP," "JR," "JS," "KP," "LP," "LR," "LS," "PJ," "PK," "RJ," "RK," "RL," and "SJ," too, but there aren't any in our dictionary.) The "KR" list starts off with KRaal and KRaft, and moves on to KRag-Jörgensen rifle, KRait, and KRemlin; nothing useful there. The lone offering of "KS" is KShatriya, a member of the Hindu military caste. The "PL" possibilities include PLacate, PLacid, PLuperfect, and PLuralism, all remotely pertinent, perhaps, if hardly inspiring, but they also include such shockers as PLague, PLaintive, PLatitude, PLodding, and PLayboy of the Western World, The. "SK" is as unrewarding a category as ever we hope to probe, what with SKedaddle, SKeleton, SKiddoo, SKimble-scamble, SKirmish, SKittish, SKulduggery, and SKewbald, which, we were astonished to learn, is an adjective that may be used to describe horses marked with patches of white and some other color. Among the dismal choices available under "SL" are SLander, SLapstick, SLaughter, SLippery, SLothful, SLovenly, SLugabed, SLumber, SLy, and SLavophile. All in all, we should say, the phone company did remarkably well to come up with PLaza, and ought to stick to it. A plaza, says our dictionary, is "a public square or open space in a city or town; a market place," and nothing could be more fitting than that, some pluperfect day, the United Nations become symbolic of an airy and pleasant gathering and market place in which all the currently skittish citizens of the world could amiably talk things over, peddle their diverse wares, toss assorted crumbs to birds of any feather, or just placidly slumber.

Something Hot

THE American Bible Society, which has sponsored translations of the Scriptures into dialects as obscure as Kikwango, Kabba-Laka, Nukuoro, and Quechua, has just printed fifty thousand copies of a pocket edition of the Gospels and The Acts in Korean, for distribution among the soldiers of the South Korean Army. The Society, known to colporteurs the world over as A.B.S., stood ready to provide complete Bibles, but Korean fine print isn't very legible, and even the New Testament set in the smallest practicable type would be too bulky for a soldier to carry around with him. The pocket Scriptures were requested last January, by the Reverend Dr. Young Bin Im, secretary of the Korean Bible Society, and A.B.S. is now sending them along, even though the Reverend Doctor hasn't been heard from since the war started out there. The American Army has undertaken to deliver them, and A.B.S. assumes that they'll be handed out to the troops by American chaplains—an assumption based on the further assumption that the tables of organization of the South Korean Army don't include chaplains. Whatever happens, the booklets won't go to waste, because Korean Christians, of whom there are estimated to be six hundred thousand, are resolute Bible students, and if the military doesn't get the pocket edition, the civilian population will.

We gathered the foregoing facts in the course of a visit to Bible House, the A.B.S. headquarters, at 450 Park Avenue, where we were welcomed by the Reverend Dr. Francis Stifler, a member of the Society's staff. "There's a great story in the Korean Bible," Dr. Stifler said. "Did you know that when John Foster Dulles was in Korea, he dropped into a church in Seoul and found three thousand people assembled there for a Bible conference? We have reason to believe he was so impressed by this evidence of spiritual strength that he recommended to the State Department that it give every possible aid to the South Koreans." Since 1945, Dr. Stifler continued, A.B.S. has supplied Korea with two hundred and sixty thousand New Testaments, has sent materials to Korea to bind Bibles being printed there, and has furnished large quantities of special paper for a Korean Bible in Braille. He also told us that for many years before the Second World War Korea's Bible requirements were handled by the British and Foreign Bible Society. A.B.S took over after the war, when Biblical spheres of influence in the East were reshuffled. "But it should be noted that there's absolutely no competition anywhere in the world among the different Bible societies," Dr. Stifler warned us. "I'm glad to say that we work in perfect harmony."

The new pocket edition of the Gospels and The Acts measures four by six inches, has three hundred and seventy-four pages, and, like Chinese books, is printed in vertical columns and must be read from back to front. The pages are numbered in Arabic as well as in Korean numerals, the Arabic ones having been regarded as necessary to keep American printers and binders from getting mixed up while putting the books together. Since Korean type is hard to come by in this country, A.B.S. had plates made from photographs of a revised Korean New Testament. The first standard translation of the Bible into Korean was finished in 1911, by a committee of interdenominational scholars, and a thorough revision of this text was brought out in 1938. Since then, Korean schools have started teaching a slightly simplified orthography, but a complete Bible in the new form has yet to be prepared. A.B.S. has printed a hundred thousand booklets containing the Sermon on the Mount in English and in simplified Korean, and is forwarding them to Korea along with the soldiers' Scriptures. Something like twenty-three million Korean Scriptures have been printed since 1882, when a Scotch Presbyterian missionary named John Ross, stationed in Mukden, made the first translation, Dr. Stifler told us. At the last official count, the Bible, or portions of it, had been translated into eleven hundred and eighteen languages and dialects, and A.B.S. is able to rush Bibles in the appropriate tongue to practically any corner of the world whenever they are needed. "On the average, a new translation of some part of the Bible is completed every thirty-two days," Dr. Stifler said. "Something hot is happening in our field all the time."

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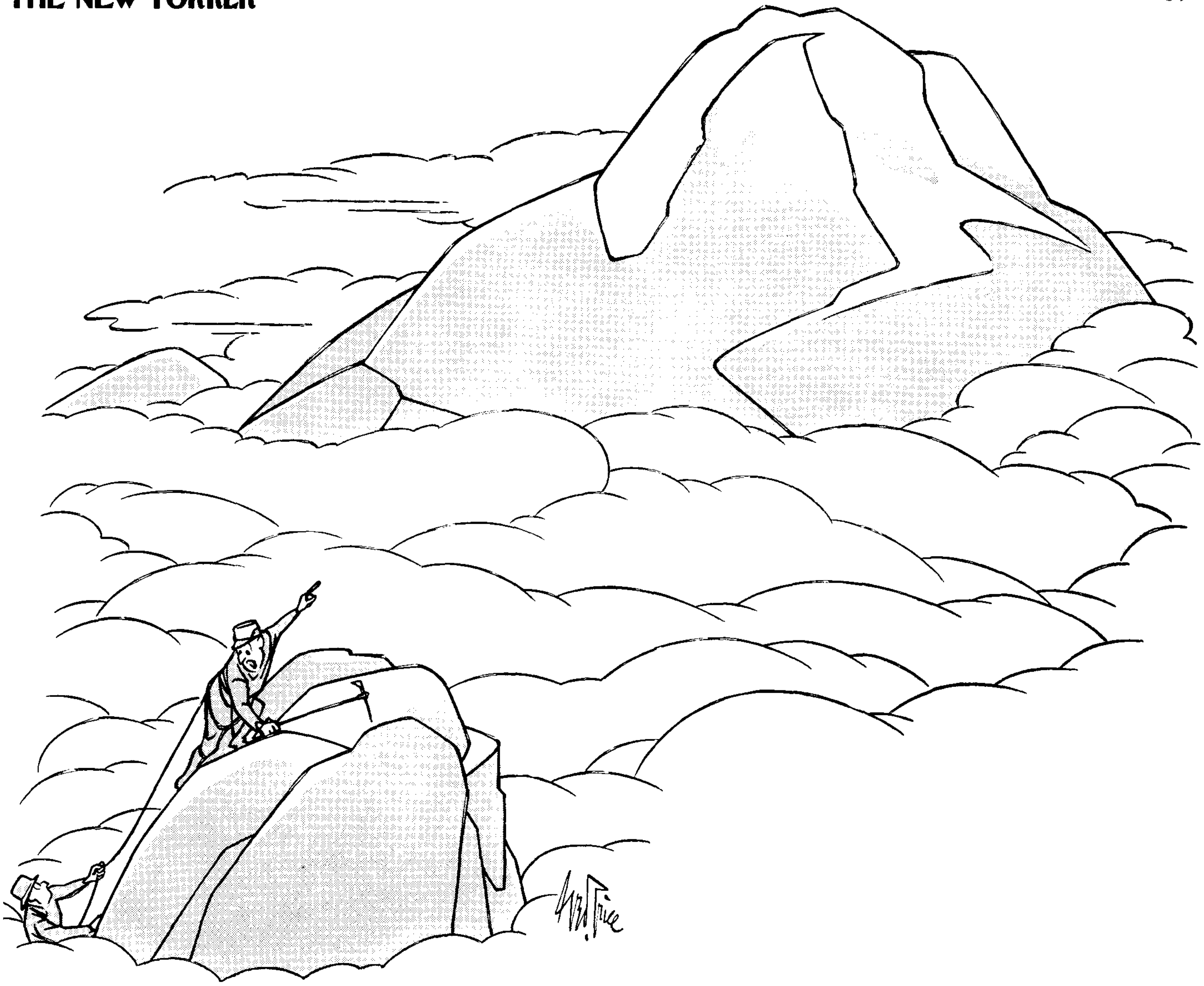
SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE: A Williamsburg, Virginia, drugstore lists, among ice creams, peach and real peach.

Success Story

CONTINUING our occasional researches into energetic octogenarians around town, we last week sought out Mr. George A. Bomann in his office, at 250 Park Avenue. He is the oldest active man in the textile business, and has been employed by the same firm for seventy years. This venerable character, who has just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, has since 1920 been president of J. H. Thorp & Co., one of the biggest importers, jobbers, and converters of decorative upholstery-and-drapery fabrics in the country. He is firm of jaw, spruce of mustache, white of hair, blue of eye, and the retainer of all his teeth except two molars. "Always live within your income" was one of the first things he said to us. "I went to work as an office boy for Thorp's on May 10, 1880, at two dollars a week, and I gave a dollar a week to my mother. My family lived in Brooklyn, and I'd walk two miles to the ferry every morning and two miles back in the evening, to save ten cents' carfare. The ferry trip was only two cents then. My mother gave me a box lunch—a nice little sandwich, a piece of cake, and an orange—and I'd eat in the basement of our office, which was then on Broome Street, in fifteen minutes and go back to work. The other office boys would sit around until the stipulated hour for lunch was up. Well, my behavior didn't escape the notice of Mr. Ed Thorp, head of the firm, and after three years he raised me to five dollars a week."

Mr. Bomann paused to light an imported cigar. "Within twelve years," he resumed, "I was a junior salesman, at two thousand a year. Then I asked for an interest in the business—ten per cent of the net profits. Audacious, you say. But I was sure of my ground. The Frenchmen we bought from would come in with samples of their patterns. I suggested a couple of new designs, and I noticed that we sold them for a dollar a yard more than the regular designs. What could Mr. Thorp say? Soon I was getting twelve and a half per cent, then fifteen, then seventeen and a half, then twenty-one. Look!" Mr. Bomann pulled out a big notebook and opened it to a page headed, in longhand, "Personal Earnings." We copied off a few of the figures: 1895, $3,283.40; 1897, $4,638.33; 1902, $18,414.40; 1903, $19,352.49; 1909, $36,891.20. Mr. Bomann didn't turn the page that would have carried us to 1910 and beyond, but we gathered he has continued to push ahead. "Ed Thorp died in 1911," he said, "leaving only one Thorp in the business, Frank, who wasn't quite as active as I was. I said I'd take fifty-five per cent of the net profits from then on, and he agreed." Mr. Bomann did nearly all the company's buying from 1897 to 1929, and during that period made twenty-eight trips to France, England, and Germany. "It used to be damask and what they called linen imperial velours," he said. "Today it's rough textures, shaggy goods, and hand-blocked printed linens. We sell only wholesale. We covered the chairs of Wallach's Theatre with mohair plush in the eighteen-nineties, we made the old Hippodrome curtain (twelve hundred yards of imperial velours), and in 1932 we sold the Radio City Music Hall a rayon-and-cotton curtain ninety feet by a hundred. I just put my hat on, went to see John R. Todd, the builder of Rockefeller Center, and got the order myself. He asked whether the curtain would last five years. It lasted seventeen! We got a duplicate order, for replacement, last year. It's pretty easy, after seventy years. It's a nice, clean business." He reached over and clapped us on the knee. "Throw pride into your work and the remuneration will take care of itself—just as long as you keep asking for raises," he said. "I've been through three panics, and saved money in all of them. I've had an interesting and happy commercial life, and I don't propose to quit until I drop in my boots."

We learned that Mr. Bomann's father, a silk-remnants worker, came here from Christiania (now Oslo),



"My God! That's Mount Powell over there!"

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Norway; that his grandfather, a ship's captain, was lost at sea; and that he himself has been twice widowed, has two sons, both in the business, and lives most of the year with one of them in Rye. "I take Wednesdays off and poke about the house, repairing things, painting screen doors, and cementing brick walls," he said. "I love to cement—do a lot of it, summers, at a farm I have in Katonah. Oh, I've had a nice life!" We thanked him for the interview, and he showed us to the door. "Don't ever sign a note for anybody—not even your father, mother, sister, or brother," he said. "Pay outright. Save your money. Save a dollar and it starts to work for you at interest. Soon you have a few hundred, and your health gets better, your work improves. It's simple enough."

Invective

HOLLYWOOD tot, daughter of a screen writer, to her mother, who had just crossed her about something or other: "You—you—you B picture, you!"

Some Sway

THE Russian regime is evidently recharging the Party line on skyscrapers. Some years ago, it announced plans for a structure that would dwarf everything else in the world. Nobody ever got around to putting it up, but the Soviet press has lately been renewing its gibes at the tall buildings of New York as examples of slipshod architecture that would never be tolerated in the Soviet Union. "Lamps swing and water splashes" on the upper floors of them, a writer for *Vechernyaya Moskva* stated not long ago, and went on to say that in the Empire State Building "one can clearly hear various noises, squeaking and cracking." This, together with the fact that we have come upon some new dope on the stability of local skyscrapers, leads us once more—and, we trust, finally—into a discussion of the subject. There is a modicum of truth in the Russian taunts. Vibrations of buildings that are imperceptible in themselves may, under certain rare conditions, cause light fixtures to swing and pendulum clocks to stop, and even cause ripples to form in a bathtub. This is due to a phenomenon technically known as resonance. As for noises, new buildings, like new ships, do sometimes make strange sounds during their first storms, but they soon settle down to silence. Noises were heard in the Empire State in its early years. A member of a group of engineers that started an investigation of that structure in 1931, under the auspices of the American Institute of Steel Construction, described them as groans, and was publicly rapped on the knuckles by Professor J. Charles Rathbun, of City College, who was directing the investigation. He declared that "groans" was misleading; "creaks" was the word.

That's one bit of our new dope. Another is that some years ago David Cushman Coyle, a local engineer, managed to get some seismograph readings indicating that the Woolworth Building sways about an eighth of an inch in a stiff wind. His observations were unauthorized, but he felt he was entitled to make them, because he had designed the building's windbracing. He wrote the owners suggesting that his findings would end the rumor that the building swayed as much as four inches on a windy day, and asked permission to make them public. The owners replied that it had been repeatedly demonstrated, to a whole generation of newspaper reporters, that the Woolworth Building didn't sway at all, and that Coyle could damn well keep his findings to himself. Later, Coyle was caught, *flagrante delicto*, with his seismograph in the tower of the Chanin Building, and was escorted down in an elevator and off the premises. In investigations he subsequently conducted in other buildings, the results of which have not been made public, he took the precaution of setting up his seismograph in men's rooms, where discovery was unlikely.

The 1931 investigators of the Empire State were broadmindedly authorized to make a thorough study of sway and related phenomena. They lowered a thirty-five-pound plumb bob down the fire-escape shaft in the center of the building to measure deflection, which is distinct from sway. Deflection occurs when a wind blows hard enough and steadily enough to make a building lean over slightly. The engineers found that the Empire State had a maximum deflection from the vertical of around three inches in a sixty-mile north or south wind. (The building presents more area to the wind on its north and south sides.) It was impossible for them to get a precise figure, because they couldn't tell exactly when the building was, so to speak, in neutral. After a stiff north wind had died down, for example, they found that the building continued to lean a bit to the south until a south wind came along and pressed it north. In addition to being deflected, buildings vibrate, at a frequency much too low to be audible. It is this motion that is commonly known as sway. The maximum span of vibration recorded for the Empire State was 4.7 inches, during a sixty-mile-an-hour northeaster on November 9, 1932. It took the building eight seconds to complete a single oscillation and the motion was imperceptible to anyone inside.

The Empire State investigators also tried to find out if the sun bends the building by heating up and expanding an exposed side. They couldn't detect any appreciable amount of distortion. Structures built entirely of metal—i.e., not steel frames covered with masonry—are known to be considerably bent by the sun's heat. The spike on the Chrysler Building is supposed to shift position slightly on a still, cloudless summer's day. In 1893 and 1894, Gustave Eiffel, who put up the Eiffel Tower, kept a theodolite trained on a target on the tip of the structure, and found that it tended to lean away from the sun like a neurotic sunflower. One hot August day, it had bent almost six inches toward the west by nine in the morning and by late afternoon was leaning almost three and a half inches toward the east. Eiffel had no difficulty determining the normal position of his tower, as it has no masonry to keep it from returning to the vertical after being pushed around by sun or wind. The wind blows right through the Eiffel Tower, of course, but, at that, Eiffel once detected a four-inch deflection in a seventy-mile gale.

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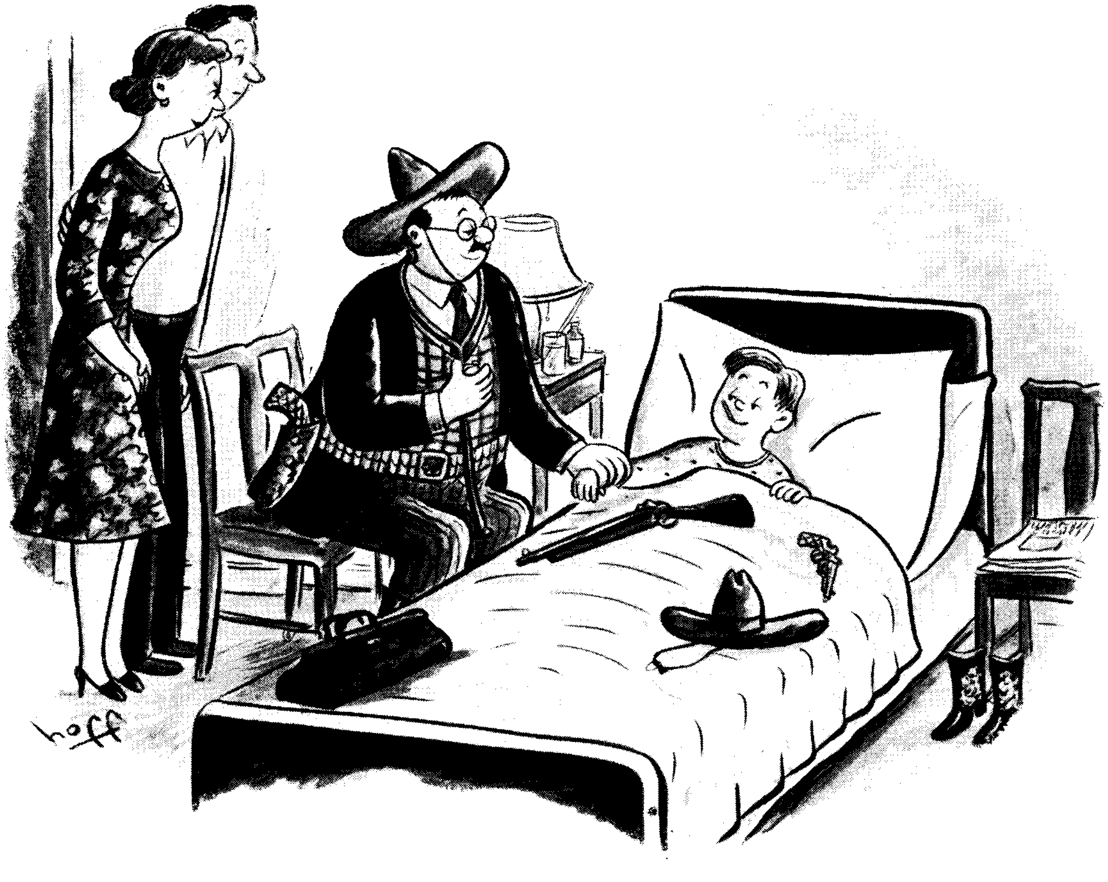
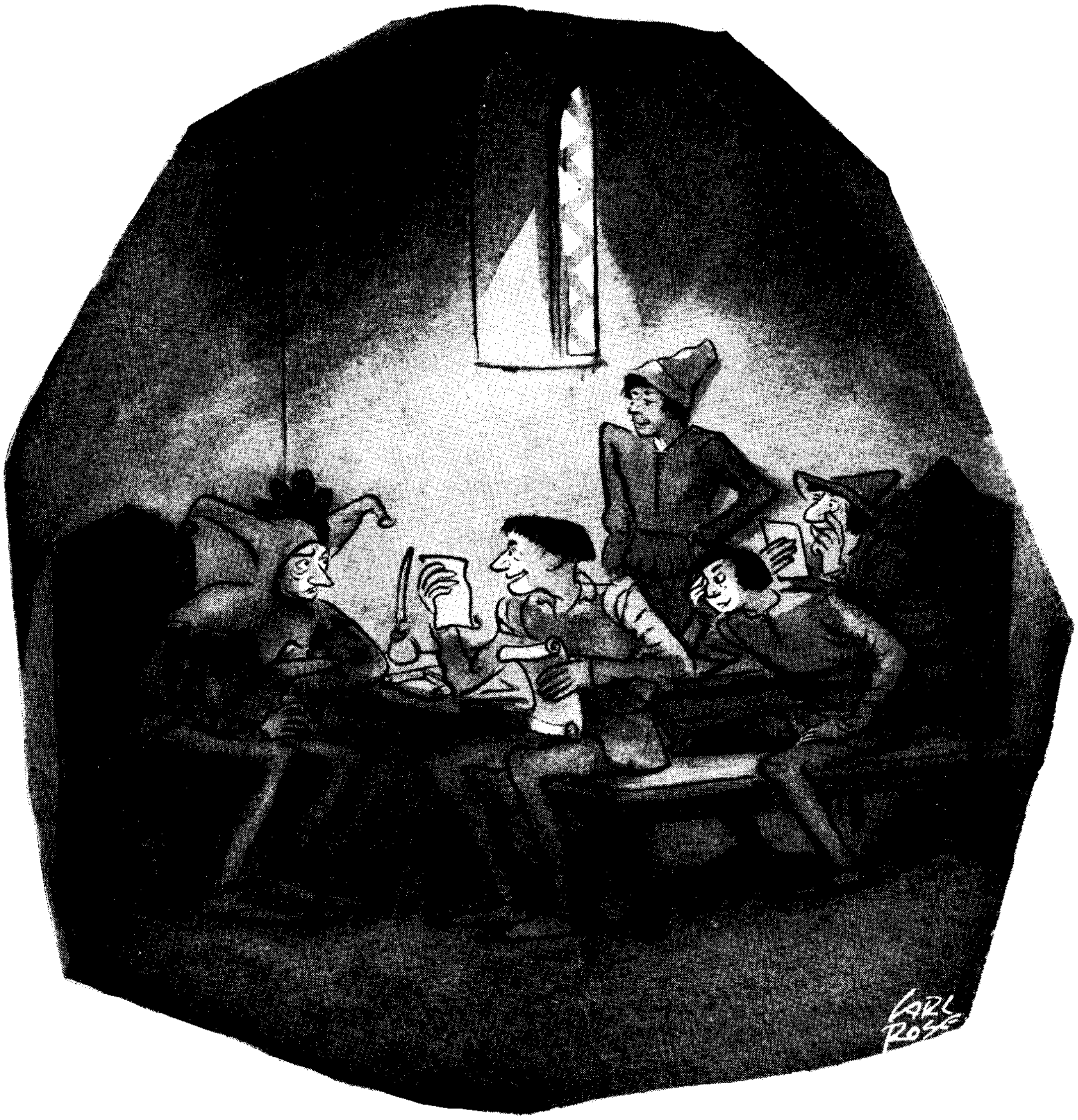
SIGN in Manchester, Vermont: "Try the Hillcrest Inn Once."

Culture

WE went over to the Roxy one afternoon last week and heard the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, render some bits of Smetana, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky on a stage from which a few days before had issued the febrile gags of Milton Berle. The Roxy audience, presumably ready, like any other movie-house audience, to go noisily to pieces at the first toot of a hot horn, accepted the classical fare just as appreciatively as the Carnegie Hall cognoscenti, it seemed to us. When, to decorous applause, the orchestra finished its stint, we headed backstage to see how Mr. Mitropoulos and his men were bearing up under the strain of putting on four forty-minute performances a day. On our way, we fell in with Mr. Paul Strauss, assistant to Mr. Mitropoulos for the Roxy engagement, who advised us that the Maestro could talk with us only for a minute or two, as he was about to take a nap. We asked Mr. Strauss how the Philharmonic happened to have an engagement at the Roxy. "Before I go into that," he said, "I guess I ought to tell you that last night Margaret Truman came to hear us. There's a scoop for you."





"Then, should His Majesty remain cold to thy sally, thou'lt pause and dryly interject, 'Forsooth, Sire, ere he see another sunrise, the churl who writ that shall be without his head.' "

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We thanked him and renewed our query. "The credit belongs to Spyros Skouras, president of Twentieth Century-Fox, who has considerable influence with the Roxy's management," said Mr. Strauss. "He argued for this with everybody. He is a Greek, and the Maestro is a Greek and the greatest figure in Greek culture since the ancients, and it was natural they should get together. The cost of the orchestra runs to about thirty thousand dollars a week, and in the first four days the box office took in over ninety thousand dollars, the best showing in twenty-three years." We had just noted down these figures when Mr. Mitropoulos popped out of a nearby doorway, peered about, and announced that he was going to sleep. Mr. Strauss asked him to have a brief word with us, and he obliged.

"With these people," said the Maestro, referring to the Roxy audience, "we have worship, gratefulness, awe. The ivory tower has become open to them. A more experienced audience becomes cold-blooded, critical, reserved, suspicious—not open. Here the hearts are gladly opened. We do not patronize this audience. We give them more clarified content, not things that would be indigestible for them for a couple hundred years. When you teach the alphabet, you don't start from the last letter. So with the people here we do not start with what is difficult. Perhaps, if we do this again, we will be a little more demanding, now that the ice is broken. But I must sleep."

Mr. Strauss suggested that we proceed to the stage, where a special platform had been set up to accommodate Mr. Mitropoulos and the hundred and four men of the orchestra. As we were examining this and reflecting that it looked much like any other platform, a stagehand happened by, and we asked him how he thought the Maestro was doing as a performer. "Moves across the stage like a leopard," said the stagehand. "I hear he's a mountain-climber in his spare time. Anyhow, he's got as much kick in his legs as any hoofer." "The dignity that has been maintained for our performances is remarkable," Mr. Strauss told us. "Even the organ doesn't play the ordinary movie-house stuff between the movie and our appearance. It runs through Bach's Toccata in D Minor. This business hasn't been easy for the musicians, you know. Many of them who live in the Bronx or on Long Island are having to stay in town. The Maestro has no time to rehearse them, and yet they have to come up with their best to please him. You know, this is the first time an orchestra of this calibre has ever played in these circumstances."

Leading us into the musicians' quarters, Mr. Strauss introduced us to four members of the orchestra who were engaged in a poker game. They were unanimous in their approval of the Roxy audiences, considering them warmer than the ones at Carnegie Hall. One orchestra man turned in a bad report on the restaurants in the neighborhood, however; said he'd had pains in his stomach from the day the engagement started. On the way out, Mr. Strauss introduced us to a lady press agent, who told us that the management had been soliciting comments from the customers all week, and presented us with several sheets of flimsy. The first bore the heading "Comments Left at the Information Desk of the Roxy After Performances," under which we noted "Beautiful," "Wonderful," "Great," "Terrific," and then the unexpected and jarring observation "What a fiasco!" We asked the young lady about that one, and she remarked that there's a spoiled apple in every barrel.

Specification

A MATRON asked for a bottle of sherry in Gimbel's liquor store. "What kind?" asked the clerk. "Dry? Sweet? Medium? Imported? Domestic?" "Any kind with a screw top," said the lady. "I haven't got a corkscrew."

ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE

SOME people make their mistakes themselves, and there are others who, so to speak, have their mistakes thrust upon them. Take murder, for instance, since it occurs so often. People rarely seem to think the thing through. The man who killed his wife, out in California, by pushing his car, with her in it, over a cliff made a fairly good try. What he did was to stop in a suitable spot, near the edge, and leave the brakes off while he got out to pluck a wild flower, or something. But his mistake was that the car had to be given a push, and in addition to that, not content with ridding himself of a person who displeased him, he had attempted to profit by the act, and had insured her heavily.

So that brought in the insurance investigators, who are traditionally indefatigable. (It's odd, isn't it, that investigators always seem to work just a little harder when there's money involved, instead of simply a life?) And among other things they turned up were his fingerprints, firmly stamped on the back of the car, in a way that could only suggest the splayed fingers and striving hands of a man, pushing mightily. By that time, too, they'd tracked down the inevitable "other woman," and a whole history of debts and quarrels, and he confessed.

Or take the case of that man from the small town in upstate New York, who bought one round-trip and one one-way ticket to Mexico City, starting out with his wife for a little vacation trip. He came back alone, of course, which caused a certain amount of comment. (He had pushed his wife into a well, it later developed, somewhere midway of his, but not her, expedition.) But he seemed honestly surprised when the news of his bizarre way of buying tickets leaked out and increased suspicion. His fault, one might say, was that he was too farsighted.

Justice triumphs, too, sometimes, when something like sheer inanition appears to set in as soon as the act itself has been consummated. It's as if the murder had been seen as an end, instead of as a beginning—or at most as one stage in a lengthy and dangerous process—and so, often, all cunning, all assurance, all energy, even, seem to drain away from the murderer, and he waits (or she waits, or they wait), passively, fatalistically, almost hopefully, for the ultimate discovery.

("Yes, I did it," the man said. "I'm glad you've come. I'll pay the penalty.")

But there are others who plan more carefully; who devise not only lines of attack but avenues of escape, and to such as these it must be a source of fierce frustration when some item in the scheme goes astray unexpectedly, when some detail they thought they had studied from all sides shows a new, blankly uncoöperative, treacherous face—worst of all, when some thing or some individual, all unknown and unknowing, blunders into the workings of the plan and betrays them.

(Like Judd Gray, say, with his bus- and train-timing complete, and his "Don't Disturb" sign on the door of his hotel room up in Syracuse, the night he ran down to knock off Snyder—who was trapped because he hadn't bothered to destroy his sleeper-ticket stub but had just dropped it in the wastebasket when, the deed done, his mission completed, he got back on the overnight train to his room. How was he to foresee that, that once, the basket would remain unemptied, a detective would pick out the stub, notice the date, and begin to wonder? And it's always when someone starts wondering that the trouble begins.)

Or the people who, also planning carefully, drive for miles to hide the body in a culvert, or go far out into the country and then across lonely fields to the rarely visited woods or the deep ravine— Is it fate, people like that must ask themselves, that stops the picnickers' car so close, the next day or a day or so after, provides them with a dog, sends the dog sniffing into the culvert? . . . And the man, rising half reluctantly—still, perhaps, munching on a sandwich—and strolling lazily down to where the dog is, to bring him back. After all, his wife has just remarked, it's about time they got started again if they're going to reach Buck's Falls by nightfall.

Is it fate that, so soon, sends the hunters prowling in the unfrequented woods, stirs the kids from the farmhouse a mile down the valley to go wandering? Or are there lines, as exact as the lines of force in a magnetic field, that describe certain moods and impulses, and that are as likely to be followed by the young lovers in search of isolation as by the murderer seeking secrecy?

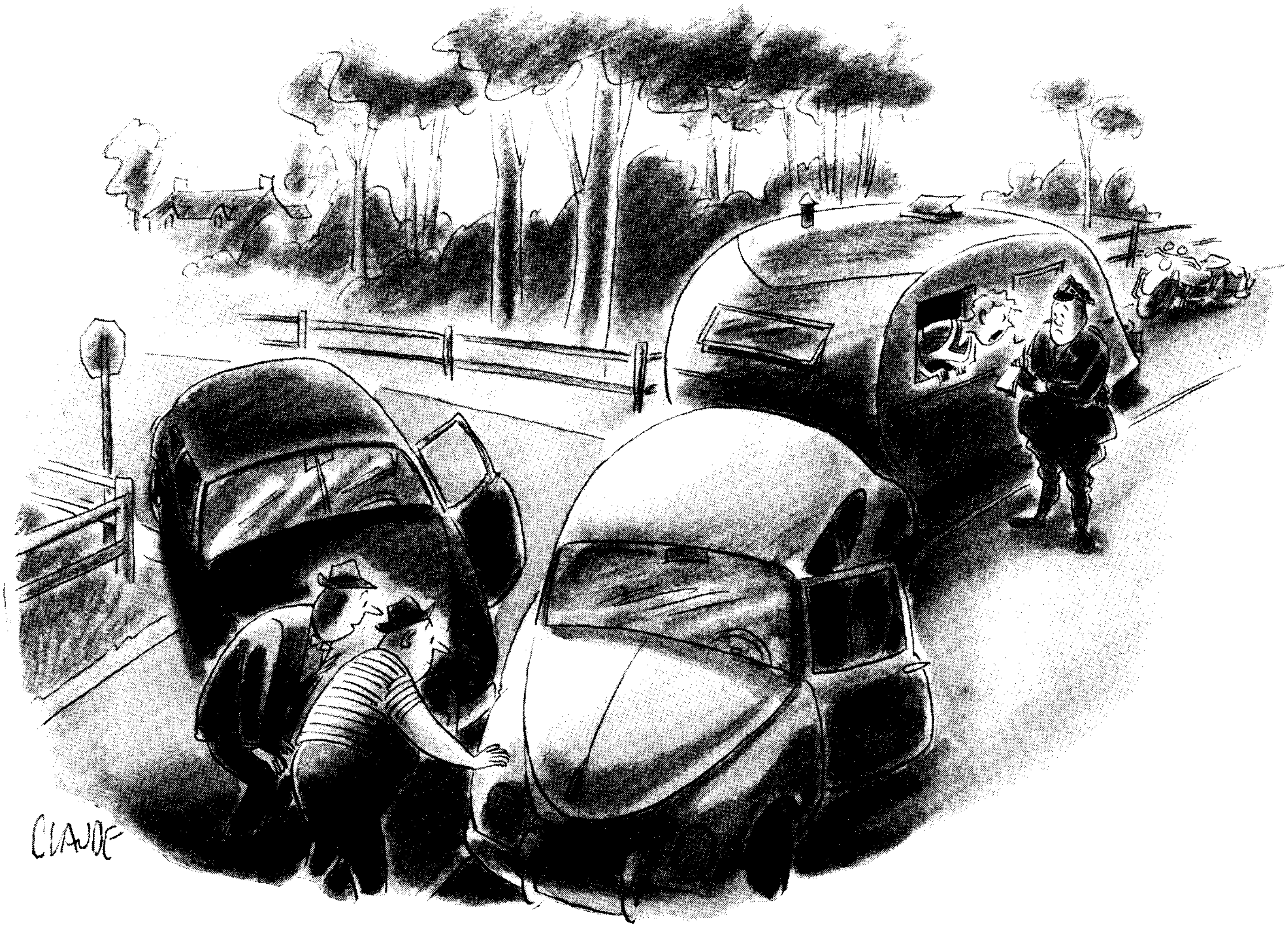
("Let's play Duck-on-the-Rock," the kids say.—"Nah. I'm sick of that game. Let's play Indians."—"O.K. Where? In the woods out back of the barn?"—"That's no place for Indians. They could even see us there from the house."—"Well, then, where?" And the biggest kid, suddenly: "I know where! There's a sort of deep gully, away up beyond there. I bet you never even been there yet, it's so far, and it's sort of spooky, too, I want to tell you. I bet you'll even be scared. . . .")

Always, somehow, there's someone—hunter, picnicker, child or children, lovers straying, and pursued by the same or by similar impulses. Is it fate that, so often, turns them into pursuers?

TAKE the case of that fellow John Walbright, who decided, paradoxically, that the best way to conceal a murder was to have two corpses instead of one. He hadn't quarrelled with his wife, at least publicly, and he hadn't insured her; he just wanted very much to be rid of her, and, without going into too much detail about it, the scheme he finally worked out called for a sort of seeming, or make-believe, death, to distract attention from the real one, which he planned to carry out differently.

So he constructed a rough sort of mannequin, just enough to provide substance for a dress of hers that he planned to clothe it in later; packed it in a trunk; and took it and his wife on an ocean voyage. He killed her the last night out, in their stateroom, put her in the bottom of the trunk, and then took the mannequin to the deck outside and propped it, as if seated, on the rail.

His plan was to wait till he saw some late-strolling passengers approaching and then step swiftly back and scream,



". . . and two plates, a sugar bowl, two cups, a saucer, a vase, and an upside-down cake."

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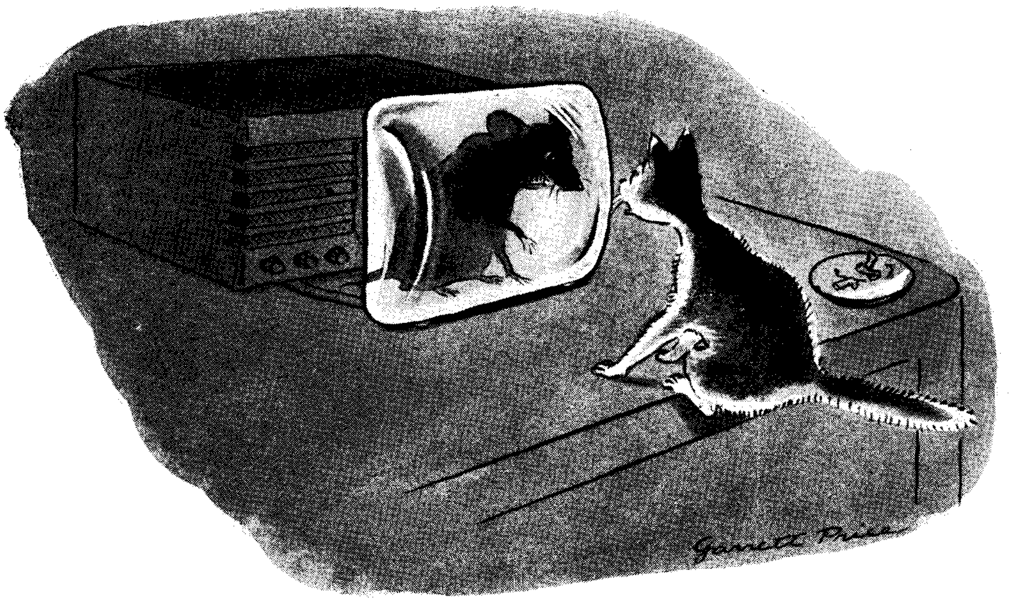
at the same time letting the mannequin fall. It would require careful timing, he knew, but he was sure that he could manage it, and as a result he would have witnesses to swear both that they had seen the flutter of skirts as the body toppled and that he had not been near it, while since he had weighted the mannequin heavily, there would be no possibility of recovering the evidence. The vessel was bound for Le Havre, and he was pretty sure the trunk would go through the customs without difficulty, the French inspection never being very strict, and he figured it would be relaxed even more in view of his bereavement. After landing, he planned to rent a car, drive out somewhere into the countryside with the body, find a likely spot, and leave it. Even if it was found—as of course he imagined it would be, sooner or later—there seemed to be little chance that it could be identified as that of a woman who had supposedly been lost at sea, accidentally, some time before.

The trouble was that on the instant he screamed and let the "body" fall, louder shouts and screams arose elsewhere on the ship. A man later identified as Hermann Roebling, a second-class passenger, had just jumped from the after promenade deck, and Walbright's oncoming passengers, their attention diverted in the instant they glanced at him, stopped and turned, and then, naturally, hurried off in the opposite direction, toward the tumult—leaving Walbright, abruptly, with nothing left of his plan but a dead wife in a steamer trunk, and a pressing need in prospect to account for her absence at passport inspection next morning.

Roebling's suicide, incidentally, brought to light a curious history. Not a German, as his name might seem to indicate, he was actually of Belgian origin, and since he had no traceable personal involvements—he was twenty-nine years old, unmarried, and the son and business partner of a prosperous dealer in *objets d'art* and *antiquités* in Liége—there seemed at first to be no reason for his suicide. A short, stocky, rather diffident man, young and well-to-do, he seemed, in fact, to have everything worth living for. Then, gradually, the facts began to emerge.

Young Roebling, it seemed (young, at least, by comparison with his father, who was a patriarch of seventy-nine), had been sent to America on a fairly delicate mission, involving the purchase, from a Sapulpa, Oklahoma, collector, of the central panel in a five-panel series of fifteenth-century tapestries describing the story of Tarquin and Lucrece, the remaining four of which were in the possession of his father, and in sending him the older man had impressed on him that he fully expected his son to bungle the commission (he was too old, he said,



to make the journey himself), and, further, that the youth's success or failure would have a good deal to do with how he, the father, disposed of his favor and his fortune afterward.

The son, in point of fact, had failed. The Oklahoman, an oilman and a very shrewd operator, wanted nothing less than the whole set himself, and pointed out—not, perhaps, without reason—that his panel, which depicted the rape, was not only the largest and most important but also the most interesting of the lot. But the amount that he offered for the Roeblings' panels was ridiculously low, while the price that he set on his own was almost insolently high, and the discussions ended in a stalemate, and indeed in a certain amount of acrimony, which seemed likely to be prejudicial to future negotiations.

The younger Roebling, therefore, had good reason to expect that his father would be fairly merciless in his recrimination on his return. He was prepared for that. He had, in fact, a low opinion himself of his own capacities, and had, in any case, weathered similar sessions with his father before. He had been somewhat depressed throughout the voyage, however, by the fact that he had been moved at the last moment before sailing to a cabin very much less attractive than the one he had at first been allotted, and had made the mistake of complaining about it to the cabin steward, who was of course in no way responsible, instead of going directly to the purser, as would have been more proper.

He had a habit of doing things like that—of giving instant and rather petulant expression to his dissatisfactions and then not, as his father said, "following through"—and as a matter of actual fact he didn't care very much what cabin he occupied. But the steward, who had at first seemed almost cringingly subservient, changed his mien when he saw that Roebling did nothing to rectify his situation, and toward the end adopted an attitude that the young man could only think of as supercilious. He was, at any rate, extremely slow in answering when summoned, and Roebling's morning bath was never ready at the time he wanted it, which showed—or so he imagined—that the bath steward had also been affected. The table waiter, at times, was noticeably discourteous.

All this, too, the young man was prepared for. He had never got along very well with subordinates. What he wasn't prepared for was the fact that as he left his stateroom for dinner on the evening of the last night out, he found the cabin steward apparently loitering outside his door, and when he taxed him with it the man smiled noncommittally and hurried away. Still less was he prepared for a radiogram from his father, which was delivered to him in his stateroom later on, as he was about to prepare for bed, saying that he would meet him in Paris, and mentioning the name of the hotel he would be staying at.

After all the trials and humiliations of the voyage, and the exasperations that had gone before that, the young man had been hoping—how he had hoped!—for a few hours of tranquillity and isolation in Paris, to prepare himself for the stormy return to Liége. Now, it seemed, even this was to be denied him!

He read the message over a couple of times—or rather, read *past* it, trying to determine the temper of the man who had sent it—and then went out on deck. He stood a while there by the rail, the message still in his hand, looking down at the slow and monotonous, massive, deep plunge and foaming upsurge of the ship's side, cutting the waves, and then, simply, jumped.

His act was seen, as it happened, by at least a half-dozen crew members and fellow-passengers. But though the vessel was stopped and boats were lowered as quickly as possible, it was even then too late for rescue, and in the end the search had to be abandoned.

The whole thing was unfortunate, for despite certain weaknesses of character, Hermann Roebling was a young man of considerable promise, and might, under his father's guidance, have forged a highly successful career for himself. It may be said, however, that in the act of dying he brought to light the actions of a criminal who might otherwise never have been brought to justice.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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PHYSICIST

Where in the world I stand at gaze
I see the glow of gamma rays;
I see the atoms, free and fine,
That bubble like a sparkling wine;
I hear with my affrighted ears
The steady rumble of the spheres,
The shining armies of the dead
That round about the heavens tread;
I feel the grate of cosmic dust
About the earth's embattled crust;
I feel the play of mindless force
That keeps the planet on its course;
I feel the grim magnetic tug
That binds the water in the jug;
I hear the songs electrons sing,
Jumping from ring to outer ring;
I hear the Quantum, with a thud,
Leap like a salmon from the flood;
I see the restless waves of light
Quiver in angular delight,
The molecules in endless chain
Bind and unbind and bind again.
This is strange music, unresolved,
The solid world in mists dissolved,
And you and I, and all our store,
A set of symbols, nothing more.

—R. P. LISTER

OUR WAVERLEY

ONE day recently, in a town in Ohio where I was visiting, I saw a woman driving an electric automobile. I had not seen an electric in twenty years, and it made me think back to the year my father bought a Waverley for Mother. We were living in Chicago then; I was thirteen years old and my brother seven. Grandmother Kimbrough, in Muncie, Indiana, had a Waverley. Grandmother never drove hers but Grandfather did, and he found it more satisfactory in many ways than his Pierce-Arrow, which the hired man, Hubert, drove. When Grandfather bought the Pierce-Arrow, he'd sold the horses, Maude and Prince, and promoted Hubert from driving them to driving the Pierce-Arrow.

Grandmother always used to say that Hubert's promotion had taken place too rapidly. It made her uneasy, she told Grandfather, to see Hubert, when he put on the brake, rise in his seat and pull back on the steering wheel; other people she saw driving automobiles didn't do that. Grandfather considered this an unfair comment. He said it was just a reflex action on Hubert's part, induced by the fact that Prince had had a hard mouth and Maude had been congenitally stubborn. In Grandmother's voluble opinion, it made her nervous, whatever the cause.

The Waverley, however, suited them both to a T, particularly when they went touring. Grandfather had had the front seat, which faced backward, removed, and as the Waverley was operated from the back seat, and almost entirely with the hands, he could sit at ease and stretch his legs out while he drove. Grandmother's legs did not reach as far as his did, so he put their two suitcases on the floor in front of her when they were going on a long trip. Their favorite tour was to Wilmington, Ohio, to visit Grandfather's brother Jervis, and Jervis's wife, my Great-Aunt Wilmina.

The distance from Muncie to Wilmington is about a hundred and twenty miles, and on one charge the Waverley would get them to Dayton, eighty-two miles. It could have gone a little farther, but in Dayton there was a garage equipped with a charging apparatus for electrics, and anyway this was as far as Grandmother and Grandfather liked to go in one day. They would spend the night in a comfortable hotel there, and arrive in Wilmington at noon the following day. The maximum speed of the Waverley was thirty-two miles an hour, which was as fast, Grandfather said, as anyone who was not a fool cared to travel. He never went faster than twenty-two except for emergency spurts, and usually held to a cruising speed of fifteen to eighteen.

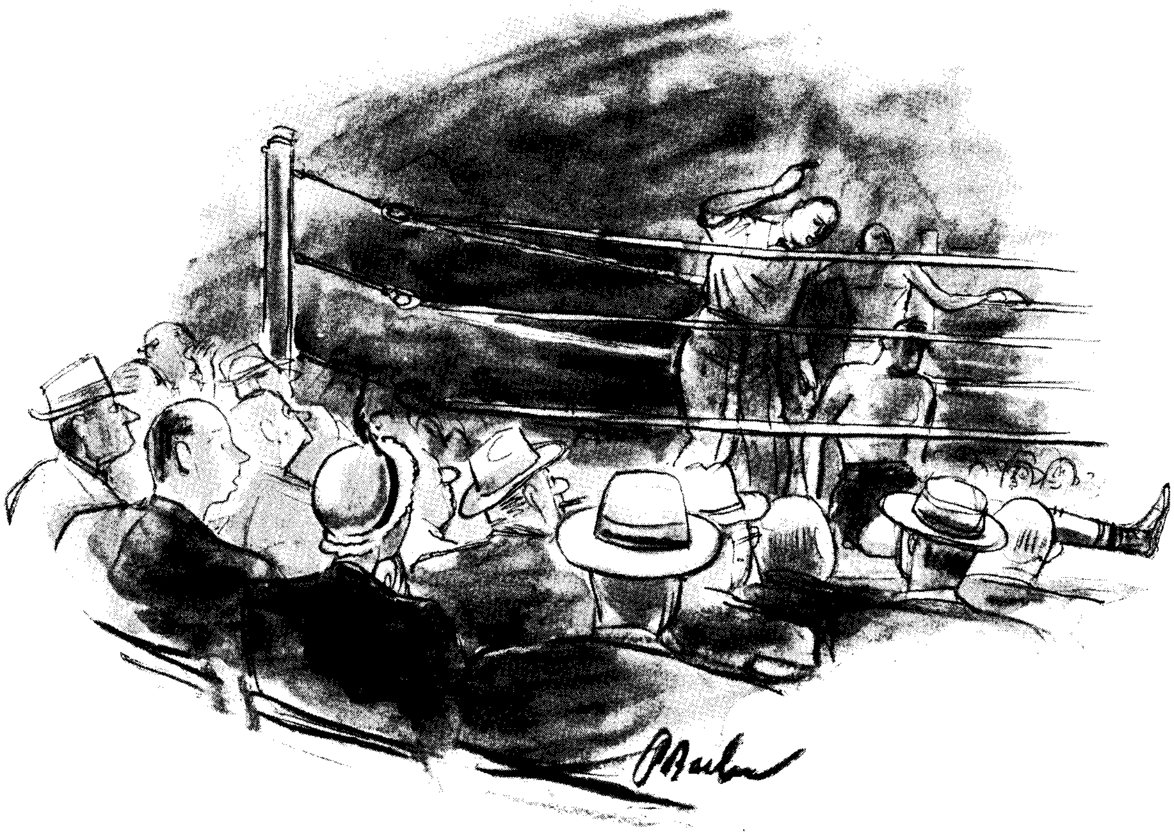
They would roll along over the flat, dusty roads of Indiana and the gentle hills of Ohio while Grandmother crocheted or, sometimes, read aloud to Grandfather. When she read, he had to slow down to ten. Anything faster than that while she was reading made her carsick, she said. Grandfather, leaning back comfortably, his legs stretched full-length, or crossed, smoked a cigar as he drove. He always declared that the Waverley provided the only place where he could sit and smoke in peace. When he lighted a cigar at home, Grandmother followed him around from room to room waving at the smoke with a folded newspaper. She even followed him when he went into his den and sat down for a smoke—an invasion that never failed to rouse him to incredulous anger. A den was a place to which a man retreated in order to smoke, wasn't it? Grandmother's answer never changed: The smoke settled in the curtains unless you drove it out, no matter *what* the room was for. But in the Waverley she let him have a cigar as often as he wanted to, as long as he kept the window beside him open a little.

Sometimes a farmer would hail them or give them a friendly wave as they passed, and when this happened, Grandfather would almost always stop and engage the man in conversation. He was grateful for this evidence of friendliness. Stones were sometimes thrown at the Pierce-Arrow; this distressed him, and distressed Grandmother to the point of refusing to ride into the country in it. The farmers were doing their best to chase gasoline-driven automobiles off the road, because they frightened horses into running away. But the farmers Grandfather talked to from the Waverley told him they *approved* of electrics—thought them a fine way to travel, without tormenting horses or folks. Grandfather quoted this testimony in the letters he wrote my father advocating that he buy Mother a Waverley. "The farmer can teach us many things," he said.

IN spite of Grandfather's recommendation, my parents did not settle on a Waverley until they had looked over other makes of electrics. The first one we tried was a Detroit Electric. One afternoon in March, a man brought out a Detroit for a demonstration, after picking up Father at his office. We lived in an apartment at Fiftieth Street and Blackstone Avenue, and Father usually came home from downtown on the Illinois Central; he told us that day that the Detroit Electric had taken very little more time than the train and that they had spun along very smoothly all the way.

The demonstrator was pleased. He offered to take us all for a ride but said he thought it would be easier for him to explain how the car was operated if he drove only two of us at a time. After Brother and Father had had a ride around the block, he took Mother and me. When we had had our brief drive, the man stopped the car in the driveway beside our building and, as the three of us sat there, explained to Mother how the controls worked.

In a Detroit Electric, as in a Waverley, the driver sat in the back seat, but, unlike the Waverley, in the Detroit there were two metal bars of unequal length, set one above the other. They stood upright alongside this seat, out of the driver's way, when he got in or out of the car. The demonstrator showed Mother that these bars were on a hinge and that, at a touch, they came down in front of him when he was seated. It was as simple as lowering the hinged lid of a box, he said. When the bars were down in operating position, they extended across the demonstrator's middle, just below his chest. He explained that the longer bar was for steering, the shorter for speed control. If you wished to turn left, you pushed the long one away from you; to turn right, you pulled it toward you. Pushing the shorter bar away would send the machine from neutral to first, the lowest speed, and on, through the notches of the higher speeds, to fifth, the highest. But before the car would start, he said, you had to insert a thick,



"There's no need to feel sorry for him. He can just sit there and make eighteen thousand dollars."

flat key into a slot in the speed-control bar. This would turn on the current. Because we had been driving, the key was in the slot already, so the current was, of course, on at that moment, he said.

While the demonstrator was telling Mother all this, I could see her growing restless. Finally, he asked if she would like to try sitting in the driver's seat; he would get out, come around to the other side, and sit beside her, he said. As he spoke, he opened the left-hand door and got out.

Mother had slid over into the driver's seat before he uttered the last syllable. I sat diagonally across from her on the front seat, facing her. I knew she was not going to wait for the man to go around the car and get back in; she had had enough of him, and I had a feeling she was going to do more than just sit there and be shown. I was right. We took off so fast that I had no time to brace myself and was knocked to the floor. I wasn't hurt, but I stayed where I was until we stopped. We didn't go far, but we went fast. When I raised myself up, I saw that we had come out of our driveway, crossed the street, jumped up over the curb and the sidewalk, passed through a narrow gap between two trees, and stopped a few inches short of the iron gate to the Stevenses' yard. Mrs. Stevens and her son Jack were on their front porch, rattling the knob and pounding on the front door, to be let into their house. Mother called through the car window to them, "I've found the brake!"

When Father arrived, on the run, with the demonstrator and Brother just behind him, Mother explained that it had been her intention to turn left at the foot of the driveway but instead of pushing the steering bar away from her hard, she had pushed the speed bar. She told the demonstrator that perhaps he hadn't sufficiently emphasized the difference between the two bars. He was walking around the electric while she said this, looking, I think, for signs of damage. He seemed to be surprised at the way we had come between the trees without hitting either of them or scratching the paint. He said that if Mother would turn the electric over to him, he would try to back it into the street. She and I started back on foot, with Father and Brother, and when we reached the curb in front of our building, Father sat down. He said he felt weak. Mother patted his shoulder, but she was preoccupied, and presently she walked away. Brother and I sat down beside Father.

It took the demonstrator a considerable time to cover the distance Mother had driven in almost nothing, and he scraped a fender against one of the trees that she had cleared nicely. When he did draw up in our driveway again, Mother rejoined us. She had been thinking about the machine, she said, and had decided it was badly designed. She urged the demonstrator to have the company produce a model with a steering wheel. A wheel was the natural appurtenance; the very sight of it indicated its purpose. The demonstrator told her that few, if any, electrics were made with steering wheels, because wheels took up too much room. Mother said he was mistaken about this and described for him Mrs. Frank Ball's electric, which had been made to order for her and the five Ball children, and was right then in constant use in Muncie. It was built like an open trolley, with three wide seats, one behind another, and the steering apparatus was a wheel, set flat, like a motorman's. It had proved most satisfactory, Mother said.

My father suggested from the curb that before she had a special electric built, we investigate other makes, and the demonstrator took his Detroit Electric back downtown.

THE next make we tried was an Ohio. Another demonstrator brought one around the next day. It also had a steering bar, but the speed control was a round knob about the size of a doorknob that was set in the side of the car above and to the left of the steering bar. This was called the control disc, and you turned it with your left hand to move from one speed notch to the next. Mother was glad to try driving the machine. She said it was like being thrown from a horse; you had to ride again immediately or you never would. For the same reason, she insisted that I go with her. This time she didn't leave the demonstrator behind. But she wasn't relaxed, which was perhaps the reason she tried to rotate the steering bar with her right hand while she was making the rotating motion with her left hand to advance the speed. She was cautious, too. She advanced only to first, then retreated to neutral, then came up to first again. We alternately jerked forward, coasted, jerked forward, coasted, while Mother echoed on the steering bar each rotation of the speed knob. When we had lurched to the corner of the next cross street, Mother stopped the machine, got out, and made me get out, too. The demonstrator was still in the car, and she talked to him from the curb, describing the steering wheel on Mrs. Frank Ball's electric and recommending its adoption by the manufacturers of the Ohio. The demonstrator said he would tell them, but he urged her to make another trial of the mechanism already in the Ohio. Once she got used to it, he promised, she would never be bothered again. Mother told him that, after practice, one could also learn to pat the head while rubbing the stomach but she felt there were skills more rewarding to acquire. That disposed of the Ohio.

ONE afternoon a few days later, a demonstrator brought out a Waverley. Mother liked it the minute she saw it. She had never driven Grandmother's, but she said she was sure anyone could drive a Waverley without previous experience and without confusion, because the mechanism was so well arranged. The speed controller was an upright, short lever at the side of the driver, set low down, at about the level of the seat. There was nothing else in that zone except a small lever into which the key fitted and which, after unlocking it, you set into backward or forward gear when you started the car. Once this was done, the demonstrator said, you could forget this smaller lever and concentrate on the speed controller; there were no conflicting motions to be made. Mother told the demonstrator that it reminded her of the throttle on a locomotive, an association that may have surprised him, but Mother was likely to compare things that pleased her with locomotives, of which she was very fond. The steering bar broke at a hinge, like the two bars on the Detroit Electric, to lie across the driver's lap. You pushed the bar away to turn left, pulled it toward you to turn right. There was a foot brake, and you could also brake by pulling back on the speed lever, the demonstrator said. Neither brake should be operated when the current was on, or you would "spark the contacts." He explained, at Mother's request, that this meant you would burn out the motor. If, in some emergency, you had to brake without putting the car in neutral, you must tap lightly on the foot brake and for only a second.

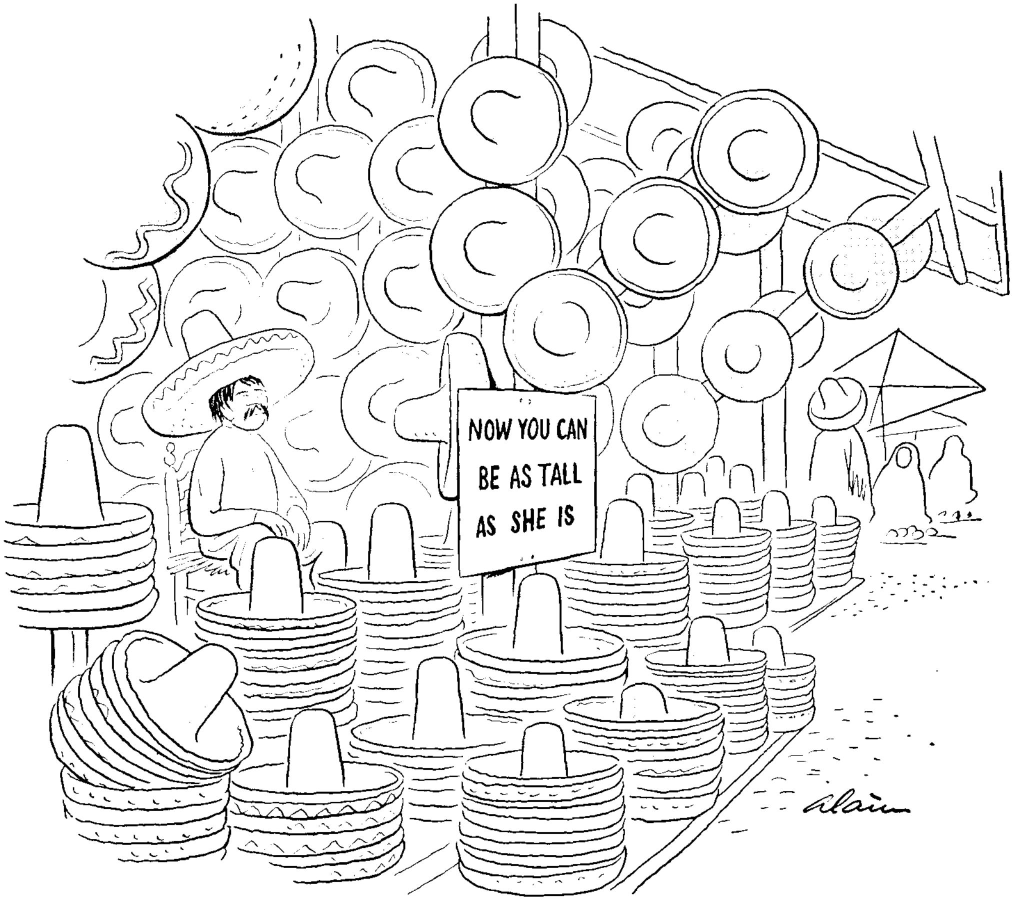
Father was at his office when the Waverley arrived. After the man had driven Mother, Brother, and me around the neighborhood and given Mother a turn at the controls, he suggested that we drive into town, pick up Father, and drive him home again. The trip would give her more experience in driving. Mother was exhilarated by her success with this machine and by the demonstrator's insistence that she was the quickest to catch on of all the women he had ever taught. She said she thought she could handle a Waverley without any further help—except, perhaps, in the downtown traffic—but she made Brother and me get out.

We waved goodbye, but Mother didn't take her hand off the bar to wave back. She nodded several times instead, looking straight ahead of her.

When Mother and Father got home, Brother and I were at the living-room window of our third-floor apartment, watching for them. We had been there such a long time that it was dark. Our parents seemed to be all right when they got out, and the Waverley, as well as we could see from above, and by the street light, seemed to be all right, too; the demonstrator drove away in it. Brother and I opened the front door and waited for them to come up the stairs. As soon as Mother saw us, she called out, "Children, the Kimbroughs own a Waverley!"

Brother and I went immediately to the kitchen to tell our Swedish maid, Hilda, the news, and we didn't hear any further details until we were having dinner. Mother explained then that the Waverley had her confidence not only because of the intelligent arrangement of its steering and speed controls but also because, on the way into town, the demonstrator, who had by then taken over the driving—another time it would not be necessary—had blinked the lights on and off as they passed the Waverley salesroom, on Michigan Avenue.

"He told me that everyone who owns one always does that," Mother said. "I



knew then that Waverley owners and Waverley makers are good friends. That signal was like a fraternity handclasp, so the machine *must* be dependable."

OUR Waverley was delivered the next day, and all that month we went for a ride every pleasant evening. Mother always drove. She had dinner moved up to six o'clock, so that we could catch the sunset afterglow on the lake and over the lagoon in Jackson Park. We would rush through the meal, and then Mother would get the Waverley out of the barn (which we now called the garage) at the end of our driveway. The barn had been on the property when the apartment was built, and the owners of the building had left it for the use of tenants who owned automobiles. Ours was the first occupant. As Mother drove the car out, Father waited at the street end of the driveway—to make sure, he said, that the way was clear. I think he couldn't let go the memory of Mother's first sortie from the driveway, to the Stevenses' front gate, and wanted to be certain that she had an unobstructed getaway, in case she should confuse her motions again.

She never did. She drove with a firm hand and a firm foot. Her footwork was of a special sort. It served as a kind of extra brake for Brother and me. He and I always sat on the front seat, which was narrow, and extended the width of the machine. The conventional way to use this seat was to face the driver, with both feet on the floor and one's back against the front window. But Brother and I sat facing each other, our backs against the side-door windows and our legs stretched out on the seat. We did this in order to give Mother a full view ahead. In that position, we had nothing to hold on to, so whenever Mother stopped suddenly, or swooped around a corner, as she liked to do, she simultaneously put her right foot up against our legs to keep us from falling off sidewise to the floor. The action became so involuntary with her that once, rounding a corner fast when she was taking old Mrs. Dyer, who lived next door to the Stevenses', and two other ladies for a drive, she put her foot up into Mrs. Dyer's lap and pushed hard against Mrs. Dyer's stomach. Mrs. Dyer was sitting on the front seat in the conventional position, her back to the window, her feet well braced on the floor. Mother told me later what she'd done, adding that it had made Mrs. Dyer nervous, and that when I learned to drive, I must remember not to put my foot up, the way she did.

ADVICE TO LOVERS

Never sing the same song twice,
  Lest she disbelieve it.
Though reproved as over-nice,
Never sing the same song twice—
Unobjectionable advice,
  Would you but receive it:
Never sing the same song twice,
  Lest she disbelieve it.

Never sing a song clean through,
  You might disenchant her.
Venture on a verse or two
(Indisposed to sing it through),
Let that seem as much as you
  Care, or dare, to grant her.
Never sing a song clean through,
  You might disenchant her.

Make no sermon on your song,
  Lest she turn and rend you.
Fools alone deliver long
Sermons on a casual song;
Even a smile may put you wrong,
  Half a word may end you.
Make no sermon on your song,
  Lest she turn and rend you.

—ROBERT GRAVES

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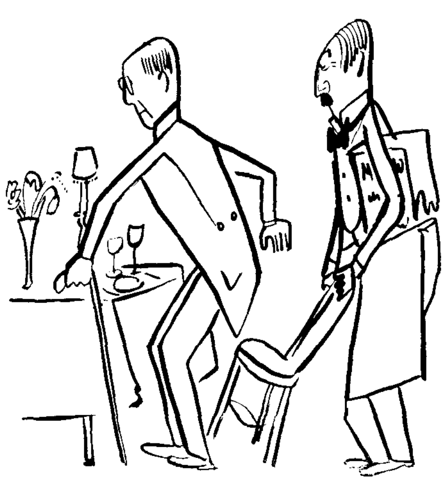
After the first two weeks, the novelty of riding in the Waverley wore off for us children, but it was supplanted by an exciting by-product—visits to a motion-picture theatre. These came whenever the power in the electric ran down, which it frequently did. We charged the car ourselves, by means of a machine that Father had had installed in the garage. This apparatus gave off a crackling sound and a blue light, which disturbed the neighbors at night. One evening, we even had a visit from the police, who had had a report that our garage was haunted. After that, Mother, out of consideration, and over Father's protest, would run the charger only in the daytime, and in short spurts, not allowing time for a full charge, lest it disturb people. This was why the electric frequently ran down on an evening's drive. But Mother found that if you let the car rest for an hour or two, it would, in some mysterious way, summon enough power all by itself to get us home. So we would abandon the dead car and march off to the nearest motion-picture house. Mother didn't really approve of motion pictures for children, but she agreed to this arrangement because she felt that to wait in the car or on a street corner for two hours would make us conspicuous.



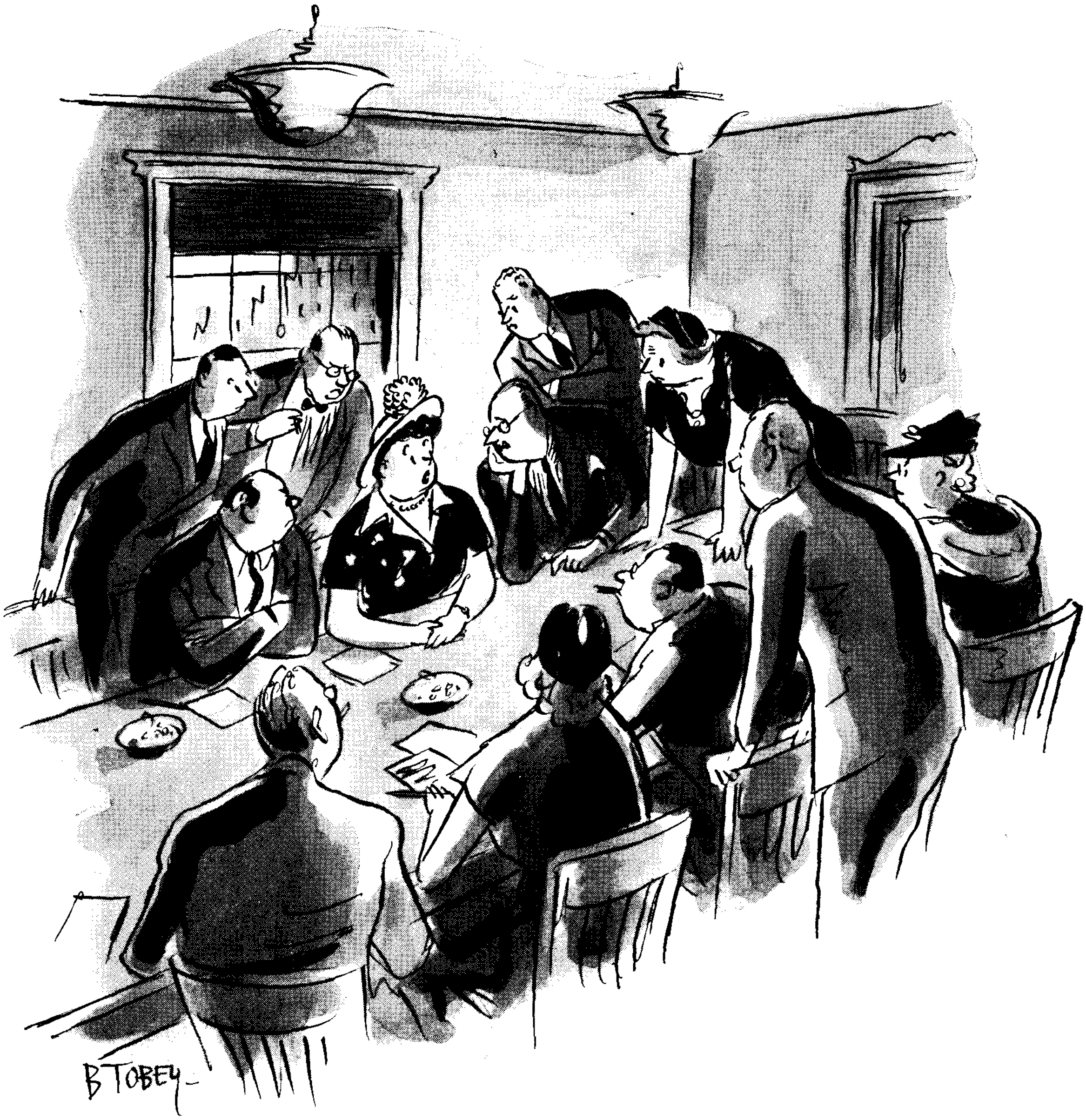
IN April that year, I went to Muncie, as usual, to spend my spring vacation with my grandparents, and while I was there, Grandfather taught me to drive Grandmother's Waverley. His method was simple but hair-raising. He drove me straight up Main Street, which had a streetcar track down the middle of it, and explained, as he drove, every detail of the mechanical construction of an electric. I had heard something of this from the demonstrators, and their language was easier to understand; Grandfather was an orator. I didn't tell Grandfather this, but I did say I had been watching Mother drive. He was aware of that, he said, and was therefore giving me only a brief recapitulation. He then stopped the electric and got out.

"Take the machine, Emily!" he said to me through a window. "I have clarified your own observations on how to conduct it, I trust. Your grandmother is waiting at the house. I think she wishes to be taken to market. You can give her a surprise by driving her yourself." He looked up the street and added, "I hear a trolley, but it must be at least two blocks away. You had better turn around, I think, and clear the tracks before it reaches you. Goodbye. I have an errand here."

I did not drive Grandmother to market. By the time I reached the house, I was bawling, though I had been helped and encouraged by the motorman, the conductor, and most of the passengers on the trolley. Perhaps Grandfather didn't see the performance. At any rate, he didn't come back to help me, and when, that evening, Grandmother rounded on him for putting me through such an ordeal, he looked amazed and wounded.

"Why, Margaret," he said, "Emily told me she wanted to learn to drive."

When I returned to Chicago at the end of my vacation, I was lofty about my driving, and told Brother it was a pity he was too young to learn. My father said he considered my age equally inappropriate, but Mother told him she had worked out a plan for me that was perfectly safe, because I'd have only three blocks to go. I was to drive myself to and from Miss Faulkner's School, three blocks away, at Forty-eighth Street and Dorchester Avenue, on the two days when we had afternoon sessions. (One was for basketball, the other for dancing lessons.) It would be entirely safe, Mother said, because she had never heard of anyone's having an accident on a drive of only three blocks, whereas walking home alone in the late afternoon *was* dangerous for a young girl.



"But I saw a movie with almost this identical situation. Everything looked black as pitch for him but he turned out to be as innocent as a lamb."

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It was, however, on one of the three-block trips in the Waverley that I came to grief. I was driving home from dancing class when, on the turn from Dorchester Avenue into Fiftieth Street, the speed lever stuck between third and fourth speeds. I jiggled it, I tried to push it ahead, to pull it back—I couldn't budge it. It was frozen, and I was rounding the corner with two wheels in the air, at a clip of twenty miles an hour or better. I didn't jam down the foot brake, because I had been severely warned that if you used this brake hard when you weren't in neutral, not only would you burn out the motor but you would probably set it on fire—and the motor was immediately under the driver's seat. You could only tap it lightly. The other brake I couldn't use at all, because you had to pull back the speed lever, and that was what was stuck.

I was well down the block when the Waverley settled onto four wheels again. I foot-tapped my way around the corner from Fiftieth Street to Blackstone. At that point, I began to ring the bell, which was a button at the end of the steering bar. I had only half a block to go before reaching our building. I knew I couldn't stop there, but I thought I could attract someone's attention.

The first time past the apartment brought no results, so I went on around the block, ringing the bell and brake-tapping at the corners, though the seat beneath me was beginning to feel hot. I had also gathered speed, so I approached the building on my second try at a clip I had previously experienced only on a Flexible Flyer. This time I planned to use my voice, in case there should be anyone around to hear me. As I drew near, I stopped ringing the bell, braced one knee against the steering bar to hold a steady course, leaned out the window, cupped my hands, and

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MARTINI 45¢
50¢
BAR AND GRILL

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BAR
BAR AND GRILL

shouted over and over again, "Mother, come help! Mother, come help! *Moth-er!*" Not a soul came out of any apartment. I went around the block again. At the corner, I braced my knee again, leaned out the window to shout, and saw Hilda on our porch looking up and down the street. I yelled, "*Here* I am! Get Mother!" But Hilda only shook her finger crossly as I flashed by and bawled after me, "Shame on you!"

Part of the way around the block, I was confused by this remark; then I guessed that Hilda had thought I was showing off how I could drive no-handed, and wouldn't let Mother know about it. But the next time past, I saw Mother standing beside Hilda on the porch. "Come in this minute!" she called out very loud, and she repeated it. This prevented her from hearing what I was saying. Going around the corner, I burst into tears. I had been sure that once I got Mother's attention, she would know what was wrong and what to do.

That fourth lap proved to be the most dangerous of all my trips. The noise of my bell made several people who were crossing the street jump and scurry to the sidewalk. They were angry. I was crying so hard that I could scarcely see to steer, yet I had to zigzag my way between motorcars and horse-drawn delivery wagons. Mother by now had guessed that I couldn't stop, and when I rounded onto Blackstone Avenue again, she was standing in the middle of the street and other tenants of our building were on their porches, watching and calling to her and to one another. In the over-all noise I couldn't hear what they were saying, or what Mother was trying to tell me. I shrieked, "I can't hear you!" Immediately she resorted to pantomime. By bending her knees and swinging her arms, she indicated that she was going to jump onto my running board. As I reached her, I tapped the brake so hard that the motor sizzled under me. She jumped and made it, swinging up onto the running board on the side opposite me, and holding on by thrusting one arm through the window, which, fortunately, was open. She stayed there, crouching, to talk to me through the window. "Stop crying," she said. "You're doing very nicely. What's the matter?"

"The speed lever's stuck," I said. I jiggled it to show her, and I stopped crying. When Mother had satisfied herself that the lever *was* stuck, she straightened up, looked over the top of the car, and began shouting, first to people in our way, and then, equally loud, but in a crouch, sticking her face suddenly through the window, to me. "Out of our way, little boy! . . . We could keep on driving till the power dies, Emily. . . . Look out, *please!* We're out of control! . . . Not around and around the block like this, Emily, we'll be dizzy. . . . Keep *back*, please! . . . But in a straight line we might be in Gary before we stop. Ring the bell louder! . . . Don't be a fool [this to a man on the curb who called something to us]. We're not doing this on pur—" We had shot past him by this time and were in our own street again, which was quieter.

Mother took time to think. She leaned reflectively over the window ledge. "I *will* not pass all those people again," she said. "They don't seem to understand what we're doing. They make me feel like a fool."

"Where do you want me to go?" I asked her.

She had an inspiration. "Go across Fifty-first Street," she directed, "and up Lake Park Avenue. There's a nice garage somewhere along that block, Mrs. Dyer told me. Very courteous, she said. We can ask which it is."

We turned left, onto Fifty-first Street, and then right, onto Lake Park. There seemed to be several garages on each side of the street.

"Ring the bell again," Mother told me, "but stop ringing when someone comes out, so I can talk to him."

I rang steadily, but no one came. So I drove once around *that* block. Going into Lake Park Avenue for the second time, Mother changed the plan of approach. "Don't ring," she ordered. "Shout 'Ahoy!' with me. That's more unusual. It may bring someone."

It did. It brought two or three men out of almost every garage, on the run. Mother said "Quiet, Emily!" and straightened to her full height. "Are you Mrs. Dyer's garage?" she called as we whirled by. No one answered.

"I think I surprised them," Mother said as we rounded the corner for another circling of the block. "You have to present ideas slowly to people like that. They work with their hands. It makes them deliberate. And yet surgeons, they tell me, respond quickly to a crisis. Broader preliminary education, probably."

We turned into Lake Park for the third time. Some of the men who had come out at our shouts were still in front of the garages. Mother addressed them, holding the window ledge and leaning far out.

"My daughter has had an accident,"

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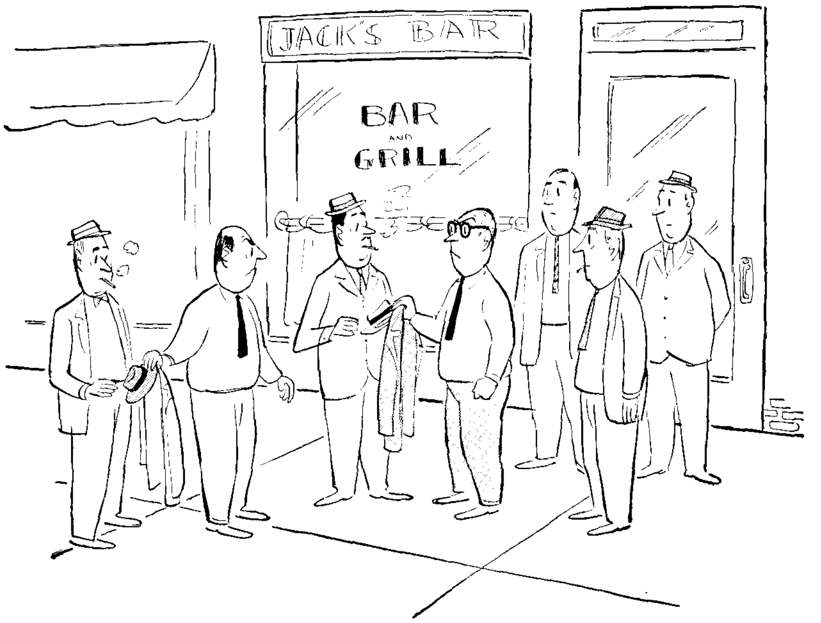

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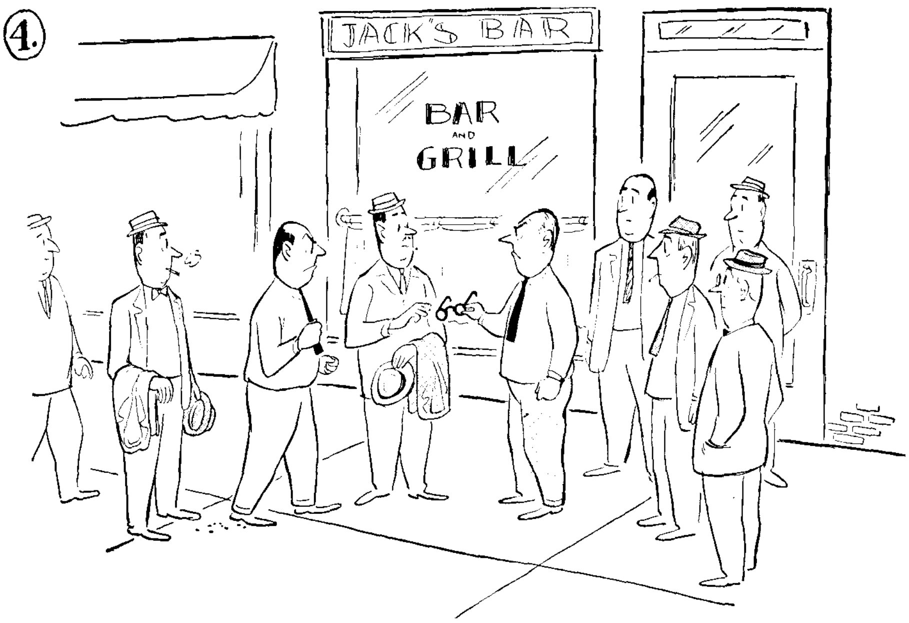

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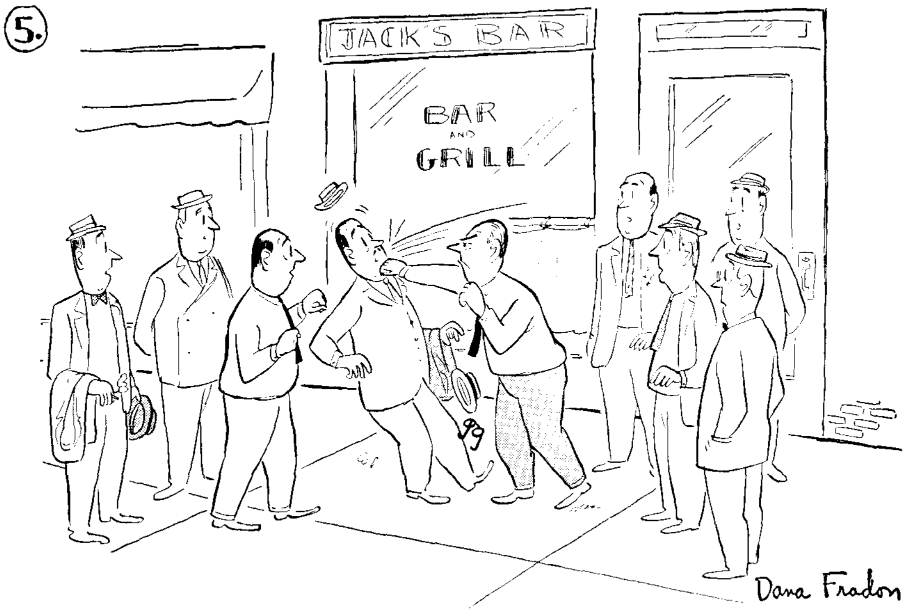


Dana Fradon

she said rapidly but loud and clear. "Not really an accident, because she only drives three blocks to Miss Faulkner's School. I am Mrs. H. C. Kimbrough, 5019 Blackstone Avenue."

We passed the last garage. "She stays for basketball . . . dancing on Wednesdays," she called back as we turned the corner. Mother didn't talk as we made the next circuit, but at Fifty-first and Lake Park she got ready again. This time, I saw only one man in the whole block. He was young and thin and dirty. He slouched over to the curb as we rushed toward him, and dropped into the gutter a cigarette he'd been smoking. He was on my side of the machine. I don't think Mother even saw him. She called down to me, "Ring again, Emily, and shout. We'll have to start all over again."

I was watching the young man. He stepped into the street and put up his hand, like a traffic policeman, palm toward me. I drove in close to him, tapping the brake as hard as I dared. With no particular effort, he stepped onto the running board next me. I stopped tapping and the Waverley shot forward again. He held the ledge of my window with one hand, leaned inside, reached down beside me, and pulled out the key that controlled the current. The machine slowed down. I applied the foot brake, and we stopped.

Mother apparently didn't realize that we had stopped. Her face appeared in the window, and she seemed about to speak to me when she saw the face of the man in the opposite window, and she spoke to him instead.

"Oh," she said. "I'm glad to see you. Are you Mrs. Dyer's garage?"

The man looked at her as if he were puzzled by her question.

"No, Ma'am," he said, finally. "I don't think so." He looked at me and pointed to the speed lever. "That happens every once in a while," he said. "All you got to do is disconnect the current. People never seem to think of it. They don't think quick, I guess."

—Emily Kimbrough

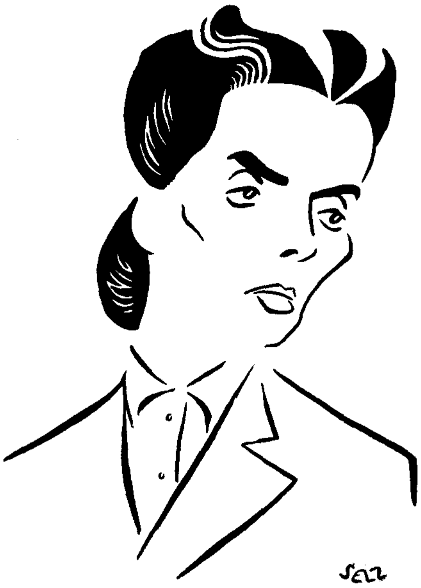
•

Mrs. Hargan, President of the P.T.A. Council, was present and said she hoped that consideration was being given in these purchases to adequately protect the members of the Soccer Team. She said she understood that some of the boys were tying Readers' Digests around their shins because there was not a sufficient number of shin-guards.—*From the minutes of a Board of Education meeting, Rutherford, N.J.*

A good, sharp rap would go right through those condensations.

PROFILES

MADAM



Ninette de Valois

AT the final afternoon rehearsal before the gala performance that was to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the Sadler's Wells Ballet—an event celebrated on the evening of Monday, May 15th, this year, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, in Islington, London—the shirtsleeved orchestra played the prelude of Lord Berners' score for "A Wedding Bouquet," and the curtain went up on a small woman dressed in a gray tailored suit and standing with demurely folded arms in the center of the stage. From the stalls, where a scattered collection of past and present Sadler's Wells dancers were lolling, there was a loud hum of amusement, the sort of buzz the small fry on Olympus might be imagined to make at the sight of Jupiter about to juggle amiably with his thunderbolts instead of hurling them. The small woman, who was Miss Ninette de Valois, the director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet of Covent Garden, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, put her hand across her mouth and giggled, too. Then she began, with brisk neatness, to dance the part of Webster, the autocratic parlormaid, a role she created at the first performance of the work, on April 27, 1937. At the gala performance itself, with Princess Margaret and the Sadler's Wells board of governors in the balcony and emotional ballet fans cramming the house to the last inch, she stopped the show when the curtain went up on her again—this time, of course, revealing her dressed in Webster's frilly mobcap and blue dress. The evening ended deliriously with speeches, innumerable curtain calls, singings of "Auld Lang Syne," an after-the-show party with a birthday cake, and presentations to Miss de Valois of a bit of silverware, a Sheraton coffee table, and several bushels of flowers, including massed mauve stocks in the form of a latchkey, to mark the British ballet's coming of age.

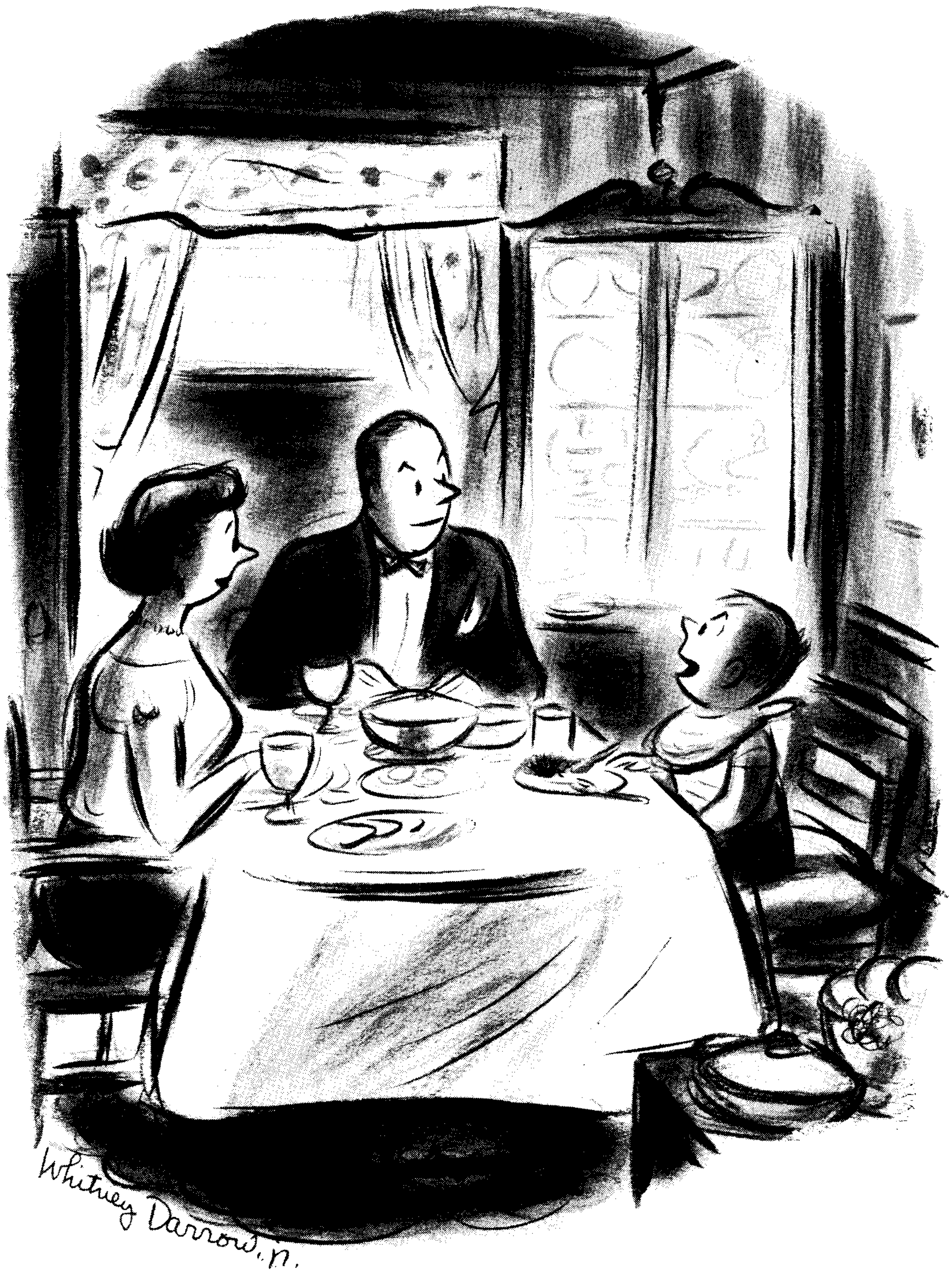
Since Miss de Valois is undoubtedly more responsible than any other individual for making such an occasion possible, her admirers were delighted to give her an ovation. These days, the creator of Webster the parlormaid is not unaccustomed to ovations, but she resolutely tries to duck them personally and let the praise rain down on her company as a whole. She hates to make speeches from the stage and rarely does so. At the Ballet's first night in Covent Garden after its triumphant return from the United States last year, the audience made such an uproar calling for her that at last she was forced to march out before the curtain, where she glared at the cheering house and uttered one of the shortest—and most furious—curtain speeches on record. "Ladies and gentlemen: It takes more than one to make a ballet," she said, and marched back into the wings.

Whatever the prescription for a successful ballet, there is no doubt that *something* about Sadler's Wells brings out unprecedented demonstrativeness on the part of ballet followers, the financial manifestations being no less wholehearted than the emotional ones. In June, 1949, four months before the Ballet made its first visit to the American continent, S. Hurok, the impresario for the Ballet's appearance in New York, sent out twenty thousand brochures to his regular ballet mailing list in the city, announcing the four-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House and enclosing order blanks for tickets. Within a week, nineteen thousand dollars' worth of tickets ($4.20 top) had been ordered. Mr. Hurok thereupon decided not to allot any tickets to brokers. By the middle of August, orders in the amount of forty-five thousand dollars had been received in the mail, and by opening night, October 9th, the advance sale had reached a hundred and fourteen thousand dollars. (The highest previous advance sale for a ballet attraction in New York had been sixty-five thousand dollars, achieved by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in 1938.) The next day's reviews of the Sadler's Wells opening were all extremely favorable. Walter Terry, of the *Herald Tribune*, went so far as to say, "England has granted America a loan of immeasurable value." That afternoon, the ticket lines stretched from the Met box office, on Broadway, around the corner and well along Thirty-ninth Street. By that night, the engagement was almost a complete sellout.

This year, the Met could be rented for only three weeks, and Hurok, aiming at a gross of three hundred thousand dollars, advanced his top price to six dollars. The announcement that the Ballet was to come to New York in September was released to the press in February, long before prices, programs, or dates had been settled on, and almost immediately Hurok began receiving blank checks to cover ticket purchases. In April, brochures similar to last year's were sent out to a list of twenty-three thousand names in the New York area, announcing the engagement and again enclosing order blanks. The blanks were returned with remittances at the rate of ten thousand dollars' worth a day. Early in June, Hurok took his first newspaper advertisement, to announce that the Carnegie Hall box office had been rented for two weeks, beginning June 12th, for the sale of Sadler's Wells tickets. The ad was entirely factual; nobody was urged to *see* the Ballet. At the end of the two weeks, sixty-seven thousand dollars had been added to the till. For all practical purposes, Sadler's Wells was sold out before it opened last Sunday. Two hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth of tickets were bought in advance, and the only seats not taken, unattractive ones high up and on the side, went soon after opening night. Ninety-five per cent of the order blanks mailed with the brochures have been returned. Countless thousands of dollars were sent back because requests for specific seats couldn't be filled. Would-be purchasers threatened to report Hurok to the Commissioner of Licenses, refusing to believe that seats for any ballet could be unavailable two months before it opened. Moreover, the same locustlike devouring of tickets is taking place in the twenty-eight other cities the Ballet will visit during its five months in the United States and Canada. San Francisco will not see Sadler's Wells until October 30th, but the San Francisco Opera House has reported an advance sale of more than a hundred thousand dollars. Boston wasn't played by Sadler's Wells last year, because it is known as the worst ballet town in the country. Partly as a result of the pleadings of the Boston *Herald's* drama-and-dance critic, Elinor Hughes, the city was included in this season's schedule for a week's run in January. Bostonians are taking no chances, and the Boston Opera House is already almost sold out.

In London, many of Miss de Valois's admirers consider that the British government signified its approval of her rather stingily by making her, in 1947, only a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, an honor that is sprinkled fairly liberally on deserving civil servants and such, instead of right away dubbing her Dame, the title bestowed now and then on women who are outstanding in public life. Miss de Valois has been outstanding for quite a while. The London *Times*, commenting respectfully on the Wells' twenty-first-birthday gala, annoyed her by saying that it was the first time she had danced in nineteen years, thus being ungallant to the extent of six years over the correct figure. Her annoyance was not tempered by the fact that her own awareness of the passage of time is astonishingly hazy. Three days before the Monday-night gala, she observed to her secretary that thank heavens Monday night was free and she could get off early to her home in the country. When her secretary cried, "But, Madam, the gala!" (she is called Madam by everyone in her two companies—the big one at Covent Garden and the second company at the Sadler's Wells Theatre—as well as by the students in the Sadler's Wells School), Miss de Valois replied absently, "Don't be silly, dear, we've had the gala." This sort of vagueness is the result, her friends explain, of her long habit of trying to get the far future straight in her mind, down to the last detail, which makes the present often seem dim. "Ninette has the next five or ten years lined up absolutely," one friend said recently, "but if you ask her to lunch, she's generally a week early or a week late."

Although the British *Who's Who*, a reference work with a conventional, down-to-earth attitude toward the past and present, gives Miss de Valois's age as fifty-two, she looks considerably younger. She has the light, erect figure and neat feet and legs of the dancer. Her high cheekbones and large eyes are accentuated by wings of gray hair swept up from a center part. She can look extremely beautiful, ill to the point of death (when struggling with one of the severe migraine headaches to which she is subject), or as terrifying as a pocket-edition Gorgon's head (when in what members of her companies refer to, in hushed tones, as "one of Madam's rages"). Madam's rages blow up and blow over with Celtic speed and violence. After a difference of opinion with a choreographer or a dancer that may have resulted in strong feelings, the offended artist is likely to be disarmed by a phone call an hour later from Miss de Valois, in fits of laughter over some funny story she is anxious to pass on, and obviously with no recollection of their argument. Only the dancers she has known for years are on sufficiently cozy terms with Madam



"Why should I eat it? I got my daily essential Vitamin A and all the thiamine and riboflavin I need in the fortified Dynaflakes and irradiated milk I had for breakfast."

to drop in at her somewhat grim little office—a converted dressing room on the second floor of the Covent Garden Royal Opera House, its walls covered with notices listing the program schedules and rehearsal dates for both ballet companies, the curriculum of the Sadler's Wells School, and memos concerning the numerous other activities on which Miss de Valois keeps her eye—and take her up on some point connected with the production or execution of a ballet. After one of these conferences, at which Miss de Valois may hold forth indefatigably and with characteristic single-mindedness for hours, even the most veteran colleague is likely to leave feeling beaten down. Madam's conviction that she is always right is difficult to stand up to. "The other viewpoint is something Madam doesn't really believe exists," a frustrated dancer said one day on emerging from the office, and Cambridge men still remember a talk she gave to an audience stiff with academic dignitaries, to whom she rapped out pleasantly at the end, "Any questions?," as though they were a class of juniors at the Sadler's Wells School. Her lightning-fast reversals of position are equally baffling to her colleagues. The dancer Robert Helpmann, an old and affectionate friend, not long ago told an acquaintance about the occasion, during the planning of the 1949 American tour, when she informed him that she had decided not to include "The Rake's Progress" in the repertoire. "I asked why, and she said, 'Frankly, Bobby, I feel I ought to tell you that I've never liked you in the part,' " Helpmann related. "Since it's a role I've had a good deal of success in for almost fifteen years, I was a *little* surprised. Then, about a week later, Madam mentioned to me that she would be taking 'The Rake' to New York, of course. I reminded her of our previous chat, when it had been decided otherwise. 'But what a funny idea!' she said. 'How could we possibly leave out "The Rake"—one of your very *finest* parts?' " Actually, in New York, Helpmann's part had to be taken by Harold Turner, because of scheduling complications.

ON July 26, 1919, the London *Daily Mail* said of Miss de Valois, then twenty-one: "She is a daughter of the long pedigreed and rather strait-laced Irish family of Stannus, and her widowed mother was strongly opposed to her taking up dancing as a profession." This statement, like the one in the *Times* this year, was lacking in accuracy. Her mother not only encouraged her in her career but picked it out for her and thought up a name to go with it. The family was of mixed Scots and Irish blood. Miss de Valois's father, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Stannus, D.S.O., was killed leading a battalion of the Leinster Regiment in action in 1917. A Victorian ancestress was Elizabeth Grant, of Rothiemurchas, a lively, quick-witted Scots girl who wrote a charming book, privately printed, called "The Memoirs of a Highland Lady." Miss de Valois's mother, who has married again, is a remarkably talented woman, full of boundless creative energy. Among other things, she is an authority on Irish glass, and her collection of it is well known.

On June 6, 1898, a second child and daughter, Edris, was born to the Stannuses at the family estate of Baltiboys, Blessington, County Wicklow, Ireland. The local tenantry, hoping that the new baby would turn out to be an heir, had for the second time stacked wood and brush for large beacon fires on the mountains to celebrate the birth. When an heir eventually *did* turn up, which he did after Edris, the Baltiboys locals were enthusiastic, though a bit worn with piling up bonfires and then picking them apart. There were two boys and two girls in all. The elder son, Trevor, became a soldier, and the younger one, Gordon, is a photographer of ballet subjects. In 1908, Colonel Stannus got a job in Ceylon as a tea planter, and Mrs. Stannus moved her children and her collection of Waterford glass to a house at 23 Earl's Court Square, London. Two enormous Great Danes, another of Mrs. Stannus's enthusiasms, were also a notable feature of the décor, which they menaced with every wag of their tails. Now seventy-eight, and still passionately involved with the outsize canine world, Miss de Valois's mother lives in Kent and breeds St. Bernards, who travel majestically to shows in a van she has fitted out for them with Indian rugs and a tapestry or two.

Mrs. Stannus quickly decided that Edris, a pretty and musically gifted child, was in line to become the English Pavlova, and took vigorous measures accordingly. It might be thought that Edris Stannus was a perfect name for a ballet dancer, but in those days any truck with the stage was not well regarded by a decent Irish family, and Mrs. Stannus, having fixed on her daughter's career, cast about for a fancy *nom de ballet*. For a while she entertained the notion of working in de Montmorency, the maiden name of Colonel Stannus's mother, who came from an Irish family of Huguenot ancestry, but, feeling that this might prove to be of troublesome length in electric lights, and having read and enjoyed Dumas's romance "Marguerite de Valois," she compromised on the name of this French line of kings. "Ninette" came about merely because Mrs. Stannus thought it went well with "de Valois." Diaghilev, in

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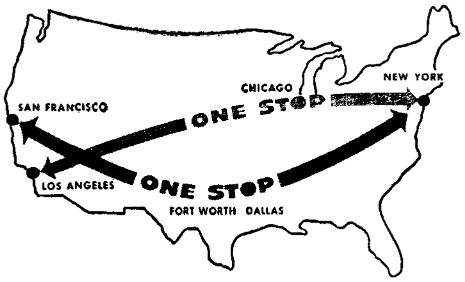

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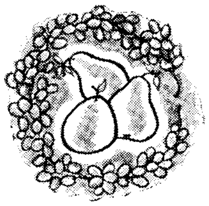
whose company Miss de Valois later danced, disapproved of this royal rehash, and insisted on listing her on programs as Nina Devalois while she was with him.



Soon after her arrival in London, Ninette pointed her toes for the first time under the tutelage of a Mrs. Wordsworth, a fashionable children's ballet teacher of the day. Later, she was enrolled by her mother in the Lila Field Academy, which operated off Regent Street, under, as the school's prospectus announced, "the immediate patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein." Miss Field specialized in providing juvenile dancers for pantomimes, and also sent her young pupils on tours of the seaside resorts. "I've danced on every pier in England," Miss de Valois sometimes says proudly. Her first public appearance in London was in a small play, "The Magic Wood," and she also skipped around as a bean in the pantomime "Jack and the Beanstalk." By the time she was in her early teens, she was billed as a *première danseuse* of Lila Field's troupe, sharing the billing with another juvenile, described as "Little Violet Kemplen, the Tiny Wonder Child." The peak of every proud mother's ambition in those days was to see her child take a crack at Pavlova's famous dance "The Dying Swan." As a precocious cygnet, Ninette expired regularly and was greatly applauded, though a critic for *The Dancing Times* remarked, "I would suggest that when she takes an encore she does not repeat 'The Swan'—there is something incongruous in a swan dying twice in five minutes."

Profiting by the entrée Miss Field had given her, Miss de Valois danced in several of the Lyceum Theatre pantomimes, training on the side with the famous teacher Edouard Espinosa, who died this year. In 1918, she danced leading roles in Sir Thomas Beecham's season of opera and ballet at the Palladium, and in 1919 she landed the coveted position of *première danseuse* for the Covent Garden opera season, a job up to then customarily filled by ballerinas from the Continent. Already critical of her own work, she began at that time five years of study at the London studio of the renowned Maestro Enrico Cecchetti. At Covent Garden, she danced in "Aïda," "Louise," and "Thaïs," among other operas, filling in, to keep the pot boiling, with several less exalted engagements in revues, including one called "You'd Be Surprised," which was advertised as an American "Jazzaganza" and of which one London critic, trying to slip into the appropriate vernacular, reported breathlessly, "Attaboy! Whizz! Cutey kids! Zoop!" Wherever Miss de Valois danced, the London critics liked her immensely. One paper referred to her as "that dainty little dancer," another called her "enchantingly frisky," and in concert they applauded her keen gift for mime. Unlike the majority of dainty little dancers, Miss de Valois also kept well limbered up mentally. "I remember once going round to her dressing room and finding her reading Schopenhauer," P. J. S. Richardson, the editor of *The Dancing Times* and an old friend, recalled recently. "She was *very* unusual."

In that period, ambitious young English dancers could do with some acquired philosophy to lean on. Ballet in England, in spite of a lot of talk about an all-British academy, meant the Russians or nothing, and Miss de Valois often compares the hard going she and her contemporaries had with the easier lot of present-day youngsters, whom she regards as spoon-fed. In 1921, when she was twenty-three and as unequivocally non-Russian as she is today, she took her first shot at choreography and production. Holding an audition for English dancers, she picked out eight girls, to whom she taught a series of divertissements for which she had done the choreography and the décor. Then, having knuckled under to the extent of hiring a Russian male partner, Serge Morosoff, she proceeded, in a hard-headed way that ought to have warned the London critics that they had a dainty little eaglet hatching in the nest, to mesmerize an impresario into booking her small company for a tour of the music halls, which ordinarily did not take kindly to classical pirouetting. One leading English critic, Cyril W. Beaumont, reported it was "a pleasant surprise" to note that at the Kilburn Empire, a London house where the customers' taste usually ran to high kickers in gingham rompers with baby-pink bows in their hair, the audience's "interest grew as the performance proceeded." Mr. Beaumont added, with acumen, "This is to be regarded solely as a reconnaissance, a stage of trial. . . . I await with eagerness Miss de Valois's first essay in ballet."

This stage of trial did not last very long. In 1923, Cecchetti insisted that Ninette try out at a London audition Diaghilev had announced for the Bal-

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lets Russes de Monte Carlo. Only two girls were chosen, and she was one. She had attained every young dancer's ambition by being engaged as a member of the famous company, which was then rehearsing in Paris for a Continental tour. The choreography was being directed by Mme. Nijinska, Nijinsky's sister, the teacher Miss de Valois feels has had the most vital influence on her life. In Miss de Valois's book "Invitation to the Ballet," a collection of reflections on choreography, the economic future of the ballet, and so on, which is written in a curiously involved and tortuous style, she sets forth an account of her experiences during her two years with the company, which included the veterans Tchernicheva, Dubrovska, and Sokolova, the young Anton Dolin, Danilova, and Lifar, and the still younger Markova, whom Miss de Valois steered around the Monte Carlo shops and restaurants and sternly advised against eating the soft, fattening insides of French rolls. One of her experiences was appearing as a lotus flower, her head completely hidden by white petals that were supposed to fall open when she pulled some strings. The thing didn't work, and Miss de Valois blindly "continued to whirl . . . like a mad white cabbage," her course directed in frantic whispers by Danilova, a fellow-lotus, who had bloomed according to plan. As a linguistic carryover from those days, she is now and then mistaken, when in Paris, for a Russian who speaks good French with a slight accent. Choreographically, she had the experience of dancing in most of the principal ballets of Fokine, Massine, and Mme. Nijinska. In spite of Diaghilev's opinions of the British as a nation, which he generally underlined with a gesture midway between a despairing shrug and a long shiver (in the course of an argument with one of the Anglo-Saxon members of his company, he observed mildly, "Sometimes I think you people imagine God only made animals and the English"), he thought a great deal of them as dancers. After Miss de Valois left him, which she suddenly did in 1925, for no reason then apparent, he always referred to her departure, with the bewilderment of the hurt child and the supreme egoist, as "her desertion."

Arnold Haskell, the English writer and critic, who has worked tirelessly to establish British ballet after starting out by panning it severely, and who is now principal of the Sadler's Wells School, took an even sharper view of Miss de Valois's strange behavior. "I thought

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Ninette was mad," he recalled recently. "For any dancer to chuck up a promising position in the finest company in the world simply to follow some apparently rather self-opinionated idea seemed completely crackbrained. It took me years to see that she was right." The idea Miss de Valois had been thinking over secretly during all the months with Diaghilev was that of setting up a school of her own. In May, 1926, she hired a couple of rooms in a house in Roland Gardens, Kensington, and announced the opening of the Academy of Choreographic Art, a title that struck some of her friends as pompous, though they did not feel impelled to tell her so. "Edris in those days was as serious as God and as touchy as hell," one friend said not long ago. She started with eight students, among them Ursula Moreton, a beautiful dancer who was later in the original company at the Sadler's Wells Theatre and is now assistant director of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Another early pupil remembers Miss de Valois trying to make the class keep time by whacking the floor with a stick, which she did so vigorously that she gouged a hole in the new linoleum.

In between teaching and the revue engagements Miss de Valois had to take for financial reasons, she had her first, not completely successful try at composing a long ballet. The result was "Rout," a piece that Haskell has described as "a naïve mixture of Central Europe and Celtic twilight." Also in 1926, she was offered and accepted the job of choreographic director at the Festival Theatre, in Cambridge. Her first commission was to direct the Festival chorus in the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus, and to carry it out she had to hop between Cambridge and London on milk trains, which she thoroughly enjoyed. She later directed, and occasionally danced with, the Festival ballet in "Prometheus," "Oedipus," and some of W. B. Yeats' plays. Yeats saw her dance at Cambridge in his "The Player Queen," and was so impressed that he asked her to come over to Dublin and found a School of Irish Ballet at the Abbey Theatre. Intoxicated by the idea of dividing herself into three, she accepted. She and Yeats got along famously, and he wrote a ballet-play for her called "Fighting the Waves," an experimental mixture of Irish legend and the conventions of the Japanese *nō* drama.

Miss de Valois, who was now not only shuttling merrily between London and Cambridge but making quarterly dashes to Dublin, had still another project in mind. One morning in 1927, she

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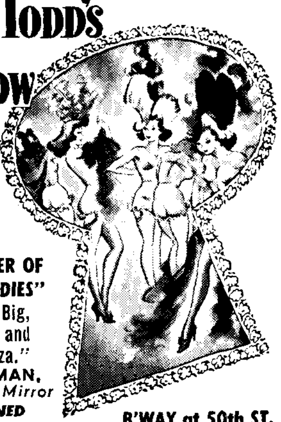

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went to see Lilian Baylis, the remarkable woman who was proving, at the Old Vic, on the Waterloo Road, that there was a large working-class public for low-priced Shakespeare and opera. Miss Baylis was then trying to raise funds to rebuild the Sadler's Wells Theatre, an ancient and derelict playhouse in Islington, as a second home for her companies. Miss de Valois turned up and proposed that she produce occasional short ballets as curtain-raisers for the operas at the Old Vic, and also do the choreography for the opera ballets. She offered to move her school en bloc to the Old Vic, and mentioned casually that maybe, when the Sadler's Wells Theatre was going, she and Miss Baylis might start up a permanent ballet company there. Miss Baylis, whose loyal but harassed associates were used to being greeted at times of severest financial pinch with the cheerful suggestion that this would be a perfectly splendid occasion to expand, agreed enthusiastically. Getting down to business, she offered Miss de Valois two pounds for every dance arranged, and threw in another pound a week for directing classes in "movement" at the Old Vic Theatre School. Miss de Valois gradually gave up her other enterprises, at considerable loss to her pocket, and in 1928 moved her little band of faithful students from Kensington to the Waterloo Road. She remarked recently that for the next four years her average monthly pay was around seven pounds. She had made up her mind, however, that what she wanted—and would get with Miss Baylis—was a noncommercial theatre where she could work out her choreographic ideas freely, put her dancers before the public, and try to start building up an English school of ballet.

THE atmosphere on the Waterloo Road was stimulatingly compounded of hard work and recurrent financial crises. Miss Baylis, known to her company as the Lady, met the latter difficulties with the placid, beaming religious faith that was an active and conspicuous ingredient of her character. "She was always flopping on her knees—frightfully embarrassing—might do it in her office or anywhere," an Old Vic colleague in the early days recalls. One prayer she allegedly sent up—"O Lord, send me a good tenor, cheap"—has become famous. A former wardrobe mistress at the Old Vic, and later at the Sadler's Wells, dreamily described to an inquiring visitor the other day what it was like at the Old Vic just after Miss de Valois had joined it. "The girls were in dressing rooms the size of dog kennels," she said, "and the Lady would have her dinner, a cauliflower often as not, all of a boil right next to her office—you could smell it all over the theatre. We used to have to do our wardrobe work in a public house around the corner and send the work over to the theatre on a barrow—all my clean ruffles, oh dear, for 'Bohème' and that! Miss de Valois would be rehearsing her girls in a corner of the bar, more than likely. I remember the row over the cost of some new silk tights for the dancers. 'Where's Miss de Valois?' the Lady cries—she was always a bit difficult over paying out, the Lady was. But then we'd have Queen Mary to the evening performance, and you could hear all the people round the Old Vic—regular rough types, some of them—yelling 'Gawd love yer!' to the Queen fit to bust."

In her first couple of years at the Old Vic, Miss de Valois had to content herself with slipping an occasional interlude of ballet, which caused no public excitement, into the opera evenings. In 1930, things started looking up. Arnold Haskell and P. J. S. Richardson founded the Camargo Society, a nonprofit, privately financed venture aimed at providing a showcase for English ballet by producing the work of English dancers, choreographers, and composers. In 1931, the Sadler's Wells Theatre finally opened, with a permanent ballet company under Miss de Valois, and in the same year the Camargo Society produced her first major ballet, "Job," at the Cambridge Theatre, London. This work, inspired by the drawings of Blake, met with a mixed reception from those who liked their ballet either Russian or chic, but it soon became a much-admired fixture of the Sadler's Wells repertoire. In 1932, it was taken along to Denmark when the company made its first foreign trip, to play the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. A Danish commentator, in anticipation of this event, wrote gloomily, "British ballet—I know of nothing more horrible," but the visitors were a riotous success. The company was suffering from a chronic shortage of male dancers, so the character of the Deity in "Job" was pressed upon P. J. S. Richardson, who had come along for the occasion. He did fine, with a few promptings from the heavenly host.

Miss de Valois's early choreographic productions were all somewhat hampered by this drought of male dancers. The few there were had to be swapped back and forth between Sadler's Wells and the Ballet Club, a group started by

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Marie Rambert, another pioneer in putting London on the ballet map, who dealt in miniature, or chamber, ballets. Mme. Rambert gave Frederick Ashton, William Chappell, Antony Tudor, and Harold Turner their first chance. Ashton, going to the Old Vic on loan to dance in one of the early de Valois ballets, "The Jew in the Bush," received a salary of five shillings a performance, which explains why there was no stampede of muscular young Britons to Miss de Valois's office door. Later, Ashton, Turner, and Chappell went permanently to the Wells, which by then offered greater opportunities than Mme. Rambert could provide. Markova, who also at one time danced for the Ballet Club, was the leading attraction in the first years of the Vic-Wells Ballet, a double-barrelled identification that was used until 1937, when, to straighten things out for the uninitiated who thought that the company was run by a chap called Vic Wells, the name of the home theatre, Sadler's Wells, was adopted. Though most of the critics were still inclined to be patronizing ("A surprisingly adequate performance" was a typically sniffy tribute handed to Miss de Valois's troupe at about that period), the fashionable London theatre public, babbling words like "divine," was beginning to trek out to unfashionable Islington as a prelude to doing the rounds of the night clubs. Miss de Valois, who has always expressed herself pretty tersely on the subject of the fashionable public, went doggedly on building up her company along the lines she had in mind without giving more than an irritated thought to the "divine" brigade, or even to the Islington regulars, who were beginning to roll up in large numbers and express their hysterically vocal approval. Constant Lambert joined the enterprise in 1931 as musical director. He is now a frequent guest conductor and is also in on supervising the music side of the Covent Garden company. Not long afterward, Frederick Ashton became Miss de Valois's principal choreographer, which he still is, and, among others, the youthful dancers Margot Fonteyn, Pamela May, and Robert Helpmann joined the company.

The year 1935 was an important one in Miss de Valois's professional and private life. She had earlier composed the choreography of several full-length ballets (including "La Création du Monde," to music by Darius Milhaud, a re-creation of a savage's Eden that somewhat shocked Lilian Baylis, who commented doubtfully, "Very few *clothes*, aren't there, dear?"), but "The

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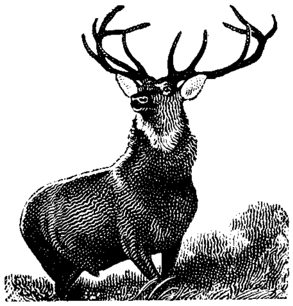
Rake's Progress," a fully and handsomely clothed animation of Hogarth's famous series, produced that year, was her first ballet to win over completely even the glacial section of the critics, who hailed it as the English equivalent of "Petrouchka." In the same year, Miss de Valois married Dr. Arthur Connell, a general practitioner who had been a good friend of hers for some time. They finally became engaged one day in a nursing home, where Miss de Valois had been laid up for two or three weeks and as a consequence was able to think of something besides the ballet. "It was the first time she had ever been able to *hear* Arthur properly," one of their friends explained. The final milestone of 1935 was Markova's departure to form her own company with Dolin. Everyone said that the Vic-Wells without Markova was a dead duck, and it was expected that Miss de Valois would immediately sign up some celebrated ballerina who could take over the great classical roles—"Swan Lake," "Giselle," and "The Nutcracker"—in which Markova had particularly shone. Miss de Valois, who felt that this was the long-awaited moment to prove her theory that a good company is the total and not the individual, answered by bringing forward Margot Fonteyn to fill Markova's place and by stiffening the repertoire of her young English dancers with new works; her own "The Gods Go a-Begging," to Handel's music, and "Prometheus," to Beethoven's, and Ashton's "Apparitions," "Nocturne," and "A Wedding Bouquet" were first produced about that time. Both moves were tremendously successful. In 1937, the year Lilian Baylis died, Fonteyn scored her first big triumph in a classical role, in "Giselle." When the Sadler's Wells Ballet paid a much acclaimed visit to Paris that year, an occasion for which Miss de Valois composed "Checkmate," the company was already looked upon by the British as a property they were proud to be able to export.

IN October, 1940, the Sadler's Wells Theatre was taken over as a rest center for bombed-out Islington families, and in November, Tyrone Guthrie, then the general administrator for the Old Vic-Sadler's Wells outfit, set up wartime headquarters in Burnley, near Manchester. For the next several years, Miss de Valois spent a good deal of her time travelling back and forth between London, Sunningdale (a prosperous commuters' neighborhood twenty-seven miles away, where she has lived with



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her husband, who has a highly successful practice there, since their marriage), and Burnley. The companies started going out on road tours in late 1940, and in 1941 Bronson Albery, who later became a member of the board of governors of the Wells, presented the Ballet at its first West End home, the New Theatre, of which he was the managing director. This introduced the company to a far wider, less knowledgeable, but equally enthusiastic public, somewhat to the annoyance of the old Vic-Wells coterie, who muttered about "commercialism" and "decline." It was not until 1945 that the company moved back into the Sadler's Wells Theatre; in 1946 it split up to provide a permanent troupe for Covent Garden, at the invitation of the Opera Trust.

During the war years, in the intervals between darting up and down England, Miss de Valois continued to brood on another scheme, which the war had knocked on the head for the time being—that of greatly enlarging her ballet school and providing her pupils with a standard primary education as well as a dancing one. One day in 1941, when the Ballet was in Bournemouth, where Arnold Haskell was Deputy Chief Air-Raid Warden, Miss de Valois bustled around to see him and outlined her plan. As he recalls it, it was during one of the invasion scares, when the Germans were expected on the sea front at any moment. "Ninette ignored them," Haskell says. "We walked up and down while she sketched out the next four or five years to me with absolute confidence—her ideas for the school, for inviting a foreign choreographer every year, and so on. It was very calming, I must say. Later, we had another chat, in Birmingham. The next thing was a phone call from her in 1946—they had bought a building in Colet Gardens for the school. I was to be principal. They built a little office into a corridor at Sadler's Wells for me, and I sat in the corridor until 1947, when the Colet Gardens place opened and we moved in."

The Sadler's Wells School, which materialized from these conversations, occupies a large red brick building, originally a Froebel school, in a Hammersmith district known as Baron's Court. Colet Gardens is a quiet, tree-shaded thoroughfare, where by now the residents are conditioned to the sight of a harassed-looking mother hurrying along, clasping by the hand a skipping little girl (or boy), who, in turn, is clasping a small attaché case in which there are certainly a pair of ballet shoes as well as

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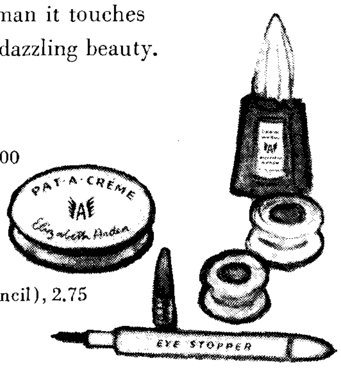

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schoolbooks. Auditions for the school, presided over by Madam in person, are well attended, and the standards are very exacting. Currently, there are about a hundred and sixty students, ranging in age from nine to nineteen, the girls far outnumbering the boys. The older pupils who have passed their regular scholastic work may take only ballet instruction, or they may combine it with such subjects, helpful to a dancer, as languages and art. The senior girls are taught ballet by Mme. Lydia Kyasht, of the Maryinsky Theatre Imperial Russian Ballet, a plump, sweetly smiling woman who sits at one side of her class, her feet, in soft emerald-green leather slippers, planted wide apart, as though she were sitting on the steps of a porch, and a woollen cardigan over her shoulders. "What happen to the little *jeté*? Ha, ha!" she may cry, or else "Ver' good—ver' nice," as the pupils whirl across the floor and come to rest, leaning against the practice *barre*. The senior students are always on call for small parts at either Covent Garden or the Sadler's Wells, in which they get their first taste of the theatre and may come under the watchful eye of Madam, who is constantly thinking of ten years hence, when the new Fonteyn and Helpmann will probably be some little girl and boy now plugging away at the *barre* in Colet Gardens.

The effect of Madam's all-seeing, sternly critical eye is not lightly thrown off by her protégés at the schoolhouse doors. The younger dancers in the two graduate companies feel for the director much the same awe that Diaghilev's troupe is said to have felt for him. A member of the Sadler's Wells corps de ballet once asked Miss de Valois diffidently if she might have the following afternoon off and received the benevolent reply, "Of course, dear—there's no ballet, is there? What are you going to do?" "Well, Madam, I'm getting married," the young woman replied. Possibly as a result of this acknowledged rule over their lives, limbs, and plans for wedlock, the boys and girls in Miss de Valois's companies frequently go to her when they are in a jam with soulless parents who think that their offspring would be better off in a steady office job, or something of the kind. Miss de Valois always deals understandingly with these problems. The fact that her budding dancers would as soon think of trying to chin themselves on the handsome crystal chandeliers in the Royal Opera House as of questioning one of her decisions cuts out a lot of the intriguing and jockeying for position

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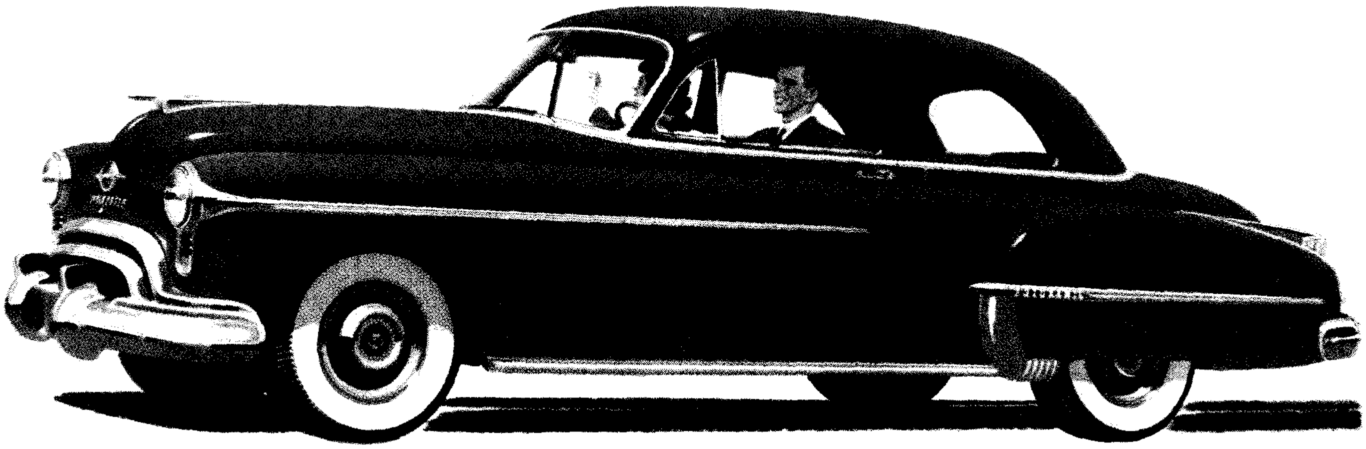

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that are normal in most ballet troupes. They do not bother her for roles, because they know perfectly well that she will not let them dance a part until she thinks they are absolutely ready for it. But, just as she will not prematurely rush a young ballerina into the limelight, neither will she hold one back.

As it happens, Miss de Valois's severe attitude toward any limelight, either for herself or for individual members of her company, is one point on which she and some of her star dancers do not see exactly eye to eye. She takes the view that the public will come to the ballet, if the ballet is good enough, without any journalistic cooings about Miss So-and-So's hobbies or Mr. So-and-So's taste in furnishings. In "Invitation to the Ballet," she observes crisply, "Applause becomes a personal tribute to various individuals. When this starts, the magic of the theatre is lost." This was written in 1937, when balletomania was at its height at the Wells and the ecstatic fans in the gallery and pit would scream their partisan affection for "Margot" or "Bobby" until their supply of throat lozenges gave out. "The ballet," the director says coldly in her book, "is in danger in England of being treated like a general election," and she follows this up with a few crushing remarks on the "primitive personal reactions" of a certain section of the public toward the art. If a Sadler's Wells dancer breaks a leg, say, and the London newspapermen, a coarse bunch, print a primitive personal paragraph or two on the subject, Madam is invariably disgusted. "Madam considers that our legs are none of their business," one of the company once explained. "She thinks that breaking a leg isn't *our* business either, even though it's *our* leg. It's simply her business, because she'll have to think out who is to replace us in the evening performance."

WHAT with Covent Garden, the Sadler's Wells Theatre, the School, her choreography, and her plans for every moment of everyone's future, Miss de Valois's life is distinctly cluttered. The day after the excitements of the Ballet's anniversary performance, when most women would have been resting up and sniffing the bouquets, she was on a plane heading for Turkey, because she had promised the Turkish government to knock off a ballet to be danced by the child pupils of the State Ballet School there. She had already visited the country three years previously, to advise the government on the founding of the School, something the

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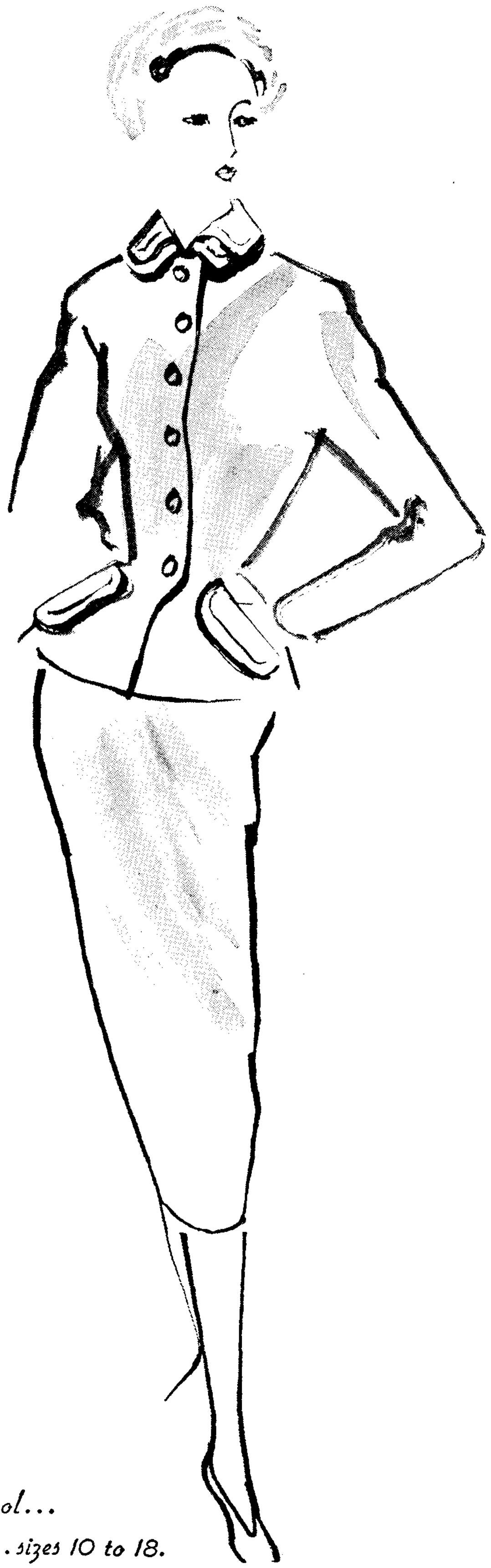

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Turks had apparently decided that no modern, well-dressed nation could be without. During her trip this year, she produced a short ballet, "The Leaf of Happiness," based on a Turkish legend concerning Keloglan, a character familiar to every tot in Istanbul. "The babies were enchanting," she told a friend on her return. "Marvellous dancer material, especially the boys. I used to watch them playing in the schoolyard during the recess for lunch, and the acrobatics were amazing. Only trouble, from our point of view they're *too* supple—we have to give them exercises all the time to tighten them up."

In London, generally dressed in a tailored suit and carrying a large handbag that accompanies her all day and looks as though it might produce anything from a volume of philosophy to a couple of ham sandwiches, she arrives at the stage door of Covent Garden every morning at ten, having travelled up from Sunningdale by train. She does not drive a car and has no chauffeur. Anyway, she prefers the train journey, during which she gets quantities of work polished off; much of her choreography has been noted down between Sunningdale and London. This past summer, she customarily got up at six to do the household chores before leaving for the theatre, her home being temporarily without domestic help. "I used to wonder why Ninette had difficulty with maids until I saw all the lists in her kitchen," a frequent visitor said the other day. "My God, it was just like the call board at the theatre—lists of menus, lists of shopping, lists of laundry, lists of other lists." During the ballet season, Miss de Valois stays at Covent Garden until after the evening performance, which she ordinarily sees from one of the boxes, watching with intense concentration, which may or may not mean trouble for someone. Then she picks up the handbag and goes off for another restful bout of work on the Southern Railway.

Between trains, her day always includes a number of meetings, usually connected with either the production or the financial side of a ballet. At the financial meetings, she shows a surprisingly nippy turn of mind, skimming through a balance sheet before you can say "*fouetté.*" Her timetable is also likely to include a rehearsal, either at the company's rehearsal rooms in Kingsway or on the stage of Covent Garden. When the troupe was preparing this summer for its current visit to the States, Miss de Valois gave her new ballet "Don Quixote" a series of particularly sharp workovers. This ballet had been admired by Spaniards visiting London, but she was feeling gloomy about its effect on American audiences. At one of these rehearsals, she turned up on the Covent Garden stage punctually, looking tiny and trim in skirt and sweater, and immediately engaged Henry Robinson, the Covent Garden stage director, in combative conversation about the exact position on the stage where a rope that hangs down in the center of a prison set would be hanging when the company danced in Chicago. "I really can't say until we get to Chicago, Madam," Robinson kept telling her patiently. "But they're supposed to be sending photographs over next week, and I may be able to get some idea then." The company began to drift in, the girls in practice tights and tunics, the men in tights and sweatshirts or singlets. Robert Helpmann, who dances the Don, showed up, and then Margot Fonteyn and Pamela May. Miss de Valois sat down on a chair onstage and the rehearsal got under way, to the accompaniment of a piano. Madam, watching every movement, cried occasionally "You're late, darlings, you're *late!*" or bounded off her chair and darted forward to explode to the girls who were weaving through the slow patterns of their dance as the highborn ladies of the Don's crazy dreams, "No, no, *no!* You're supposed to be sad, darlings, *mourning* for this man! Do I have to tell you every time? It's a *sad* dance! Can't you feel it with everything, for once?" The girls started weaving again, feeling it with everything. Miss de Valois changed some of the steps in Fonteyn's and Helpmann's *pas de deux*, and when they had gone through it once more said, "That was very good, Bobby—*very* nice, Margot. Now, darlings, we'll take it once more from where it goes deedle dee, deedle dee, dee dee." She seemed extremely cheerful, and everyone looked relaxed except Robinson, whose mind was clearly in Chicago.

After a cup of coffee and a bite at the canteen with the company, Miss de Valois went off to an audition of young candidates for the Sadler's Wells School. There, a large crowd of flushed mothers, embarrassed fathers, and bright-eyed little girls and boys, many of them wearing bright nylon bathing suits, was assembled. While waiting, each mother jealously eyed the calves and hair ribbons of her offspring's rivals, and the children practiced an arabesque or two. Miss de Valois made her way through the gathering and upstairs to the audition room, and sat down at the

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center of a long table, flanked by Arnold Haskell, Ailne Phillips, Ursula Moreton, and other people connected with the School, among them a calm, quizzical-looking lady, the staff physiotherapist, who was present to check on the candidates' anatomies. This is a point for which Miss de Valois has a canny eye herself, and as the afternoon wore on, the atmosphere in the room was often reminiscent of a sale of promising yearlings. The children were called in, about six at a time, and put through a few exercises at the *barre* by one of the School's ballet mistresses. They wobbled perceptibly with nervousness as the instructor cried breezily, "Now, come to the center, children, and take off your shoes and socks. Face Madam, everyone, not me." After the departure of one of the early batches of children, Miss de Valois said that she had been very impressed by the little girl in the red bathing suit. "A perfectly charming head," she said. "Something funny about those shoulder blades," Mr. Haskell said dubiously. The report from the child's grade-school teacher was produced, and Miss de Valois, putting on spectacles, read extracts aloud. " 'Keenly interested in art class'—that's good. 'Not always consistent'—hmm! 'Rather moody and temperamental'—well, there you are! She's got the *temperament*, which is what I want." The physiotherapist, who had gone outside to look over another likely child in the same bunch, came back and said dispiritedly, "*There's* a foot I wouldn't like to have the responsibility for." Casting a smiling, steely glance around the table, Madam cried, "I don't care about those shoulder blades! The little red one is definitely *in!*"

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

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—John Loehlin

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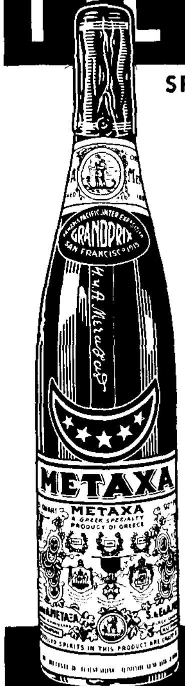

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•

Republicans throughout the nation are glad that Governor Dewey has changed his mind and agreed to run again. Many ambitious members of the Party would be delighted to see Mr. Dewey stay in Albany for years, if not forever.

•

William O'Dwyer's jump to the Mexican League has not materially weakened the New York team. Four husky characters have offered to play his old position.

•

New York City Republicans talked of nominating Walter S. Mack, Jr., the Pepsi-Cola man, for Mayor, but they chose Commissioner Edward Corsi instead. Mr. Mack would have had to face the ugly charge that he originated radio's singing commercials.

•

It is quite possible that the result of the November elections will turn upon events taking place on the other side of the world. It could easily be that as Korea goes, so goes the nation.

•

People who are fond of summer owe considerable gratitude to Jacob Malik, of the U.S.S.R. As president of the United Nations Security Council, he made this August seem like the longest in all history.

•

New York traffic authorities report that they are deluged with suggestions for curing the intolerable congestion in Manhattan streets. Well, thinking up traffic solutions keeps a lot of people home and off the streets.

•

American tourists are trooping home from Europe with conflicting accounts of conditions there. The only certain thing is that the English Channel has been thoroughly swum.

•

The idea of damming the Hudson River to provide water for the city has been discarded. The Hudson is all right for boating, we are told, but should never be taken internally.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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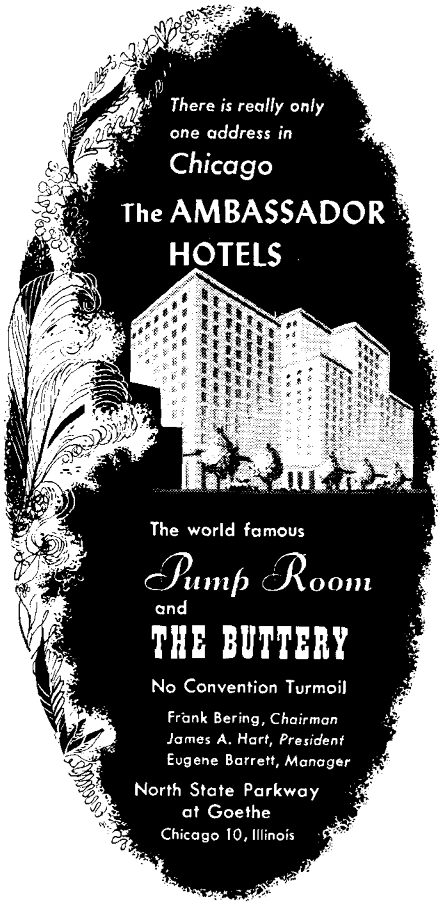

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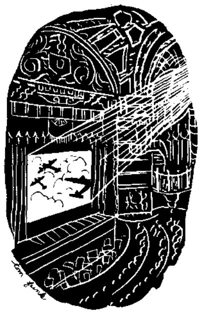

NO shadow play worth talking about came out of the West last week, but out of the East came a Soviet film entitled "Secrets of Nature," which was designed, I guess, to prove that Ivan is a softhearted push-over for our furred and feathered friends. The secrets revealed in this movie aren't what you would call startling, and I'm afraid that nobody except the late Robert Benchley could conceivably get an audience worked up about the home life of the stickleback, a dreary fish if ever there was one, or about the nesting habits of storks, birds that are apparently given to standing around dolefully for long periods. Admittedly, one of the storks—a female—isn't well, having injured a wing while heading south, but even so she doesn't excite sympathy, since she appears to be glumly indifferent to the fact that she is grounded. Rather livelier than these fish and bird episodes are some shots of the reptiles and rodents of the Kara Kum Desert, in Turkestan. These creatures spend their time fighting and eating each other, and I must say that they are as dreadful a lot as you're likely to encounter, Lord forbid, on earth. While it is encouraging to see a Soviet picture that doesn't take time out every five minutes to hymn the glories of Stalin, it is somewhat depressing to note that this particular specimen of Soviet photography is frequently inept, and maybe there's something sinister about the casting of an eagle as a heavy in the work. He isn't bald, but he could easily be mistaken for our symbolic bird. As you might expect, he eventually gets his lumps.

AFTER this bout with Russian wildlife, it was pleasant to come upon, at one of the neighborhood houses, a film called "Mystery Street," which scooted in and out of a Broadway theatre with unconscionable rapidity a few weeks ago. An unpretentious affair, "Mystery Street," without once raising its voice a decibel above a normal tone, succeeds in arousing a good bit of interest in a melodrama that has to do with the murder of a lady of whom nothing remains, as things get under way, but a parcel of bones on a New England beach. A police lieutenant (Ricardo Montalban) and a Harvard medico (Bruce Bennett) combine forces to discover who did the lady in, with the cop doing the legwork and the specialist deducing facts about the victim by studying her skeleton in his laboratory. The alarums and excursions that send the lieutenant coursing after scents both false and true give "Mystery Street" plenty of action, and in Elsa Lanchester, who turns up as a rooming-house keeper steeped in gentility and gin, the picture has a real asset. The picture was produced by Frank Taylor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and directed by John Sturges. It obviously didn't make much of a hole in the M-G-M bankroll, but for all that it has more merit than a good many Hollywood creations backed by enough cash to set up every producer out there with a new Hispano-Suiza and a used Utrillo.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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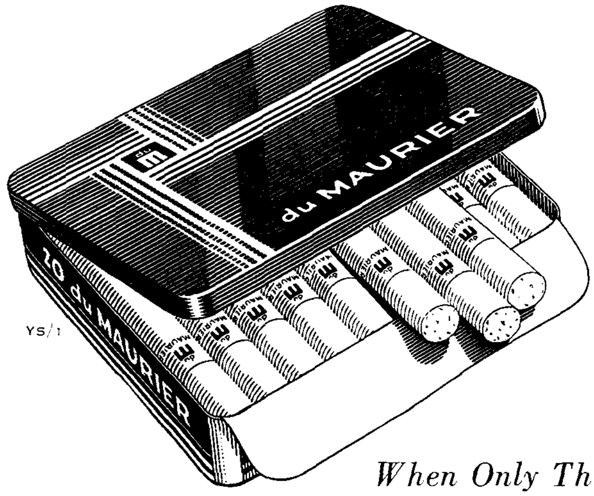

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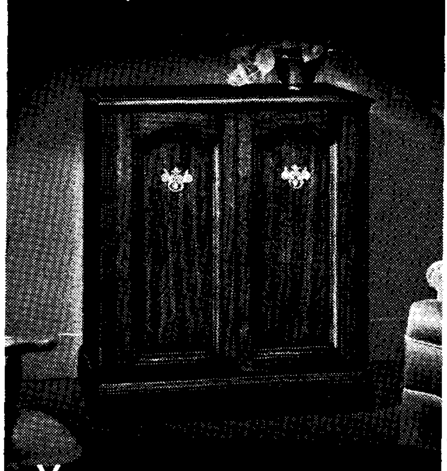

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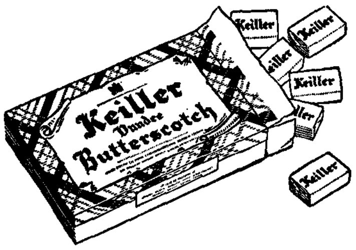

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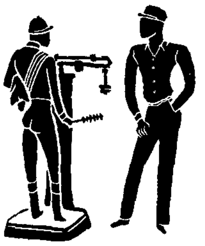

THERE were plenty of chances for sentimental musings on the law of averages and such at Aqueduct last week. There were even times when a tear bottle would have come in handy. Take Saturday's Edgemere Handicap, which Three Rings won. Now, Three Rings is as honest and hard-working a racer as we have, but since midsummer just about all he has earned has been sympathy. As you may recall, he lost a tidy bit of prize money ($40,700) when he was disqualified for bumping Loser Weeper in the Butler Handicap at Jamaica in July. And he had to be withdrawn from so many rich stakes races because, as the saying goes, it came up mud (he's strictly a fast-track horse) that it would have been more profitable if his stable had rented him out as a rainmaker. When he ran in the Aqueduct Handicap on Labor Day, things didn't go any better for him; he finished far down the course, and the wiseacres agreed that he'd trained off. He hadn't; his luck turned in the Edgemere and he led most of the way.

All the same, I don't think Three Rings would have won if My Request hadn't gone lame a furlong from home. My Request had raced with Three Rings to the stretch turn, had taken the lead, and was drawing away when his left foreleg weakened. In spite of this, he held on gallantly and lost second place to Wistful by less than half a length. My Request has had leg trouble off and on for several seasons, and whether he will race again is anybody's guess. Jim Conway has done an excellent job—I've seldom seen a better one—developing and training My Request, but he's no magician.

Well, I can report that Wistful carried the Calumet Farm colors creditably in the Edgemere and is decidedly worth keeping in mind for the Beldame Handicap on Saturday. Fervent, her running mate, didn't go so well. Perhaps he's getting old. The Calumet stable arrived here last week, but without Citation, who has gone back to Kentucky for a long rest. I have a notion that Brandywine Stable's Cochise, who was the favorite in the Edgemere, either has done too much travelling this summer or doesn't like the Aqueduct course; whichever it was, he finished last, the most irritating thing a favorite can do.

THE Greentree Stable, which has had so many disappointments this season, has one horse, at any rate, that can win for it. Wine List, who took the same race a year ago, led almost all the way in the Aqueduct Handicap to beat Steel Blue, De Luxe, and seven others in a fairly close finish. Among the also-rans—actually, he was last—was Palestinian, whom I hadn't seen since last year. After the race, Hirsch Jacobs, his trainer, said he came out of it with a number of cuts and scratches on his forelegs. Fortunately, none was serious. Jacobs, by the way, saddled only three winners during the first fortnight of racing at Aqueduct, an unusual circumstance that moved Diogenes Checkpoints to remark that the Jacobs horses run like everybody else's horses these days.

I DON'T know how you feel about this year's two-year-olds—to my mind, Battlefield is the best I've seen racing—but all my roving observers tell me that To Market, who won the Washington Park Futurity in Chicago last week, is something extra. He must be, for he finished first by lengths in three of his four starts (his other victories were in his maiden effort and in the Arlington Futurity) and has earned $115,555, slightly more prize money than Battlefield. To Market, who is owned by Sam A. Mason II, of Richmond, Virginia, is a gigantic chestnut colt by Market Wise. Remember him? Most of the horsemen who have seen To Market at Belmont Park, where he arrived last week, will bet you that he is by far the largest two-year-old in training. His next start will be in the Futurity at Belmont on September 30th. If there were future betting on the race, the chances are he'd be the favorite, even though it's whispered that he has ankles that are bigger than they should be.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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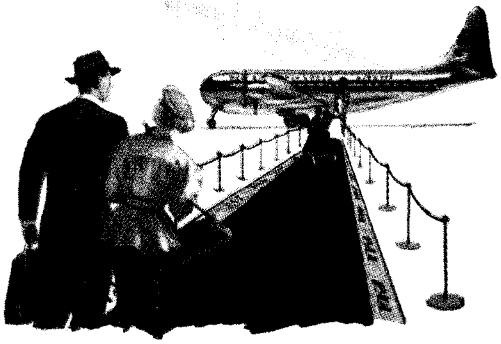

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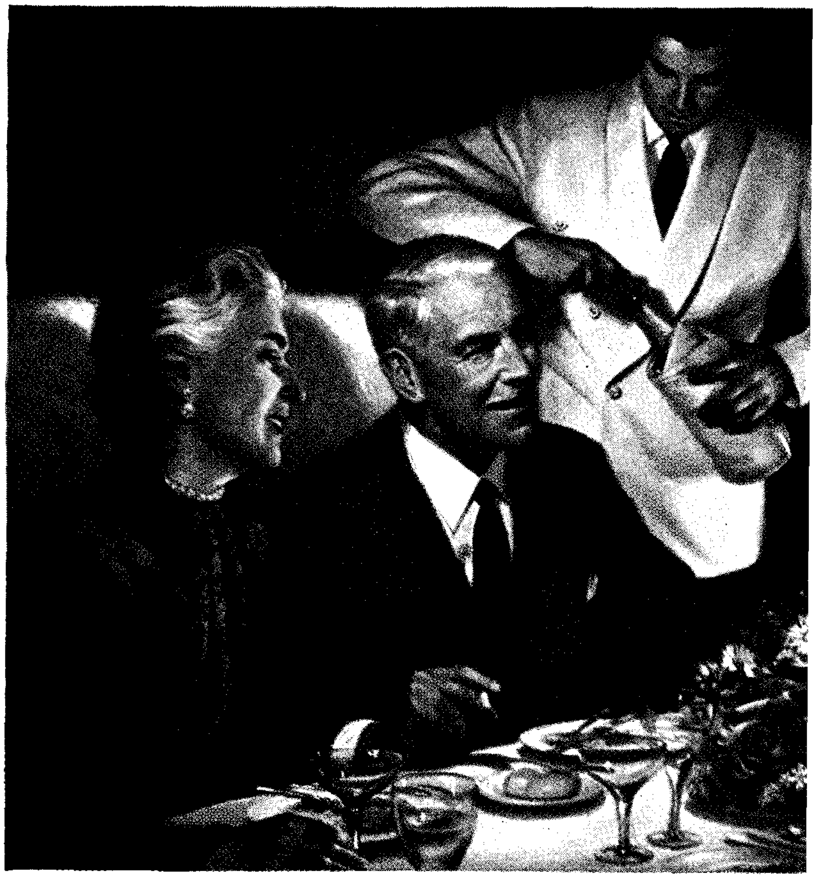

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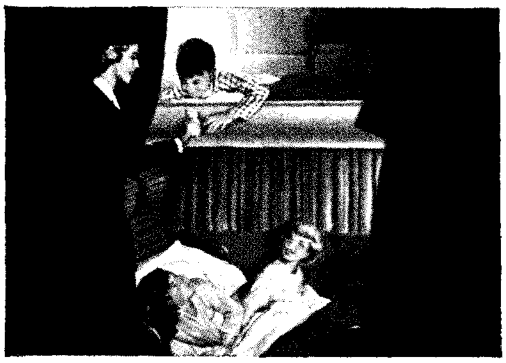

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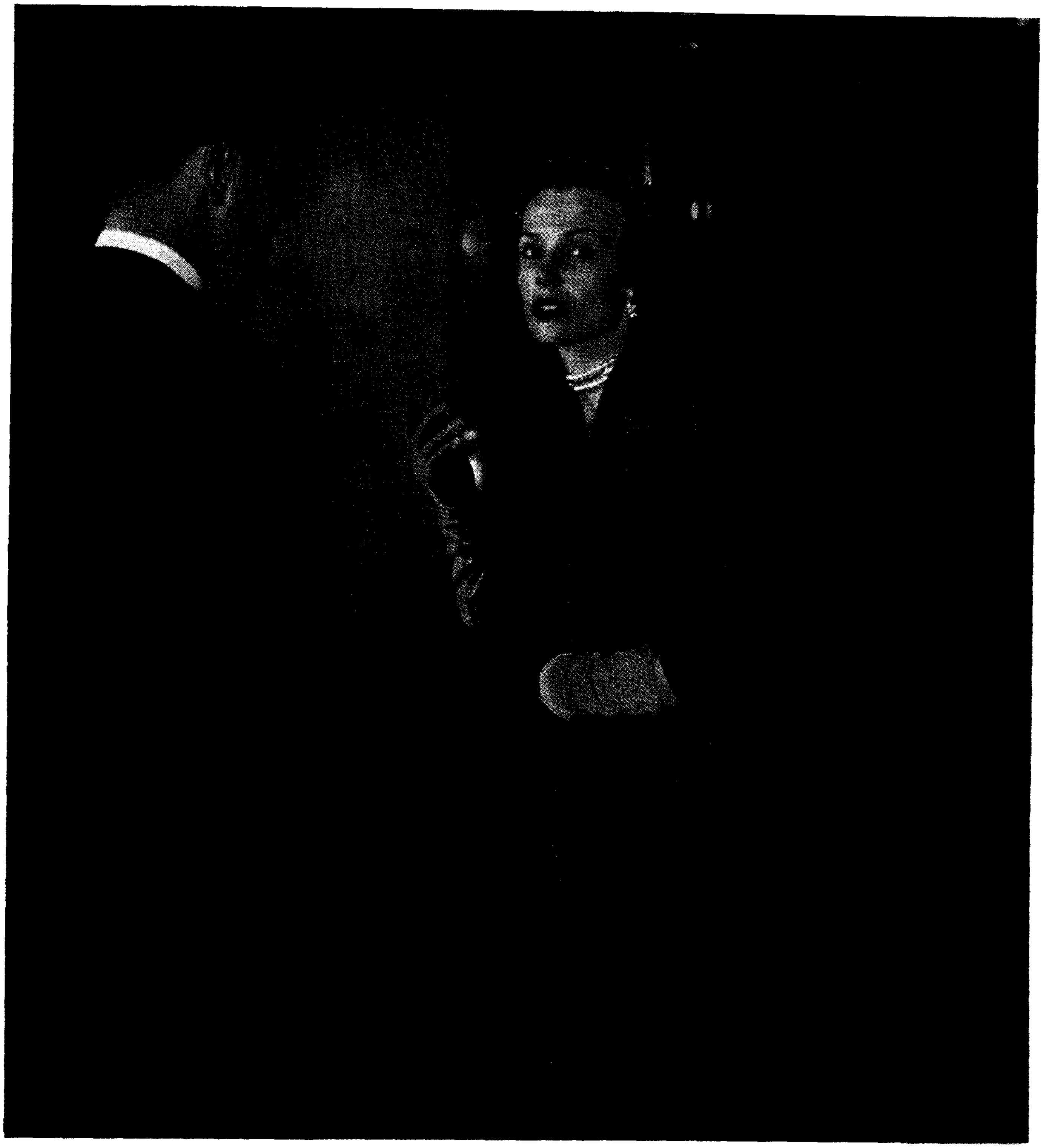

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A SHORT while ago, I received a postcard from an old acquaintance of mine, a career officer in the British Army. I'll call him Major Barker. The Major and I have been exchanging occasional greetings ever since the war, and when this one arrived, I had, as usual, a slight sense of guilt. He knows I have been a civilian since late in 1945, but he continues to put "Lt. Colonel" before my name in addressing mail to me. That is the rank he assumed I held when we parted in Tripoli; actually, the United States Army never saw fit to promote me beyond master sergeant. Circumstances prevented my telling him my true position when we were on duty together, and it's an awkward sort of thing to explain to a professional soldier now—especially a professional British soldier. Consequently, I've let it ride, and just gone on being embarrassed whenever I hear from him.

As a matter of fact, I never lied to Major Barker about my rank. His misapprehension was a result of the curiously schizophrenic role assigned to enlisted men in the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps during the war. I first began to grasp the extent of the duplicity I was expected to practice when I was attending an investigators' school in Chicago in the summer of 1942. All of us there as students had been taken out of uniform and put into civilian clothes on being assigned to the C.I.C. Our first lecture was delivered by a middle-aged captain, who glowered down at us from behind the desk on the schoolroom platform and made a few preliminary remarks. "You men are being given an important job by the Army," he said sternly, "but that doesn't mean you can forget for a moment that you're enlisted personnel." We looked at him with some bewilderment. Most of us had recently come from basic training, where, of course, our status as the military proletariat had been strongly impressed upon us. "You'll be wearing civilian clothes most of the time you're in this country, but don't forget what the Articles of War say about impersonating an officer. The penalties apply to you the same as to any other G.I., so under no circumstances will you tell anyone you are an officer.

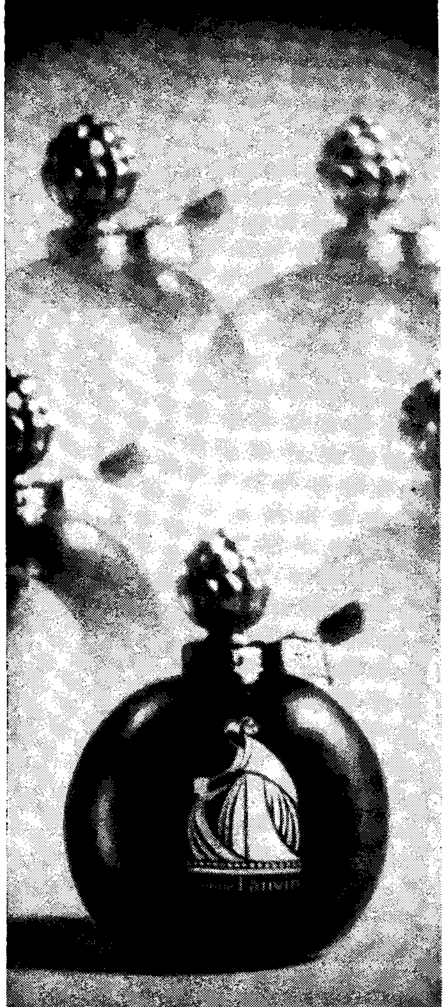
"However," the captain continued, after clearing his throat, "much of your work will be *with* officers. There may be times when you'll have to question them or even give them orders. Obviously, you would be at a disadvantage if your enlisted rank were known. That is one of the reasons why you are dressed as you are, and why your credentials identify you only as 'Special Agent, C.I.C., War Department.' From now on, you will treat your rank as confidential information, to be given to no one outside this organization. Encourage the use of 'Mister' when you are introduced."

He glowered at us again, and gave his lecture. When he had finished, he asked if there were any questions. One student stood up and asked, "What if some officer, without any suggestion from me, starts calling me 'Lieutenant,' say, or maybe even 'Colonel'?"

The captain sighed unhappily. "I can only advise that in such circumstances you are under no military or moral obligation to enlighten the person who makes the mistake," he said. He began to gather up his notes. "It's a very untidy situation," he added, almost to himself.

THERE were, as the captain had said, good reasons for our masquerade, but we all tended to be nervous about it for quite a while, especially when situations arose in which the line between actively perpetrating a fraud and passively submitting to one seemed frighteningly indistinct. In my case, there was, for example, the Sunday morning in late August after I had left the school and been sent to the Indianapolis offices of the C.I.C. I was ordered to drive to Camp Atterbury and help a major there track down some secret papers he thought had been stolen from him. I had time for only a cup of coffee before leaving Indianapolis, the camp was forty-odd miles away, and by noon, when we located the documents—they had been misfiled—I was lightheaded with hunger. The major was apologetic about having got me to his offices on account of a simple error, and suggested that he make amends by taking me to the Officers' Club for cocktails

ARPEGE



MY SIN

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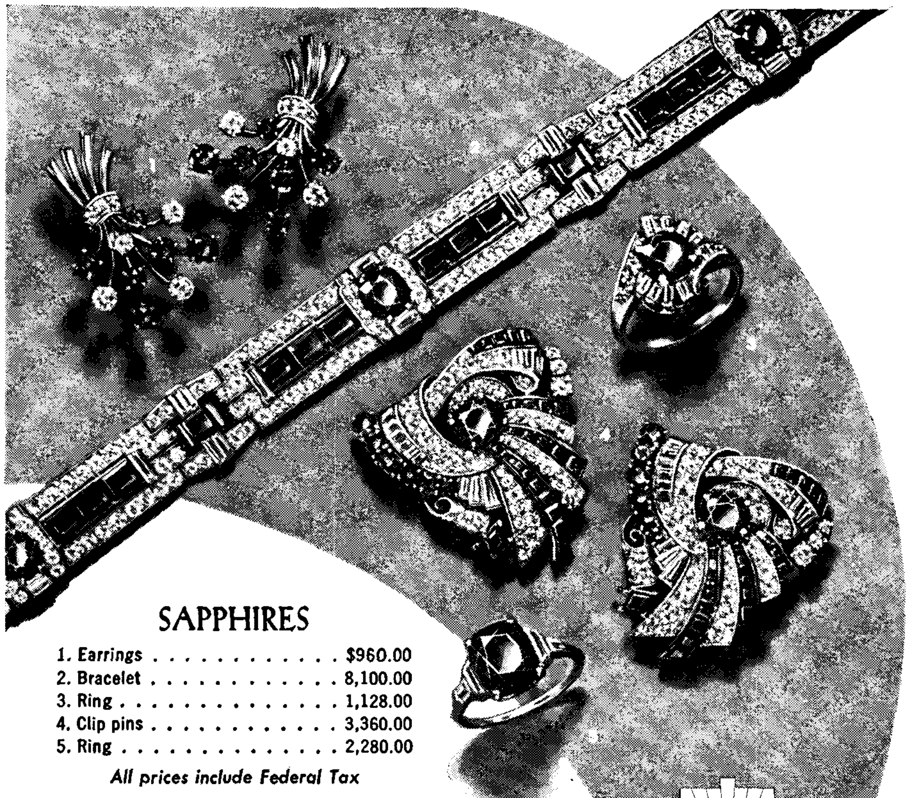
BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

and lunch. "We usually have fine, big steaks on Sunday," he said, "and we have a boy over there who really tosses a hell of a good salad."

For a moment, my glands and the Articles of War fought a bitter battle. Wouldn't I, in effect, be claiming officer status by going to the club? What if I should go, and the major should casually mention the luncheon to one of my superior officers? I said I had an early dinner date. The major urged me to remain. I added that, besides, I was totally lacking in appetite, but my words sounded hollow even to me. Finally, the major said, somewhat stiffly, "Of course, if you'd rather go . . ." And, ignoring the violent protests of my stomach, I drove off in haste to the nearest roadside lunchstand, where I ate a couple of hamburgers that tasted as if they had been made of sawdust.

Such embarrassing incidents occurred occasionally when we were newly out of school, but after a while we all developed the calloused consciences of fake Romanovs. However, it wasn't until I was sent to Africa that I became really entangled in this subterfuge of the Army's. Another agent and I were scheduled to fly to Casablanca together, and before we left, we were both given A.G.O., or Adjutant General's Office, cards of the sort carried by correspondents, civilian technical experts, State Department employees, and other nonmilitary men who went overseas. They were the same as the regular military ones, except that they gave no indication of rank, merely saying that we were with the War Department and were entitled to the privileges of field-grade officers. We didn't give much thought to the potency of this wording until we reached Casablanca. There we showed our cards to a young lieutenant, an Operations officer, who met us at the airport, and he immediately began interlarding his conversation with "Sir" and "Gentlemen." The other agent and I were somewhat startled by this, but we weren't really upset until the lieutenant called an Arab boy to carry our luggage and escorted us to a waiting staff car. With the exception of one full colonel, who was being given the same treatment, all the other enlisted men and officers (including several majors) who had come in on our plane were carrying their own effects, and were directed to the bus that ran between the airport and downtown Casablanca. The lieutenant saw us into the staff car, gave directions to the driver, and stood by respectfully while we drove off. We both were aware of



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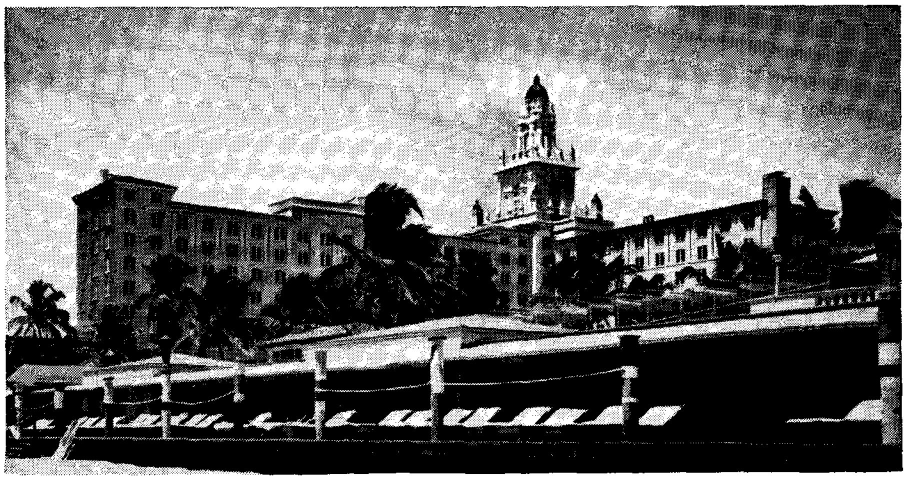

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a strong mixture of exhilaration and panic as we rode toward the city. "I feel as if I'm in one of those Viennese musicals where the butler is mistaken for one of the Hapsburgs," my companion said moodily. "As sure as you're born, we'll have a dénouement the minute we get out of this car. Some second looie will give us hell for not having our shoes shined." I think he was especially disturbed because he was only a corporal and the driver of the car was a staff sergeant.

THE next morning, the other agent and I reported to the captain in charge of the C.I.C. for the North African division of Air Transport Command. He and several agents occupied a one-room office over a garage. We had expected to find the agents in civilian clothes, but we were surprised that the captain was also wearing them. In the States, our officers had always been in uniform. After we had talked for a while, I mentioned this to him. "To hell with those bars," he said feelingly. "They're nothing but an anchor over here. I just came back from a trip to Italy to see one of the men I have stationed there. He's a buck sergeant. I knew he had a big room and an extra bed in his hotel, so I planned to bunk with him. What happens? I'm in uniform, and when I arrive, the clerk at the desk takes one look at my insignia and says, 'Sorry, sir, but this hotel is only for field-grade officers. You'll have to go down the street to the company-grade hotel.' I spent the night in a drafty attic because I'm not good enough to sleep in the same room with one of you ersatz majors. God-damnedest army I ever heard of."

One of the agents began to sing softly, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!"

"Let's go to lunch," the captain said sharply.

Two days later, I was ordered to Tripoli to relieve an agent who was being sent to Cairo. When I landed at Castel Benito Airport, Sidney Pritchett, the man I was to replace, met me and took me to the Hotel Del Mahari, which had been a de-luxe Italian resort hotel before the British requisitioned it for officers' quarters. When I registered, I left the space for my rank empty. The clerk looked at my identification card and wrote "Major" on the register. "It's O.K.," Pritchett said quickly, and, with a good deal of trepidation, I let it pass.

We went to Pritchett's room, and he opened a bottle of Scotch and poured each of us a generous drink. "Don't

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Department SB-67

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worry about that sudden rank you picked up down there," he said. "Neither of us *said* you were brass." He sipped slowly for a moment. "You'll find that you're in a funny spot here in Tripoli," he continued. "Most of your work will be with the British, and since you'll be the only C.I.C. man at the American base, you'll spend a lot of time with Major Barker, who's in charge of British Intelligence. You and he will be what the diplomats call vis-à-vis. The British are a hell of a nice lot of men, but they're inclined to be plenty rank-conscious. It won't hurt if Barker thinks you can sneer at the same number of underlings he can."

Pritchett remained in Tripoli for about three days to acquaint me with the job and to introduce me to the officers with whom I would work. He always introduced me as "Mister," but it was soon obvious that someone from the British Intelligence office had taken a look at the hotel register. For example, when a group of us went to the farewell dinner that Major Barker gave for Pritchett at the Officers' Club, there was a slight pause outside the door. The Major and Pritchett had entered together, and I was waiting for a captain and two lieutenants to follow them. They also waited, however, and then the captain murmured, "After you, sir." I went through the door ahead of them, my palms somewhat damp.

Within a short time, I was on a first-name basis with most of the British officers with whom my job brought me in contact, and all formality dropped away. The only difficult occasions arose when I was a guest at Major Barker's mess and the talk drifted, as it sometimes did, to the divergent attitudes toward discipline of the British and American Armies. "I know this must sound horribly nineteenth-century to you," the Major once said to me, "but I can't help feeling that you chaps miss something in not having the kind of stabilized society we've known. I suppose there's something pleasant and democratic about mixing up the officers and Other Ranks the way you do, but there's also something to be said for knowing who's who and keeping the lines of authority and responsibility completely clean. Ambiguity has its drawbacks, you know."

"I do know," I said earnestly.

SOON after the war in Europe ended, I was ordered back to Casablanca for a meeting. Pritchett, in Cairo, received similar orders, and stopped off in Tripoli so that we could

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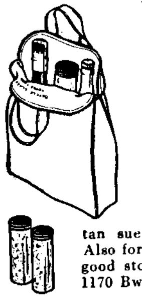

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fly the rest of the way together. We were both invited to Major Barker's mess for dinner the night he came. Before we went, we had a drink in my room. "The ice floe finally broke," I said. "They got around to making me a master sergeant, after eighteen months as tech."

Pritchett whistled. "Maybe they're giving out promotions as graduation presents," he said. "Maybe I'll finally make staff."

There was considerable drinking at Major Barker's party that evening, and Pritchett, especially, seemed in high spirits. At a little after midnight, he jumped up on a chair with his glass in hand and in a loud voice said, "Gentlemen, we have a special reason for celebrating tonight. Our friend, here"—he pointed to me—"has just been promoted. I think that calls for another round."

Everyone shouted, pounded me on the back, and shook my hand, and one of the lieutenants said, "Major Barker, sir, damned if he didn't beat you to it!"

"I suppose I'll have to say 'Sir' to you now," Barker said to me amiably. "I've been rather expecting a boost myself, but the bloody thing's been delayed."

I glared at Pritchett, who was smiling into his glass.

"That was a fine stunt you pulled," I said to him later, as we drove back to the hotel in my jeep.

"Just another step forward in the class struggle, Comrade," he said.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

Miss Beverly Crane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Crane of Page street, has resumed her duties in a Brockton store after a one-minute vacation.—*Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise & Times.*

Tired but tanned, broke but happy.

•

Louis has been limbering up gradually. . . . He is believed to weigh around 230 pounds and there is doubt he will go under 220 for Charles. The latter has grown into a 783-pounder.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Those treacherous Wheaties.

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

The handbook declares that a careful examination of all the available evidence would lead to the conclusion that an atomic bomb burst has a negligible effect on the weather. It would appear that the atom bomb could not be used as a rainmaker.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

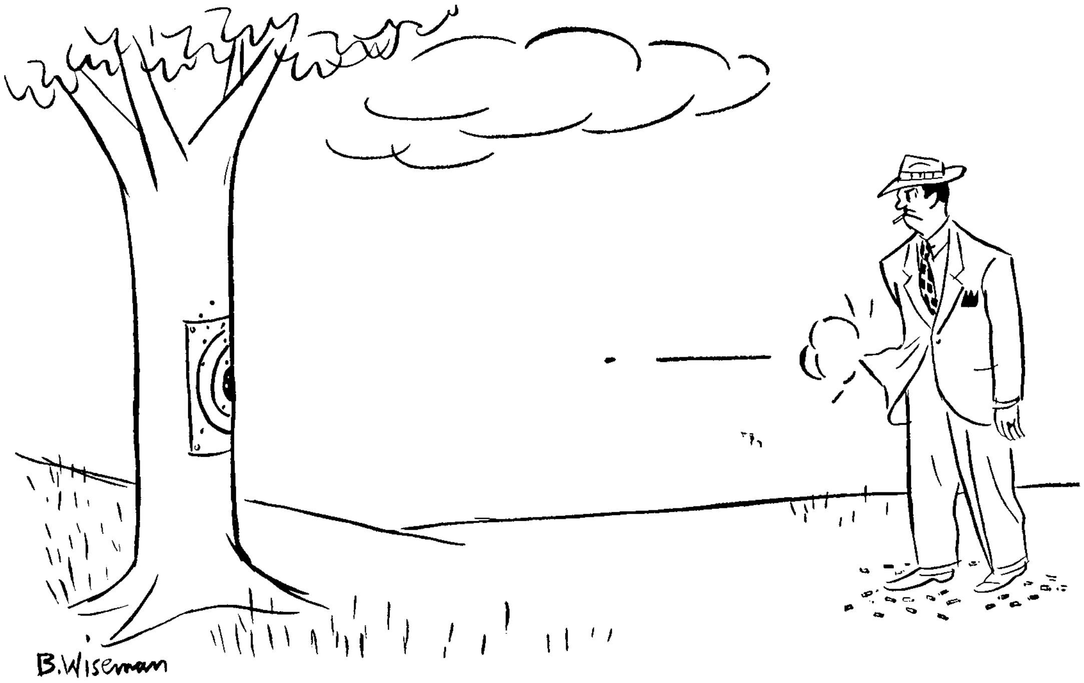
HIT HIM ON THE HORN, GEORGIE!

George Daly is a quiet, handsome boy of twenty-two with an urge to be a prizefighter. He shares this ambition with many other young men, most of whom see in this dubious profession a chance to make money at a rate not often paid for other forms of manual labor. These young men are not deterred by statistics. Each year, only about three thousand professional fighters in the entire country get enough bouts of sufficient importance to rate mention of their names in the record books, and not more than six hundred of these get enough main events to afford them any kind of decent living. Not more than ten per cent of the six hundred ever reach the larger fight arenas, where the big money lies, and not many of these stay up as headliners for more than a few years. Still, George Daly wants to be a fighter. You wouldn't think it to look at him. He resembles one of the more polite young men one sees around New York on a warm spring evening, standing on street corners or walking with their girls in dim neighborhood parks. George is sturdily built, with broad, thick shoulders, but his voice is soft and his manner gentle. He has a round, pleasant Irish face, and he behaves with extreme propriety. Nearly all would-be fighters come from the ranks of the poor, the disinherited, and the discriminated against, but not George. He is a skilled steam fitter, and he makes $96.25 a week, not counting overtime. As the steam fitters' union is strong and clannish, George's future would seem more secure than that of most boys his age. But when you ask him, he will say that he has always wanted to be a fighter. An uncle of his, now dead, was a fighter and George, who bears his name, reveres his memory. The earlier George Daly was a bantamweight who died of a burst appendix, putting an end to a brief but spectacular career in the ring. If he had lived, many believe, he would have fought for the championship. After his death, his brother Willie, who was also a fighter, married the young Jewish girl who had been going with George. They named their first son after him.

I met the current George Daly three days before his first professional fight. I had heard about him from a friend of mine named Jack Reilly, who is his trainer and manager. Reilly is well known in boxing circles as a developer of young talent. He is only thirty-three, but he has been training fighters since he was sixteen. His prize creation is a stylish welterweight named Billy Graham, who has been defeated only five times in ninety bouts. Many managers would make a full career out of a fighter like Graham, but Reilly has other, less belligerent interests. During the day, he works as an accountant, and he is enrolled in night school at Fordham, where he is specializing in sociology. Those nights when he has a boy fighting, he cuts classes, but reluctantly. Reilly's stable consists of George, Graham, and a welterweight named Andy Drachmas. Reilly is a worrier. I knew he had high hopes for George but was becoming increasingly concerned about the boy's lack of aggressiveness.

When I went to see him, to meet George, late one Friday afternoon at the Catholic Youth Organization gym, on West Seventeenth Street, he looked apprehensive and perplexed. He told me that he had finally booked George for his first pro fight, a four-round bout at the Coney Island Velodrome the following Monday night. He did not seem overjoyed at the prospect. "He's been training for six months," Reilly said moodily. "I guess it's about time he was tested in actual battle." He said that George's only previous experience consisted of seventeen bouts while in the Navy, but that that wasn't what was bothering him. "I just don't know whether George really wants to fight," he said.

We were standing by a window that overlooked the street. The C.Y.O. gym, which is where George trains, is really a large loft on the third floor of an old building near Ninth Avenue. It has a ring in one corner and punching bags are hung here and there around the rest of the room. No one was in the ring at the moment and only two of the bags were being used. A middle-aged, careworn man beat determinedly at a heavy bag, and a Puerto Rican boy stroked a light one with such easy rhythm that the bag droned, rather than smacked, and filled the air with a soft and soothing sound. It was late in the day for a fighter to be training, but George, who had finished his workout and gone to the showers just before I arrived, can train only after his job is over. He usually gets to the gym about five o'clock and works for an hour or more, skipping rope, punching the light and heavy bags, doing calisthenics, and sparring with whatever boys of his weight he can find. George is a natural welterweight, which means that he is never likely to fight at more than a hundred and forty-seven pounds. He trains at the gym every working day. Weekends, he does a little roadwork along the East River Drive. Reilly comes to the gym every afternoon George does and gives him pointers as he works. "I don't know," Reilly said, looking out the



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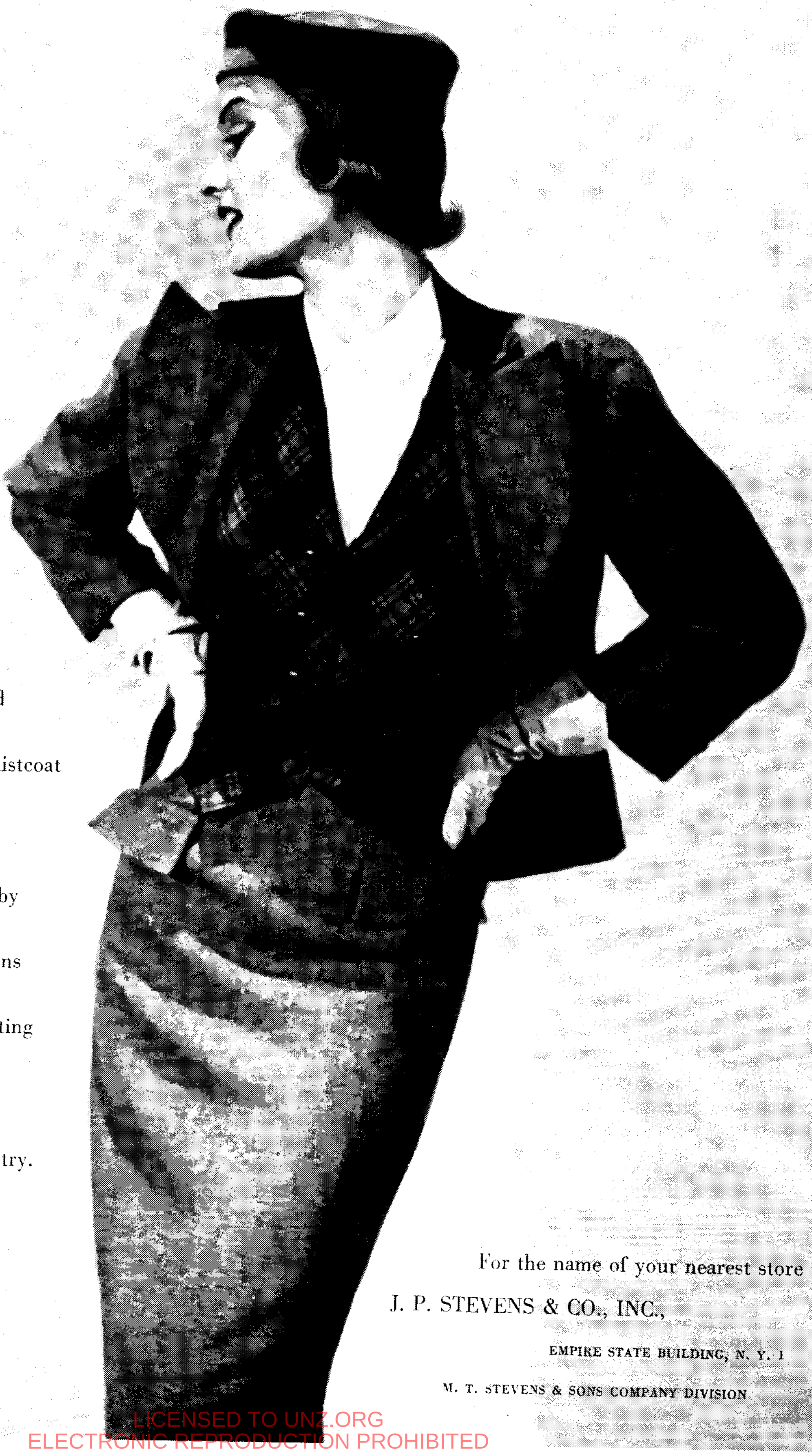

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window. "I'm confused about George. He lays back too much. I have a lot of trouble getting him to open up in the ring. And yet I saw him knock out three men in one street fight—with right hands."

A stickball game was in progress in the street below, and we watched it for a while. The sounds came up clearly through the early evening air—the rubbery bounce-bounce of the ball and then the splat of the connecting stick and the shouts of the boys as they chased after the ball. "It's a big responsibility," Reilly said. "He keeps on fighting, eventually he'll have to quit his job. That's a responsibility." Reilly is tall and quite swarthy, with a bony Latin face. As a matter of fact, he is of Spanish descent; he took his present name from his stepfather. When he is worried, his large eyes become liquid. "Maybe he has too much social nature," he said. I asked who it was George was going to fight, and he said that he didn't know yet, that the opponent originally scheduled had been withdrawn. "We'll try to get him someone with about the same amount of experience," he said sadly.

Just then, George came out of the locker room. Reilly introduced us, and the three of us walked through the gym to the door. The Puerto Rican boy was shadowboxing in the ring now. The middle-aged man was still hammering the heavy bag. He seemed in great shape from the neck down; the hard flatness of his body was in sharp contrast to the worried lines of his face. We went out the door and started downstairs. "I mean it's all right for a stand-up fighter to keep an artistic distance," Reilly said to George. "But a fighter who works out of a crouch, like you, he has to go forward. He doesn't go forward, he's dead. Isn't that right?"

"That's right, Jack," the boy said.

"You pull away like you do, you'll get your head knocked off," Reilly said.

"I know, Jack," the boy said, listening carefully and with great respect.

"In this business," Reilly said emphatically, "you can*not* be weak on initiative. Even if you have to force yourself. How do you feel?"

"I feel good, Jack," the boy said.

"The other day, he came to the gym," Reilly said to me. "All day long he'd been histing radiators—eleven stories, pulling on ropes. How much did those radiators weigh, George?"

"About a hundred and fifty pounds," George said.

"He was a little tired when he worked out," Reilly said, "but I'll say this for George—he's in good condition. Now, if he'd only show a little viciousness." He turned to George. "You know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean, Jack," George said earnestly.

I LEFT the two of them when we got out on the street, after making a date to visit George that evening at his home. The Daly family lives on the two upper floors of a remodelled three-story building, on Third Avenue between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets, in the old Gashouse District. A hardware store occupies the ground floor. George has an older sister who is married and lives away from home, but there are still nine siblings younger than he in the household, so the family can well use the two floors. My appointment was for nine, but I was a little late, and by the time I arrived George was waiting for me out in front of his house with his father and a ten-year-old brother. The elder Daly is a man of slight build. He used to fight at a hundred and twenty-six pounds and he probably doesn't weigh much more than that now. He has a small, crinkled face, with tiny eyes that seem only half open, and his speech is jerky and tentative. He said he had given up fighting soon after his marriage and had become a steam fitter. Steam fitting is a big father-and-son trade, so it was not difficult for George, when he got out of the Navy a few years ago, to obtain a union card and become first a helper and then a journeyman, as a fullfledged steam fitter is generally called.

Mr. Daly told me that he and George had thought of taking a walk around the neighborhood and selling tickets for the fight to friends who had asked for them, and would I like to come along? We had to pause in our conversation while an Elevated train thundered past, and then I said I would like to very much. The younger brother went up to the roof to see how the family pigeons were doing, and George and his father and I started east.

The night was warm, and people were sitting on the stoops of their houses, or leaning out the windows, their elbows resting on pillows. They all seemed to know George, and they wished him luck as we passed. We walked over to First Avenue and turned north. I asked George if he was worried about the impending fight and he said no, he was only worried that his mother might find out. No one had told her yet, and both George and his father were afraid of

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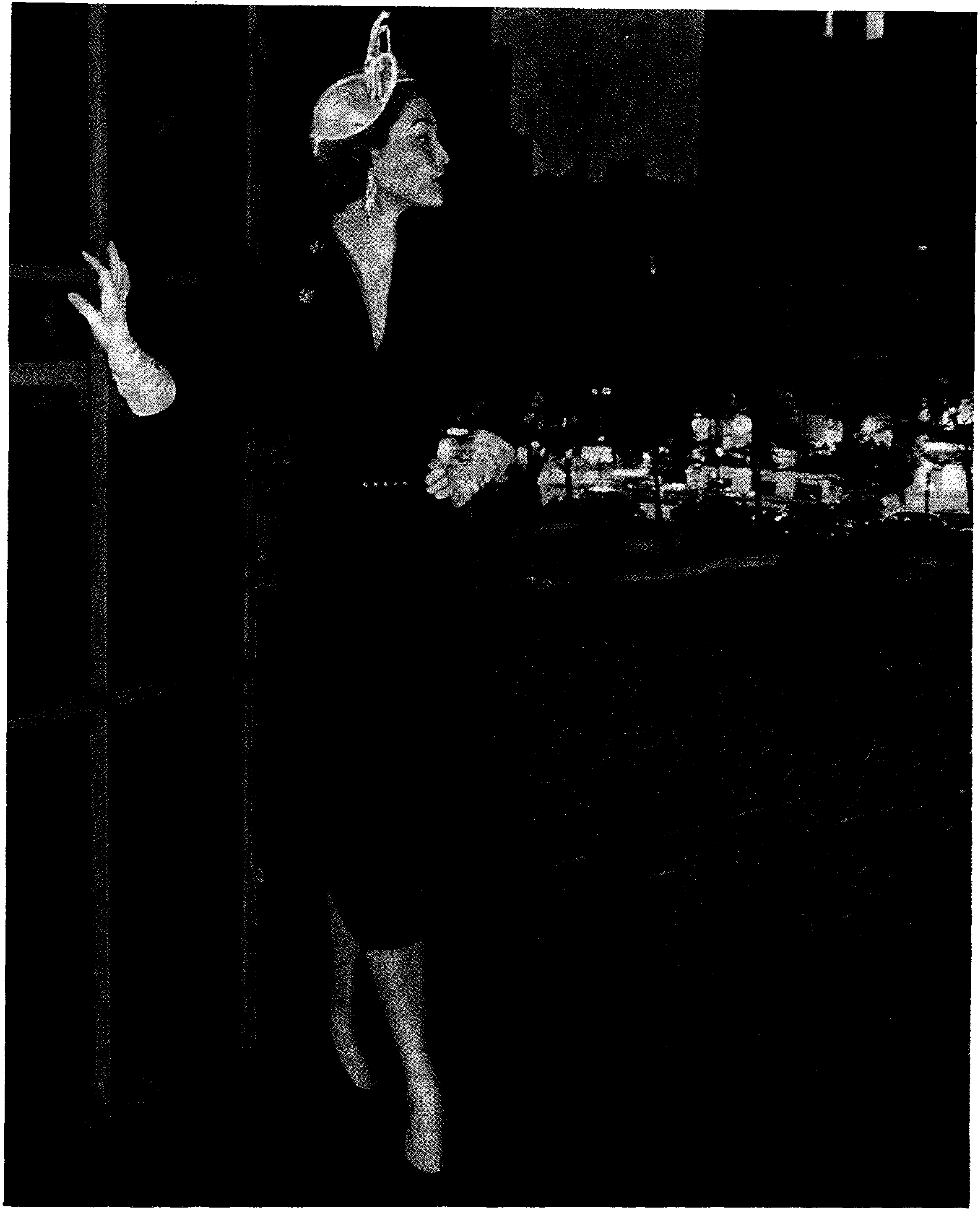

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what would happen when she did know. We stopped at a candy store across from Peter Cooper Village, and Mr. Daly went inside to distribute some tickets.

The buildings of the housing project loomed over the street like an enormous cell block. Several young men were lounging in front of the candy store, and they greeted George warmly. I recognized one of them as a boxer named Sonny Levitt, whom I had seen fight in Madison Square Garden a few months before. He was not much older than George, but he looked as though he had been fighting for twenty years. His nose was flattened and there were lumps of scar tissue over his eyes. "I seen you in the gym the other day," he said to George. "You still don't turn your wrist when you hit. You got to turn it—see, like this." He threw a slow-motion punch at George, bending his wrist slightly as he hit, so that the force of the blow was spread evenly on the knuckles. "You don't do that, you break your hand," he said.

"Yeah, I know," George said.

"You know yet who you're fighting?" another boy asked.

"Not yet," George said.

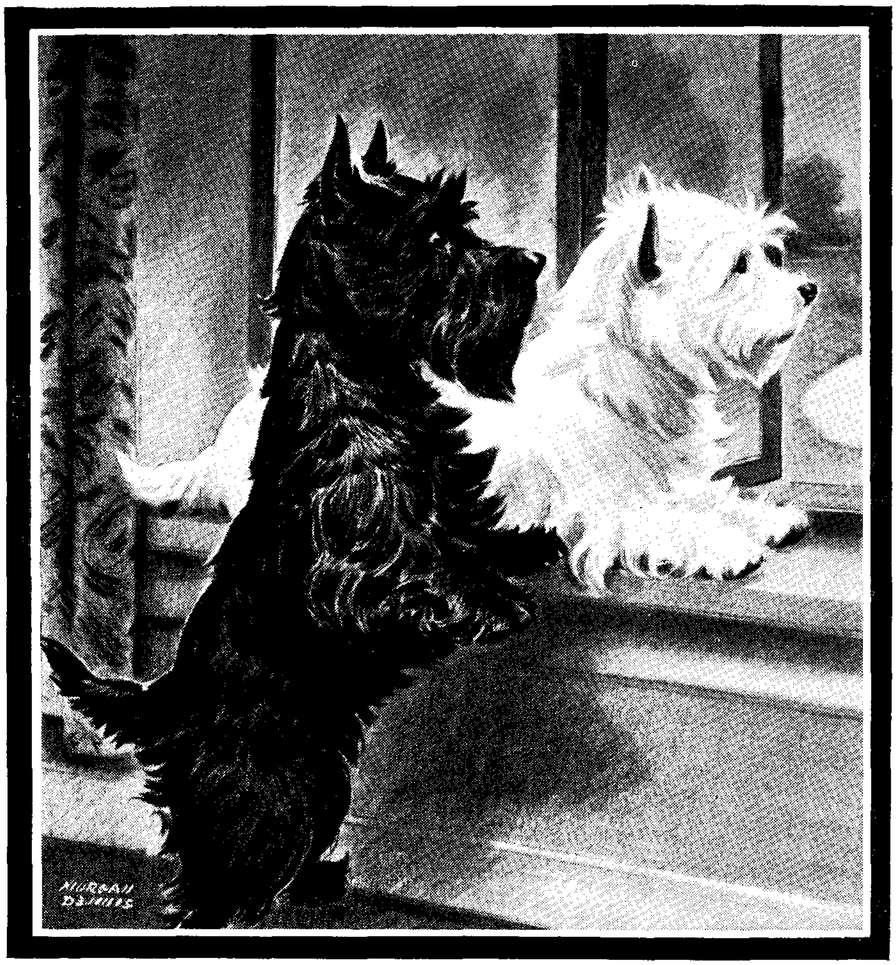
"Ray Robinson, that's who he's fighting," one of the others said.

"Ee-ee-ee!" Sonny Levitt cried. They all laughed. Then Mr. Daly came out of the store and we said goodbye and continued up the street. "You know that Sonny?" George said to me. "He's only been fighting a year and a half. Would you believe it?" I shook my head. "He's a good puncher," George said.

"He catches too much," his father said.

"He won a lot of fights on the West Coast," George said.

We next went to a bar on First Avenue that is owned by a retired steam fitter. All the steam fitters from that section of the East Side hang out there. A poster in the window advertised a picnic to be held by the Verdun Social Club, which George said was also full of steam fitters. There were about thirty men in the bar, most of them watching a baseball game on television. They were solid and horny-handed and they looked the way steam fitters might be expected to look. Some of them had cauliflower ears. The Gashouse District produces fighters just as some sections of the country produce Presidents, and it is equally proud of its products. A broken nose is a badge of honor. Mr. Daly ordered a beer for me and 7-Ups for George and himself, remarking that neither of them drink or smoke. We stood at the bar and watched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the Dodgers get a man on base, only to have the next man hit into a double play. Practically all the customers had greeted the Dalys when we entered and now they were all offering advice on the forthcoming fight and shouting their good wishes. Mr. Daly was hopping from one foot to the other and plainly trying not to show how pleased he was. He kept touching George on the arm and then withdrawing his hand, as if the gesture were too naked to make in public. Finally, George started down the bar to pass out tickets and collect the money for them. I asked Mr. Daly how many of his friends were going to the fight and he said that the steam fitters had hired two buses for the occasion. We finished our drinks when George returned, and started to leave. On the way out, we passed a very fat blind man standing at the end of the bar, his eyes turned sightlessly up toward the television set. His face betrayed his history. It was battered and lumpy from physical abuse. "That's the Sailor," George said when we were outside. "He used to be a fighter. Around when my father was fighting."

"He got hit in the head too much," Mr. Daly said.

"You know how many fights he had?" George said. "Three hundred. You know how many he says he lost? Two hundred and ninety-nine." He seemed delighted at such an absurdity.

"He's going Monday night," Mr. Daly said. "One of the boys bought him a ticket."

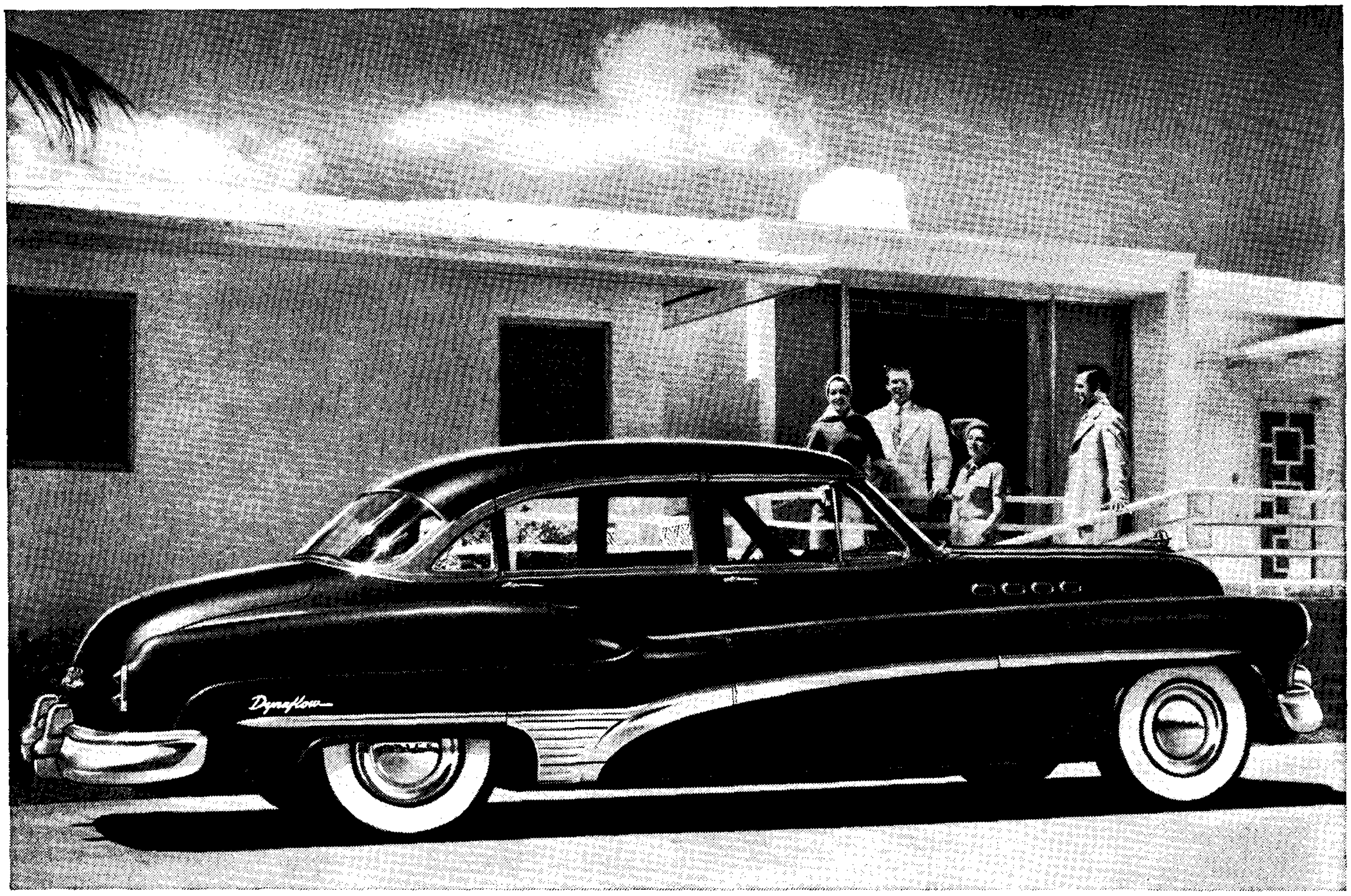
"He can't see a thing," George said.

"Well, he's going," his father said.

We stopped off at two other bars to distribute tickets and then went back to the entrance to the Daly house. A man was sleeping in the doorway of the hardware store. I said good night to the Dalys, after arranging with them to come around with my car the night of the fight and drive them to the Velodrome. I left them opening the door, Mr. Daly's hand reaching out to touch his son's arm, then drawing back, then reaching out again as they went into the house.

I WAS back at the Daly house at six o'clock Monday evening. George was getting dressed when I arrived, and one of his brothers let me in. The house was crawling with kids. They were all over the place, of all sizes and in various stages of undress, and they all looked like George. Mrs. Daly, a matronly, dark-haired woman, sat at the dining-room table, getting a home permanent from one of her daughters. I introduced myself and she told the boy who had opened the door to show me into the living room. He did so with extreme courtesy, opening the door for me and then closing it after me quietly. The room was small, with two windows facing the Elevated tracks. On one wall was a large tinted photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Daly in their wedding clothes. On the mantelpiece was the picture of a teen-age girl, and on another wall a picture of a bunch of sailors grouped in a high-school-graduation pose around a plaque that read, "U.S. Naval Training Center, Sampson, N.Y." I spotted George in one of the back rows, smiling shyly at the camera. As I sat down on a flowered couch, the door opened and a boy of about four wandered in. His cheeks were streaked with talcum powder. He ran his finger around his face, collecting some powder, and then licked it off reflectively. George came into the room, looking very clean in a pullover shirt and freshly pressed slacks. "Beat it, Charles," he said pleasantly, and the little boy turned obediently and trotted out of the room. I asked George how he felt and he said he felt good. He had not gone to work that day. In the morning, he had gone downtown to the offices of the Boxing Commission, where he had been examined by a doctor and O.K.'d for the fight. He had weighed in at a hundred and forty-three and a half. He had also met his opponent. "I seen him around Stillman's once before," George said. "He's a pretty good puncher, I think." Afterward, he had come back uptown and walked over and visited a friend who was a patient in the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, on Second Avenue. At three o'clock, he had gone to a restaurant and had a steak, some green vegetables, and a cup of tea. Then he had come home and taken a nap.

We talked aimlessly for a while, mostly about the hitch George had served in the Navy. He had joined up too late to see any action, but he had got to the South Pacific and spent time on a minesweeper there. I asked who the girl in the picture was and he said she was his girl, a girl who had formerly lived in the neighborhood and now lives out near Canarsie. He said she was coming to the fight. Reilly arrived about a quarter of seven, carrying the white sweater that seconds are required to wear in the ring. He and George at once went into a huddle over the tickets George had sold. Reilly had explained to me that George would get a commission on each ticket he sold and that, more important, his popularity with pro-



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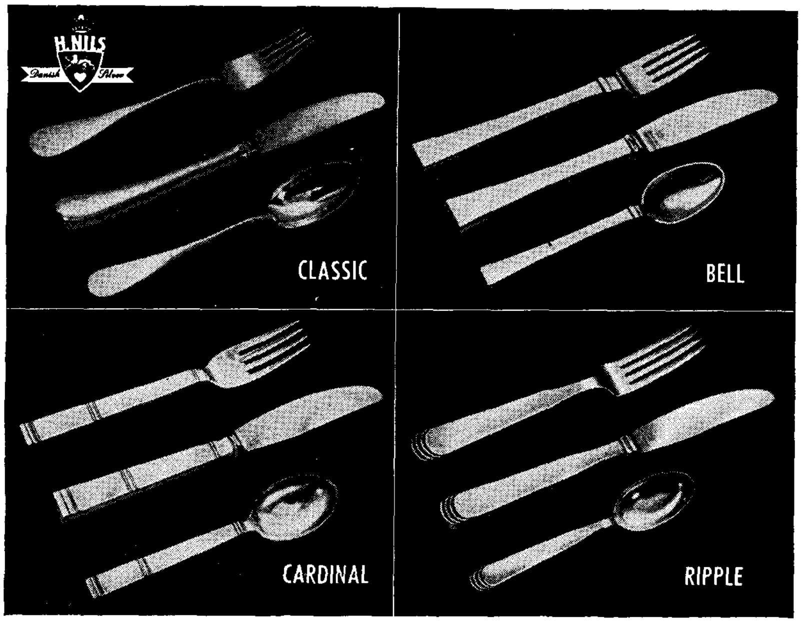

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moters in the immediate future would depend to some extent on his ability to bring in customers. As they talked, Mr. Daly came into the room, dressed rather rakishly in a tan tropical suit and a panama hat. He looked very natty and very nervous. He said he was going over to the bar where the buses were loading and would see George at the arena. He patted George's arm once or twice and left. I asked George if his mother was still unaware of what was happening, and he said he had told her that afternoon. "I think she knew anyway," he said. I asked about her reaction and George said, "I don't think she was very satisfied." There was a little more ticket business to be settled, and then George picked up an overnight bag containing a bathrobe and his fighting gear and we went into the dining room. Mrs. Daly was still there. It was hard to tell what she felt. She kissed George and blessed him and wished him luck, and we waved goodbye and left.

WE drove out to Coney Island along the Shore Parkway. The ride was cool and enjoyable, and I took it easy all the way. George said practically nothing during the trip and none of us talked much. What we did say had nothing to do with the fight. Reilly told a story about a fighter who had held up a poolroom where everyone knew him, with only a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. He had had some difficulty in getting anyone to take him seriously. "He was not very intelligent about the whole thing," Reilly said. Then Reilly talked about how nice it is for people living in the city to have a garden back of their house. I said I didn't think much of most city gardens, or what pass for gardens, but Reilly closed the subject with finality. "At least, you can abstract a general principle from them," he said.

We reached Coney Island at seven-thirty, about an hour before the first bout was scheduled. The Velodrome is a small outdoor arena, open only during the warm-weather months. It is to a fighter what a theatre on the subway circuit is to an actor. At one time, motorcycle races were held there, but now it is used almost exclusively for boxing and wrestling matches. I parked the car across the street from the entrance, and the three of us got out and walked over to the ticket booth, where Reilly turned in the money George had collected. As we stood there, a tall, thin boy with a large nose walked by, carrying a bag similar to George's. "That's the guy I'm fighting," George said. The boy looked about the same age as George and about four inches taller, but not as sturdy. Reilly led the way into the arena. We were very early and no one was in the stands yet. The ring glittered in the fading sun, and the wooden seats stretched empty and forlorn out to the edge of an almost perpendicular board track that ran around the perimeter of the arena. We walked down a ramp to the dressing rooms, under the stands. There were four of these, each about twelve feet by seven and bare except for benches along the walls. Each fighter had to share a room with at least one other fighter. On the door of one of the dressing rooms were the names Daly and McGirt. Inside, a Negro boy, already in boxing trunks, was sitting on a bench having his hands taped by a large, freckled white man wearing pants and an undershirt. I stood outside with Reilly while George went in and undressed and got into his trunks. The sun's warmth had not penetrated into the dressing rooms, and the air was clammy. Reilly seemed even more nervous than usual. "I just hope he keeps punching," he said. "That's all I hope for. He's got to get in there and punch, even if it is his first fight." I asked Reilly what he would do if George didn't get in there and punch. "I'll give him about five more fights," Reilly said. "If it doesn't come out by then, I'll just have to give him up." He shook his head. "I know it's there," he said. "I just don't know why it doesn't come out. Maybe he's afraid to fail."

A round little man wearing steel-rimmed glasses came down the ramp and over to us, and Reilly introduced him simply as Coco, George's chief second for the fight. Coco (his real name, Reilly told me later, is Frank Percoco, but no one ever calls him that in fight circles) is a trainer who serves in this capacity for many better-known fighters than George. We shook hands, and he went on into the dressing room to see George. I asked Reilly how much George would get for this fight. Reilly said he would get fifty dollars for the bout and another forty or so as commission for the tickets he had sold. "George won't have any trouble getting fights," Reilly said. "Not with all those steam fitters he can bring down." George had sold two hundred and thirty-eight dollars' worth of tickets, which is a good many for a four-round fighter. It is Reilly's practice not to start collecting his manager's cut until a boy has progressed at least to six-

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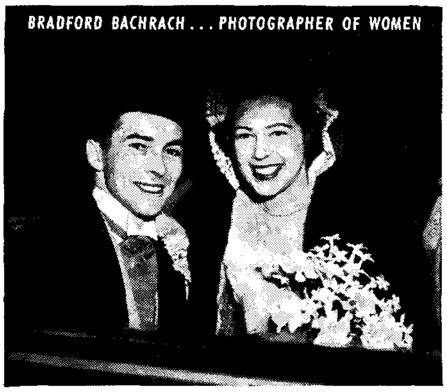

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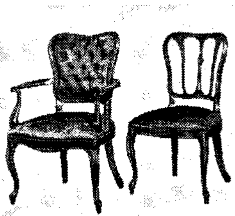

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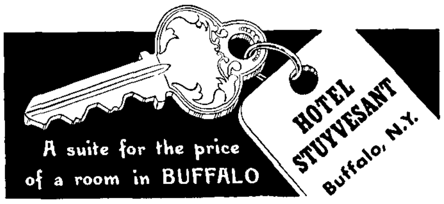

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round bouts. He said that out of the ninety dollars, George would net about seventy-five, after paying five dollars to Coco for his services, a dollar to the attendant who would bring him his boxing gloves, about a dollar for bandages and tape, and ten dollars for a mouthpiece that was made to order for him by a dentist who specializes in such work. The mouthpiece is a permanent investment, of course.

Reilly went to find out when George was to go on, and I stood in the doorway watching Coco tape George's hands. The Negro boy was on his feet, dancing around and shooting punches against the freckled man. "Look at him," the freckled man said to us proudly. "Is he hot or is he hot?" When Coco was through taping, he got out some vaseline and smeared it on George's face, so that he would be less likely to get cut. Then he told George to stand up and move around a little, to keep warm. George came out of the dressing room and began to shadowbox, grunting as he hit at the air. Reilly returned with the information that George was in the second bout, right after McGirt, the Negro boy. He watched George with a critical eye. "Left to the body, right to the head," he said several times, and then, "Feint and get off. Feint and get off. Snarl after him now. Snarl after him." George snarled, but without conviction. A young man in a sports jacket ran down the ramp toward us and George stopped shadowboxing when he saw him. "This is George's cousin Jerry," Reilly said to me. "I used to have him before I had George. He trained less than any fighter I ever had." Jerry and George both laughed. Jerry was a good-looking boy, despite a pockmarked face, and he had a big smile. "You never saw a more tired fighter after two rounds," Reilly said.

"I bent some pipe today," Jerry said to George. "For the first time. No kinks. What do you think of that?" He sounded quite excited.

"That's very good," George said.

I asked Jerry if he was a steam fitter and he nodded. "What do you think of what I did?" he kept saying to George. "Pretty good, hey?" He finally went off up the ramp, just as Billy Graham, Reilly's best fighter, was coming down it. Graham has not the look of an experienced fighter. His face is unmarked and his body seems without muscle. He has, however, the limp handshake characteristic of most fighters. "You ought to put the kid's bathrobe on," he said to Coco in a high, squeaky voice. "He'll get cold standing around." Coco went into the dressing room and came out with the bathrobe, which he wrapped around George. A man in shirtsleeves shouted down the ramp, "McGirt coming up! McGirt!" The Negro boy came out of the dressing room, followed by the freckled man, who was smiling broadly. They went up into the arena, and Coco, indicating the trainer, said, "That guy's a character. He hasn't had a winner in twenty years." Reilly told George to go into the dressing room and sit down, and gave him a towel to wrap across his chest, under the bathrobe. The rest of us followed him in. "Now, I want you to have a cool head, George," Reilly said, talking very quietly. "I want you to start at a fair pace, but then I don't want you to let down. It's just like starting a car. You shift into first, then second, and you end up in high. You know?"

"Sure, Jack," George said. He listened with his customary earnestness, taking it all in.

"Keep your hands up at all times," Reilly said. "Slip his jabs. Flurry and out. Left to the belly and a right to the head. Don't let up and don't get discouraged."

"I won't," George said.

"Sure?" Reilly said.

"Yeah, Jack. Pretty sure."

"And listen to what we tell you between rounds," Coco said.

An attendant came up with a pair of boxing gloves for George, and Coco helped him put them on. They were six-ounce gloves and looked very small and deadly. "Loosen your arms up," Coco said when the gloves were on. George put his arms up. "Over your head and then shake them down," Coco said.

The crowd that had by now gathered in the arena roared suddenly, and Reilly went to see what was happening. He came back a moment later. "McGirt got knocked out," he said. "Let's go, George."

"I told you," Coco said to me. "Hasn't had a winner in twenty years."

George stood up, and I shook his gloved hand and wished him luck. He nodded and smiled wanly. We all went up the ramp, George in the lead, with his bathrobe hanging loose over his shoulders. McGirt was just coming down, followed by the freckled man. The Negro boy walked very slowly, shaking his head from side to side. The freckled man looked puzzled.

The arena seemed completely

changed. Its function had been restored by the night. Darkness hid its squalor, and now there was only drama, intensified by the fierce glare of the lights over the ring and the taut, tangible excitement of the crowd, still buzzing from the shock of the knockout. "It's a pretty good house," Reilly said. The arena was almost full, the crowd made up mostly of men in their shirtsleeves, out for a change of pace from the movies and the television set. Close to the ring, I saw a section filled with some of the men I had noticed at the bar Friday night. They shouted when they recognized George, and waved to him. "With the pipe, George!" somebody yelled. "Give him the pipe!" I looked for Mr. Daly but couldn't find him. There was an empty seat not far from George's corner, and I sat down there while George and Coco and Reilly climbed into the ring. George's opponent was already in his corner. The two boys avoided looking at each other.

The bell clanged several times, and the announcer, a short, dapper man, came to the center of the ring, carrying a portable microphone. "In this corner!" he shouted, and paused for effect. "Wearing purple trunks! From the West Side! One hundred and forty-two and one-quarter pounds! Al Fieri!" The crowd applauded mildly as Fieri lifted his right hand, and then the bell clanged again and the announcer introduced George. All the steam fitters yelled for George, of course. The referee called the two boys to the center of the ring, and George walked out with Coco. The man who accompanied Fieri looked so much like him that I guessed he was his brother. The referee gave the fighters their instructions. Even when they touched gloves, they were careful not to look at each other. Back in the corner, as the buzzer sounded, Coco patted George on the shoulder and slipped out of the ring. George crossed himself hurriedly, and then the bell rang to start the fight.

Fieri handled himself with the assurance of a man who has fought before. He came out quickly from his corner, sticking with his left hand and trying to get George off balance. George went into a crouch and bobbed and weaved back and forth. He looked very strong and fit, but he wasn't throwing any punches. He just bobbed and weaved, occasionally moving forward into Fieri's left hand. Finally, he threw a left hook, but instead of following with the right, he pulled back, and Fieri hit him on the face with his right hand. The

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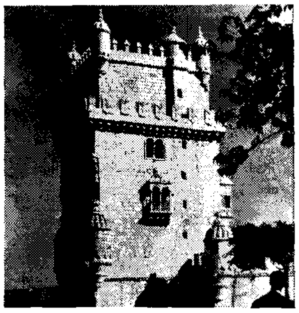
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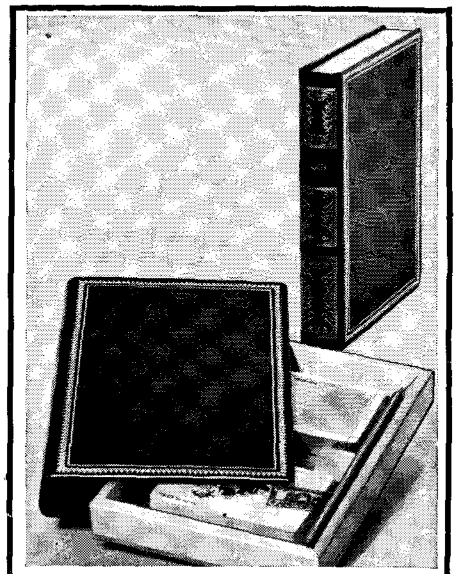

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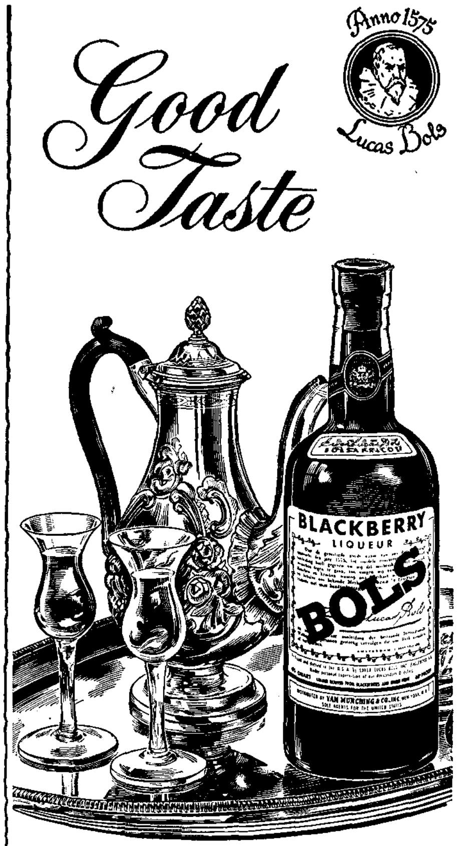
crowd roared and Fieri rushed forward purposefully, but George fell into a clinch. Fieri's punch had been clean and well delivered, but George didn't seem to be hurt much. He still moved forward, looking for an opening and keeping what Reilly had called an artistic distance. Reilly was peering up over the apron of the ring. I could see that he was good and worried.

At the end of the round, George sat down on the stool in his corner. Coco talked to him furiously, rubbing his shoulders and chest, while Reilly held the waistband of his trunks away from his body to make it easier for him to breathe. The buzzer sounded, and Coco and Reilly left the ring, Coco still talking to George, who kept nodding. When the bell rang, George came out determinedly to meet Fieri. He moved forward this time and hooked twice to Fieri's body with his left. Fieri backed away, but so did George. George's hair was mussed and was getting in his eyes. "Get that hair out of your eyes!" one of the steam fitters yelled. "Cut it off!" somebody else yelled. Fieri moved in, but George hooked him to the head and drove him back against the ropes. Fieri's nose began to bleed. It was a big nose and hard to miss. "Hit him on the horn, Georgie!" a man shouted. George moved forward and threw a left to the body and a right to the head. He looked surprised when they connected, as if he didn't quite believe that what Reilly had told him to do could be done. As the bell rang, Fieri was backing away. I gave the round to George, which made it one apiece.

The next round was tame. George kept his artistic distance, and Fieri was content to keep his. After a minute or so, the crowd began to stamp and whistle. "Stop the slaughter!" a man called. One of the ice-cream venders paused in front of the steam fitters' section to watch the fight, and they shouted for him to get out of the way. He paid no attention, and one of the steam fitters yelled, "Get out of there, you cross-eyed son of a bitch!" The vender dropped his box of ice cream and started for the steam fitter, who came happily out to meet him. In an instant the whole arena was on its feet, forgetting all about George and Fieri. But before the men could exchange blows, a policeman was between them. Everyone was disappointed. When I turned back to the ring, the round was over.

The two boys came out more slowly for the last round, touching gloves and then coming together with a certain re-



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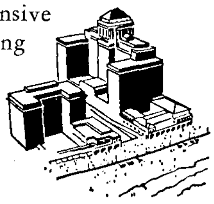

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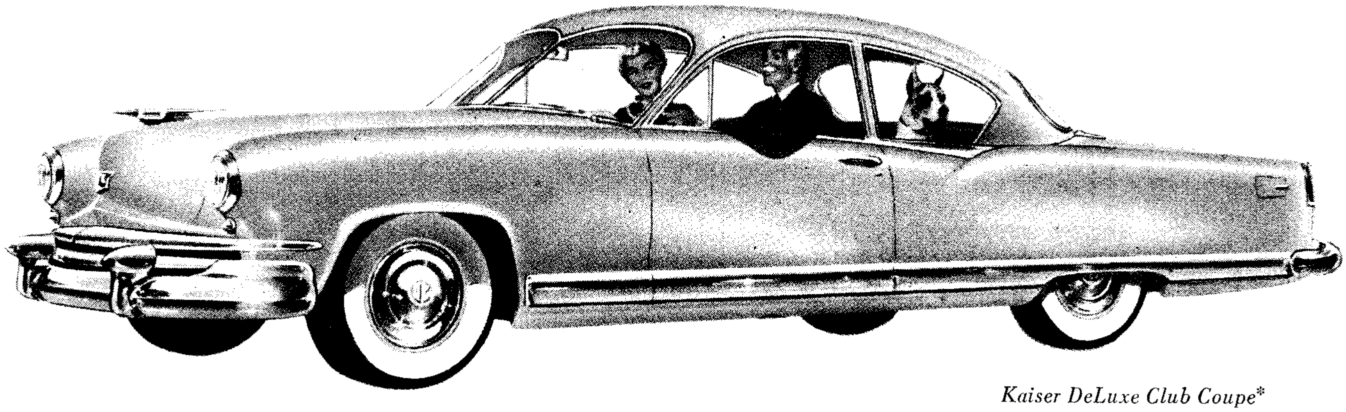

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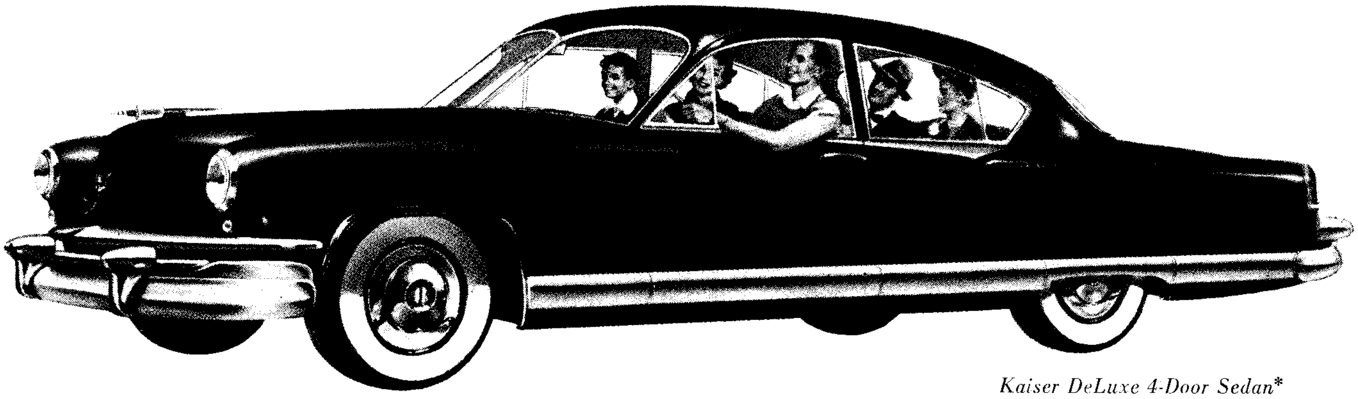

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luctance. It was plain that they were tired but had both received instructions to fight harder. George ducked a jab and began punching to the body. "On the horn!" the steam fitters shouted. George missed with one left, but connected with another to Fieri's nose. "Hit him again!" the steam fitters yelled. George's hair was still getting in his eyes and he tried vainly to brush it away. Then he caught Fieri with a left to the side of the head. The punch didn't look hard, but Fieri stepped back a few paces and his knees gave a little. The crowd yelled, but George seemed dubious about his advantage, and by the time he went forward, Fieri had recovered and was fighting back. The bell rang with the artistic distance preserved.

I GOT up and walked close to the ring while the announcer polled the two judges and the referee. George had his bathrobe on and was pacing about in his corner. The bell clanged and the announcer said into his microphone, "The winner—Daly!" The steam-fitting section went wild. George walked across the ring and put his arm around Fieri, who appeared disappointed but resigned. Then George and Coco and Reilly left the ring, and all of us headed up the aisle toward the ramp. George was trying not to show any emotion, but he was obviously happy. "He fought a good fight," Reilly said as we entered the dressing room. "A smarter fight than I thought him capable of. He waited for openings and he didn't throw too many wild punches."

"I lay back a little, I think," George said. He held his hands out for Coco to remove the gloves.

"Lack of confidence, that's what it is," Reilly said to me. "I'm sure of it now. Anyway, I'm satisfied he's not chicken. That was a pretty hard punch he got tagged with in that first round." I asked when George would fight again and Reilly said in two or three weeks. Mr. Daly came to the door of the dressing room, still all slicked up. George looked up at him and smiled, and his father said, after a moment, "You should have knocked him out."

"He fought a good fight, Mr. Daly," Reilly said.

"I lay back too much," George said.

Mr. Daly nodded. He reached out and touched George on the shoulder, shifted from one foot to the other, and then said, "I'll see you at home," and turned and walked out.

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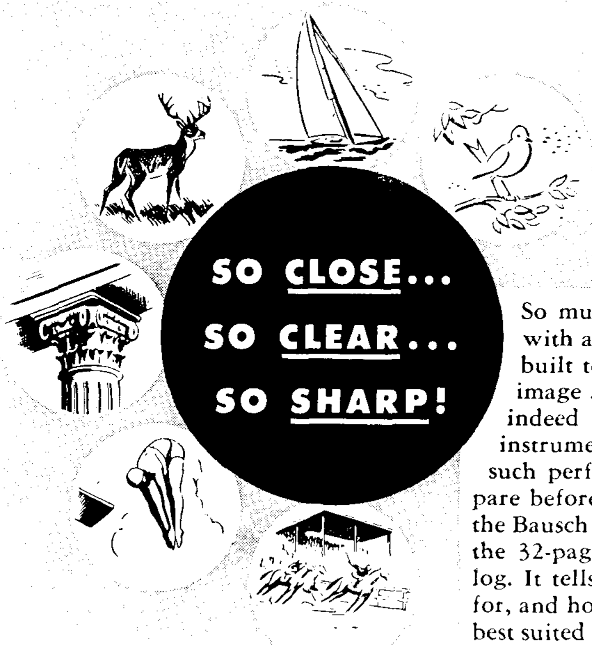
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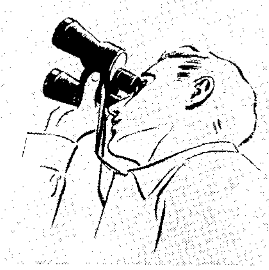

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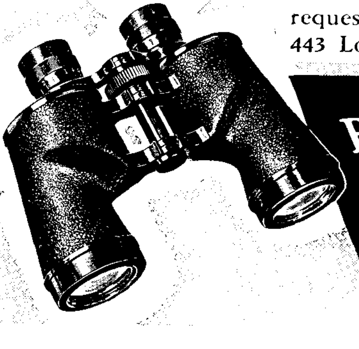

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Coco said to George. "That's the only way."

"Yeah, that's right, Coco," George said. He took off his trunks and picked up a towel to take with him to the shower. His body glistened with sweat.

"Was your girl here tonight?" Reilly asked.

"Gee, I don't know," George said. "I forgot to look."

There was a burst of song and then a roar of laughter outside on the ramp. Reilly closed the dressing-room door and said, "They're celebrating your victory."

"I think they're a little gassed," George said.

"The whole union is here," Reilly said. "I bet tomorrow there won't be a radiator hooked up in all of New York." He took off his white sweater and put on his coat. "Well, back to the gym tomorrow."

"I got a job up in the Bronx," George said. "I might be a little late getting down."

"We'll work on combinations," Reilly said. "A left and a right. Never one without the other. Always moving in. You get the picture?"

"Sure, Jack," George said. He slipped his feet into a pair of wooden clogs and started for the shower. The shoes made a hollow, clopping sound on the board floor.

"The next fight, you better get his hair cut," Coco said.

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

•

DEAR MARTHA CARR:
My best girl friend and I like the same boy. Since she never has any dates and I do, our friends say I should let her have him. I am not deliberately encouraging him, but I do think he likes me. She suspects I like him but as I haven't told her so she doesn't know for sure. I am 16 and she is 17. For some reason the fact I like the same boy she does makes me feel guilty. Neither of us has dated him but I feel he is definitely interested in me. Up to now when I am alone and see him I always say "Hi," but when I am with her I don't say anything. Please tell me what you think I should do. A. G.

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Stop carrying on like that behind her back.

•

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More than 100 faculty members and their wives, husbands, and other guests enjoyed an outing and turkey dinner at Cascade Lodge, in Raubsville. Miss Rebekah Beam, contralto, sang two solos, and Vern Fegley, baritone, was limited to one.

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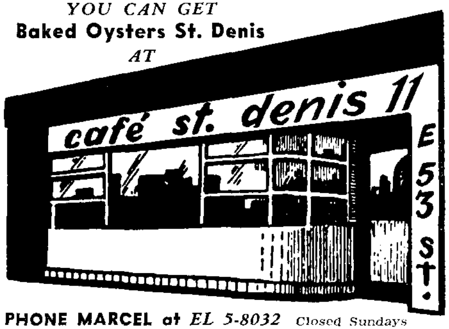

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LETTER FROM MUNICH

SEPTEMBER 6

THE extra tragedy of whatever survives of midtown Munich's architecture is this: The bomb-struck false Greek pillars of its theatres and museums, the broken curves of its bogus Roman victory arches, and even the dishevelled Florentine loggia called the Feldherrnhalle, sacred to the memory of Hitler's ludicrous, abortive 1923 Munich *Putsch*, which now seems historical ages ago, all look more legitimate and handsome as patched and melancholy classic ruins than they did before the war, when they were intact, pretentious, and *echt deutsch*. Munich was never the beautiful city its inhabitants, who are sentimental rather than artistic, fondly fancied, but now, like any great urban ruin, it has a certain grandeur. Sixty per cent of it was destroyed by bombs. A fifth of that has been rebuilt or repaired since the money revaluation in June, 1948, which was the beginning of West Germany's new postwar world. "Just give us another five years of peace and we can rebuild Munich so you will never know what hit us," a cheerful local architect recently said, apparently without recalling that the word "Munich" symbolizes the failure to obtain more than one year of peace for the rest of the world in 1938. Today, it is the third most rebuilt city in the Western Zone. The second is Stuttgart, which was the model city for municipal administration under the Nazis and is upholding that reputation. Hamburg is first. And Berlin is last, the Bavarians state with satisfaction, for they have always hated, while being led by, Prussia.

It is in the evening that Munich's twelve-per-cent reconstruction is particularly noticeable, when bright lights are turned on in new shopwindows. Above the brilliant rectangles of the shop fronts there usually looms the jagged emptiness of gutted upper stories. Not many new sidewalks have yet been laid, and the strolling citizenry teeters on the hillocks of the present footpaths or scuffs in their dust, absorbed by the glowing windows, filled once more with things for sale—things of every sort, all desirable, plentiful, and consoling. Many of the shopwindows are populated by handsome male dummies in ready-made tweeds (selling for sixty dollars), accompanied by female torsos in chic pale-blue corsets. More conspicuous by day are the temporary midget business huts that hedge the razed midtown blocks. The huts are, for convenience, termed taxpayers, but their function is something more. On them their owners are supposed to accumulate enough profit in a few years to erect permanent big buildings, in line with the city's ambitious plans.

With some help from E.C.A. funds, granted because Munich is theoretically a tourist center, its bombed-out hotels have been made to look utterly unlike their elegant old prewar selves, having been wisely reorganized according to a kind of coral-reef system of accretion. The Continental opened last year with a dozen ultra-up-to-date rooms. With the profit from these, new rooms, furnishings, and stories are to be added, until eventually the structure is complete. The front of the Bayerischer Hof, on the bombed and rebuilt Promenadeplatz, is mostly a little blue-lighted bar, frequented by the razzle-dazzle German and international set. It is expected that, with the fortune it is making, the hotel can rebuild itself next year. Munich's fine restaurants have returned to their rich, two-page menus of Kaisertum and Hitler days. Caviar has become one symbol of rehabilitation. The famous, dignified Schwarzwälder offers a daily blue-plate special of North Sea lobster, chicken salad, and a jar of so-called Emperor Malossol Soviet caviar, at an over-all price of around five dollars.

Munich didn't draw much of a tourist crowd this summer. One deterrent was the hard German currency, which cut down anybody's chances of finding any bargains. Thus, Munich's traditional Mozart-Wagner-Strauss *Festspiel*, revived this summer after a hiatus of eleven years, was enjoyed for the most part by *Münchner*, and especially by those who were able to pay the high prices for the Munich première of Richard Strauss's "Daphne," the keystone of the Bayerische Staatsoper Opera Festival. It was written by the old genius shortly before the war, is in one act (it lasts an hour and three quarters, without a pause), has beauty in it, almost no "Rosenkavalier," some "Elektra," and a lot of "Liebestod." The set was better than the singing, and more artful. When the soprano Daphne, punished for her

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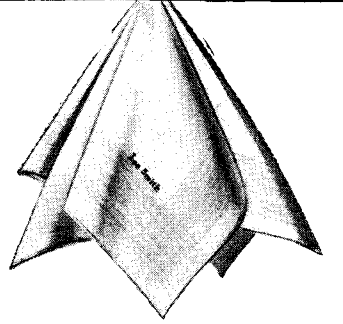

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chastity by the tenor Apollo, turned into a laurel tree, the tree slowly sprouted and grew on one stage elevator, going up, while the Greek maid behind it sadly disappeared on another, going down—no mean trick, considering the size of Fräulein Annelies Kupper, who sang the title role.

IN what is left of the residential districts, life is cramped and distorted. Living space is allocated officially. Those who by luck retained an unbombed apartment now, by logic, have strangers living with them, probably sleeping in their parlor and certainly sharing their kitchen and bath. A married couple is entitled to one room, plus maybe part of another for offspring. One middle-aged couple are now commuting from nearby Nymphenburg, where they are legally enjoying six rooms. Room 1 they are entitled to because they are married, Room 2 because the husband is an intellectual and entitled to one room for his brain, Room 3 because the original tenant, from whom they sublease, sub rosa, was entitled to it as a premium for rebuilding after bombing, Rooms 4 and 5 because the kitchen was large enough to partition and make a place for the cook to bed down; Room 6 is the bath.

Few people have that sort of comfort except the very rich, who either never lost their money and privileges or have regained them. In the old days, Bavaria was famous for its green meadows, its mountain yodelling, and its agriculture. Today, industrialization is the thing, and an industrial élite has grown up, with earnings from chemicals, steel, motors, etc. Its members were useful to Hitler and have been almost as useful to the American Zone authorities. Last summer, the new, exciting luxury here was bicycles. This year, it is automobiles. About twenty-five new cars a day are bought in Munich and flash their way among the ruins. The modest ex-Nazi *Volkswagen* costs around eleven hundred dollars, and the Taunus around fifteen hundred; the popular imported Chevrolet and the Borgward, made in Bremen but given the American look, cost around eighteen hundred. Taxes and gasoline average forty-five dollars a month, even for a *Volkswagen*. Gasoline, strictly rationed, costs about twelve cents a litre, or approximately half as much as a nice white wine.

THERE is a fashionable set in Munich, led by Herzeleide Biron von Curland, a daughter of Prince Oskar,

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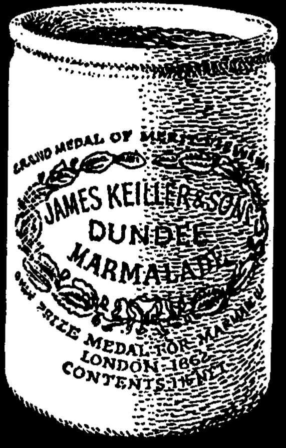

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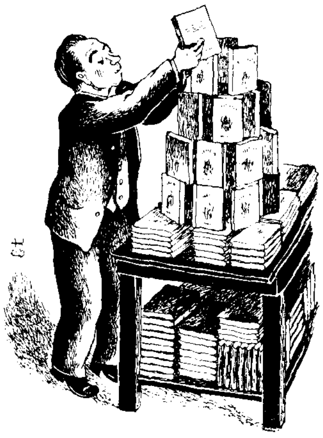
the Kaiser's fifth son. In conformity with the usual Bismarckian mixture of aristocracy and big money, the smart set's leading man is an official of the Bavarian State Bank. The outstanding German industrialists and money men, whose lives and fortunes came safely through the war, are tougher than ever and surer than ever of Germany's importance to the world. What some of them say runs like this: We know that the Germans are hated, but Europe cannot live without Germany's dominant production potential; we would heartily favor the French Schuman steel-and-coal plan, and Churchill's Western Union, too, if the other *verdammten* English would help them function. For these men, Düsseldorf, as manufacturing center of the Ruhr, is the real vital heart of Germany, compared to which Bonn is a haggling political market place and Berlin an ideological football field, where fatal accidents could happen. The only possible American propaganda that would impress Germans, the big-money men say, would be the news that the United States Army could protect the Germans from the Russians; everything else is *quatsch*. These Germans think that if another war should come, neither the French nor the Italians would fight, except in preliminary civil wars. On the other hand, they think the Germans *would* fight. They think that German rearmament is inevitable, and suggest that a sort of Foreign Legion—"*wie die Franzosen haben*," they graciously add—be activated immediately, in which all West European men willing to go to war against Communism could volunteer and be counted now, and, if need be, battle under the flag of the United Nations. Some of these industrialists believe that if Russia were to win, they and Germany as a whole, as valuable individuals and a valuable nation, would be given favorable terms, under which they could do *kolossal* big



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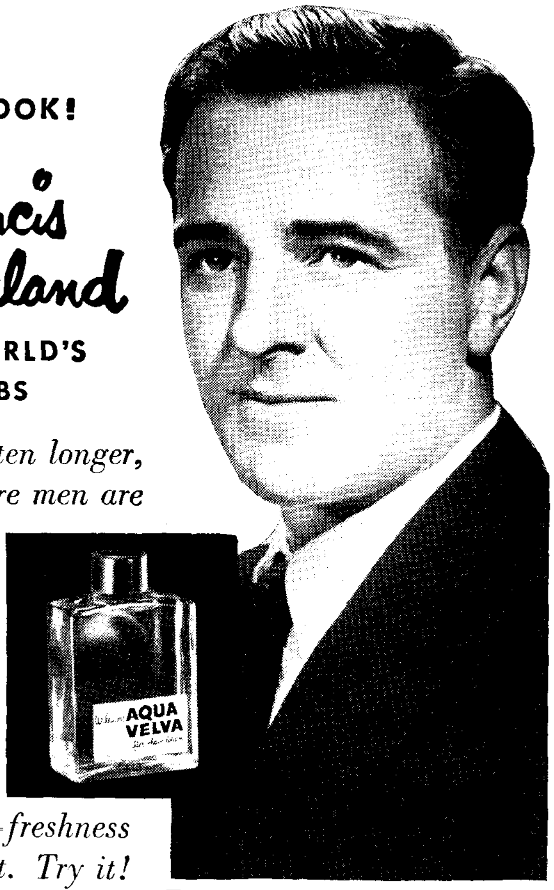

Francis Grover Cleveland, pioneer in the Summer Theatre movement and son of the late President, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.

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business with the Soviets. They visualize a vast super-production mating of the greatest demand and the greatest answering efficiency. Despite these optimistic visions, in most of the serious German talk there is an undertone of gloom about Germany's fate, a remarkable reversal of the old faith in Germany's triumphant destiny. As one of Hitler's earliest Munich converts recently stated, from his present rural seclusion, "Germany today is a state of organized disappointment. German youth has nothing to follow except its libido."

In the cool Hofbräuhaus and Hofbräuhauskeller, where for years *Münchner* gathered in vast congregations to sing and drink fine beer, there now gather only small groups, mostly of quiet, youngish workingmen—ex-soldiers who went to war in their teens. The German soldiers constituted the most travelled European army of modern times, and therefore now constitute the most internationally experienced working class, for whatever this fact is worth, considering the conditions under which the experience was gathered—with guns in hand to kill, or with harsh orders to seize and occupy, or as prisoners of war, or as defeated men in rout. Travel showed the German the faces of other peoples, at last vaguely visible behind the mirror in which he had always seen his own Narcissan blond face. Defeat took some of the Nazi ferment out of him. At the mention of foreign place names, the Hofbräuhaus drinkers' eyes brighten, though the recollections can be unhappy (an arm lost in the desert with Rommel or a foot frozen in the Pripet Marshes) as well as lovely (swims in the Danube, siestas in Rome, visits to the Tour Eiffel in Paris—"*très choli*"). The ex-soldiers seem to be the only Bavarians who don't complain about the American occupation; they were occupiers themselves. Most of the Hofbräuhaus men would like to emigrate to North or South America. They do not say so with hope or affection. It seems to them that they are merely making a statement that any sensible European would make today.

POLITICALLY the most explosive and socially the most dissatisfied Germans in Bavaria (pop. 9,340,000, by last year's census) are two and a half million foreign-born Germans. They are the expellees, or *Neubürger*—new (and unwilling) citizens of the Western Zone. They are not officially D.P.s, who are equally dissatisfied refugees. Mostly, the expellees are from the part of Poland that the Kaisers and Hitler

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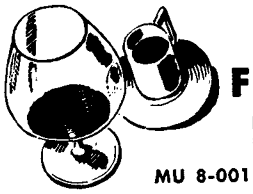
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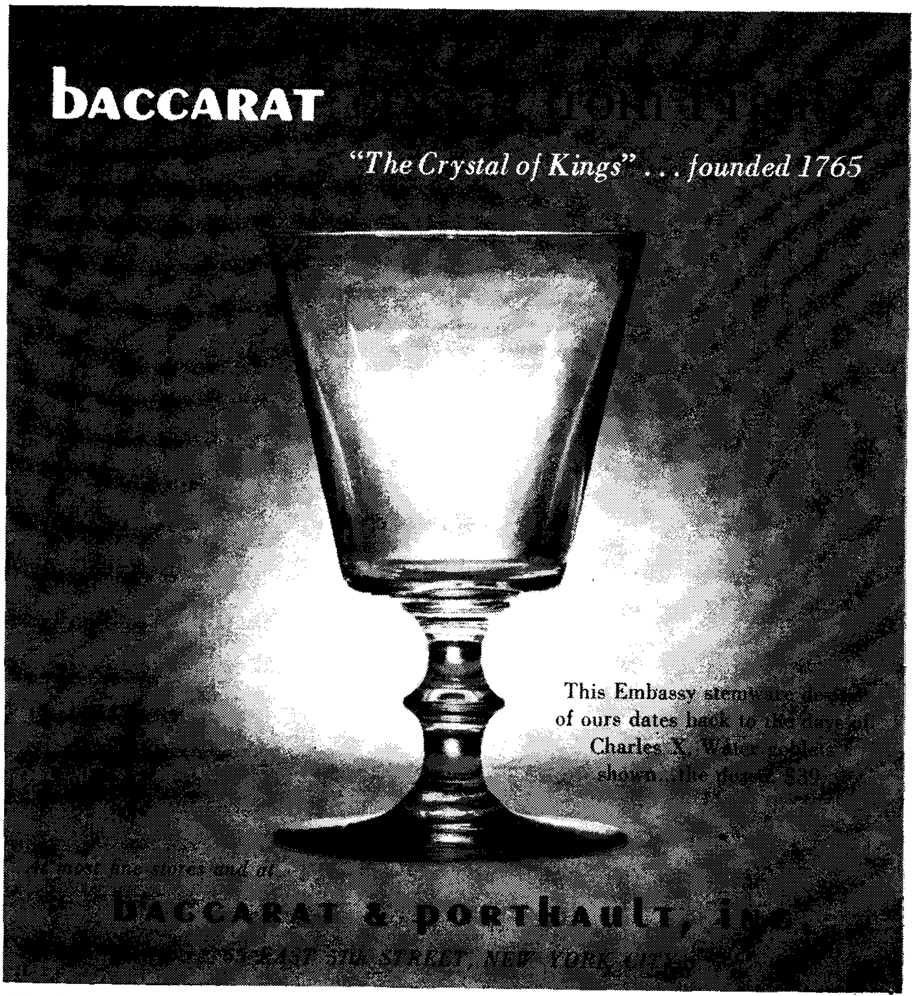
ruled and that Stalin now uses, or Sudetendeutsche from the portion of Czechoslovakia that Hitler annexed in 1938, in perhaps his most gigantically fatuous gesture, that of "bringing the Sudetendeutschen home to the Reich." That is just where they—and a few million others like them, from other lands—now are. They find themselves unwanted, even hated, and their only wish is to go back where they came from, and whence they were ejected in revenge by the Czechs. These two and a half million *Neubürger* worry Bavaria, for all Bavarians must bear the burden of their support, principally by paying *Neubürger* doles out of their taxes or, on demand of the Wohnungsbehörde (a housing bureau), squeezing *Neubürger* into their homes. In the Bavarian villages, one person in four is an expellee. After all, if the *Neubürger* were unaided and unhoused, a couple of million of them, homeless, penniless, and unemployed, would starve and die on the roadsides, and their corpses would rot there, like the corpses of Jews who died during the Nazi deportations. The old, characteristic, shifty lack of logic seems to prevent the home Germans from seeing any irony in their getting brother-refugees thrown back on them, the Nazi enthusiasts who set going the most horrifying, inhuman upheaval of hegiras and refugees in modern history.

Most Germans treat the *Neubürger* like dirt, or at any rate like something they wish they could brush off. It is chiefly the *Neubürger* the Germans whine about. The expellees also whine. Some live in camps. Some are in Dachau—which is ironic, too—where they have erected a pretty birdhouse on the site of the old crematory. Some live



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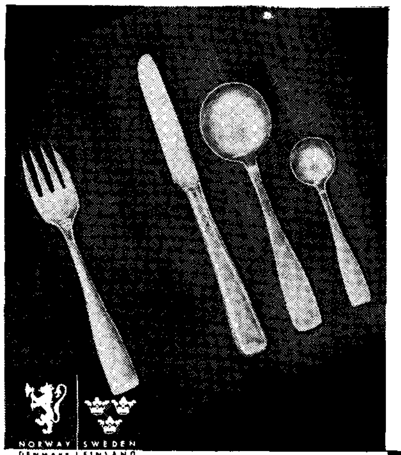

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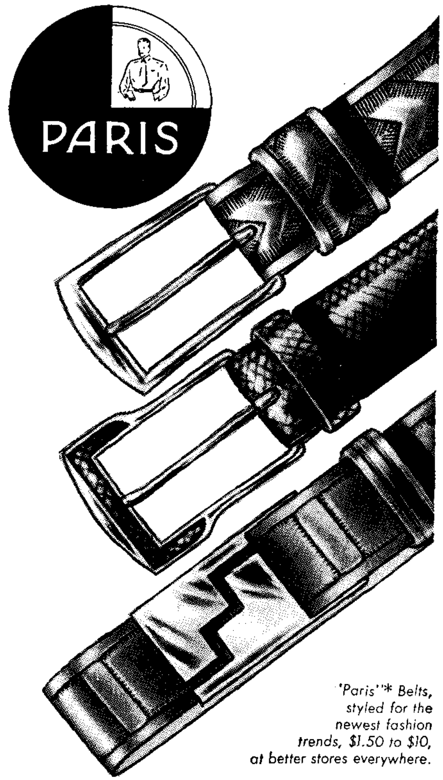
in barns or sheds, or several families live in one room or, at best, with one native German family, which regards them as parasites. Bavarian *Neubürger* account for more than half the state's unemployment; they are the last to be hired and the first to be fired. (It is possible that the government finds the big labor pool useful in keeping down wages, so that West Germany can undercut other Europeans on export prices.) A few *Neubürger* have built prosperous little businesses on small government loans—mostly for the manufacture of glass or musical instruments. Like all refugees for whom responsibility must be laid at the Nazi door, the *Neubürger* have a hard lot. This month, the vice-chancellor of the Bonn government raised a cheer from a hundred and fifty thousand of them meeting impatiently in Stuttgart when he slyly suggested that their plight was the fault of the Allies. It is true that at the Potsdam Conference the Allies officially classified as "ethnic transfers" forced flights that were already an irrevocable *fait accompli.* When the Nazi Army began its retreat from the Eastern and Central European lands it had overrun, these ethnic Germans—who were mostly wholehearted Nazis—were hurled out on the heels of the troops.

The *Neubürger* have a political party, called the League of the Homeless, which last July made a strong showing in a Schleswig-Holstein election. Voting en bloc, the expellees could perhaps hold the balance of power in any future German federal government. The expellees are violent nationalists, Pan-Germanists, and Irredentists. They are already demanding that all those dangerously disputable ethnic German territories that border the Baltic states or lie east of the Oder-Neisse line, in Poland and Czechoslovakia, where their forefathers prospered for centuries and they themselves heiled Hitler, be returned to Germany. Some of them think that the land that should be given to them right now is the million and a quarter acres in the American Zone that were owned by seven hundred rich German individuals or organizations—land that, according to a land-reform law passed three years ago, was to be divided up among the expellees and native German small landholders and workers. So far, only seventy thousand acres have been distributed.

What the life of the *Neubürger* has been for the last five years is unpleasant, if logical. What they have done to the Bavarian economy is tersely summed up in a paragraph from an August report on the little village of Uffing, which has

Careful craftsmanship, deft designing and the smooth, yet solid feel of supple leathers are cleverly combined to make Paris Belts "Tops" for your trousers.



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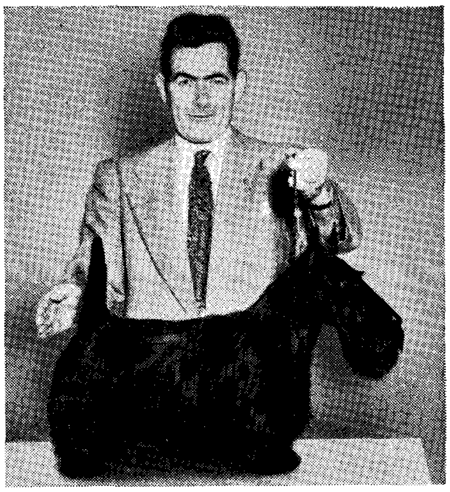

Champion after 4 shows!

"Best of Winners" at Westminster Dog Show, *Champion Goldfinder's Admiral* poses for his handler, John P. Murphy. In only four shows, this Scottish Terrier won enough points to merit his championship rating. Says Murphy, "That's really a flying start for you. The Admiral is a natural. He's got everything he needs—including Dash Dog Food. When touring the dog shows, I always make sure I have Dash for the dogs I show. Dash is fortified with liver, the richest of all meats!" Start *your* dog on Dash. Get it today at your grocery store.

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nine hundred and ninety-nine native Germans, each of whom pays nearly forty dollars a month in taxes to maintain the town's four hundred and ninety-six unwelcome *Neubürger*. Among these *Neubürger* are three hundred and eleven from Czechoslovakia, a hundred and three from Poland, and scatterings from East Prussia, Pomerania, Austria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Lithuania. The paragraph ends with this comment, gravely entitled "The Political Problem": "There is great tension here as a result of Korean events. The peoples ask if Europe will be protected or become a second Korea. Who will care for the *Neubürger* in case of conflict? Can American Europe really give mass support and will it give it or will it only give Germany away?"—GENÊT

•

OLD MOTHER FOWLER

Unless you use Synecdoche,
You cannot say my hat is me,
Nor can you ask, "Tonight what's on?"
Without a slight Hyperbaton.

"Taking aspirin and steps" is
An example of Syllepsis,
And though "gimme" irks the critic,
It's a quite awright Enclitic.

"Honky little tonk" is Tmesis,
"What the ——," Aposiopesis,
But to call a biscuit "bistick,"
That's just too Hypocoristic.

He who woos with single roses
Flatters only by Meiosis;
Any girl should shut the door on
Such a dubious Oxymoron.
—WEARE HOLBROOK

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "Stethoscoop," house organ of the Latter-Day Saints Hospital, Salt Lake City*]

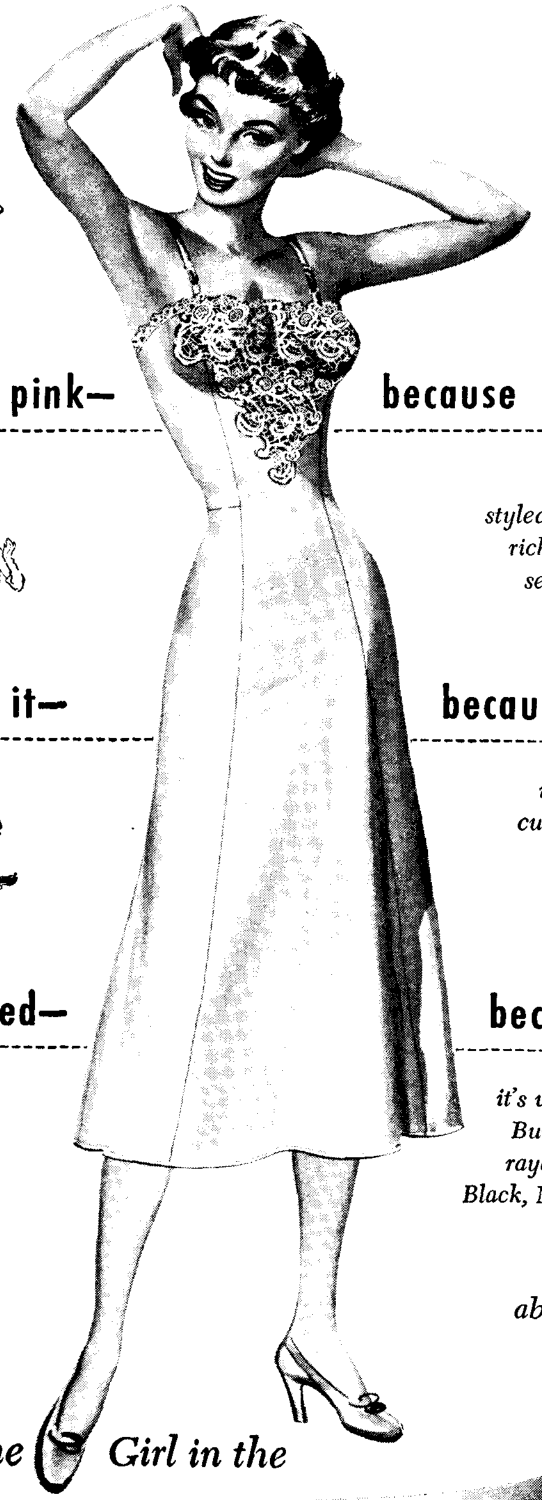
TEAM WORK

One day last week one of our surgeons received a frantic call about a serious gunshot wound. The calling party was told to rush the patient to our Hospital. There was no time for details.

The surgeon dispatched some instructive phone calls and rushed to the Hospital. Within 12 minutes surgery was ready, scrub nurses were at hand, anesthetists were standing by, blood was ready for administration, and the scene was set to save a man's life. *Where could team work be more essential?*

While I do not know who all the participants were, they all rate a "Well Done." In this particular instance the patient did not reach the Hospital, but there will be other times when these people, or others like them, will be standing in readiness.

Clever Girl!* *she knows her lingerie, buys Seamprufe every time! For wear with her new open necklines she chooses the* **"vestee"** *by* SEAMPRUFE—*a filler slip so fashionable this season with low-cut dresses and suits!*



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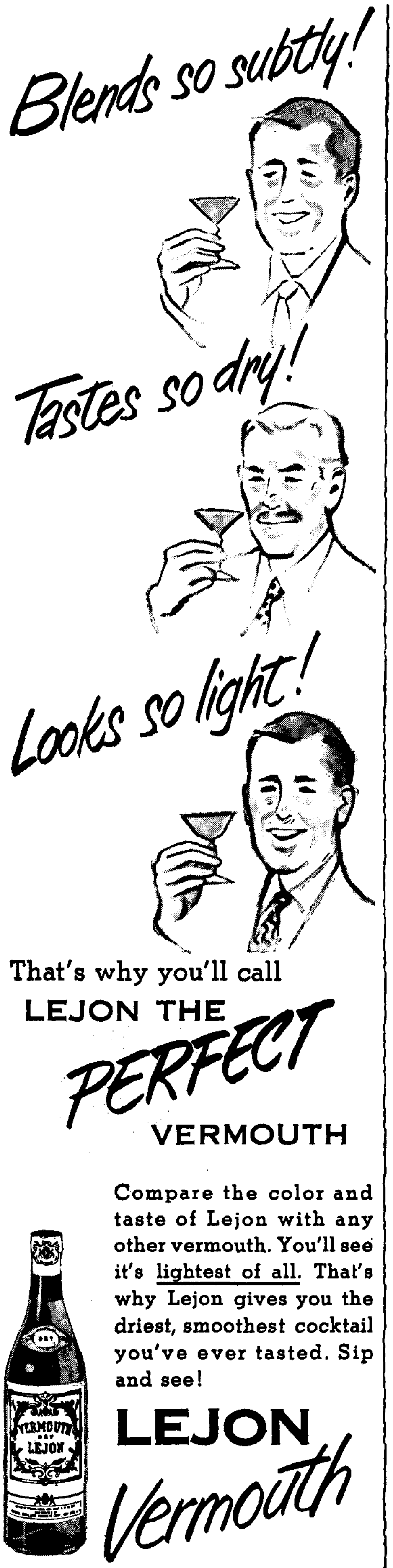

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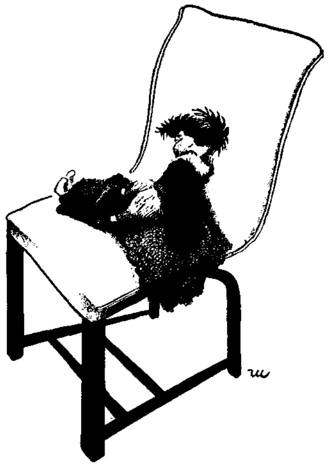
PROFESSOR (LATEST MODEL)

WITHIN the past year or so, a new type of college professor has appeared in popular fiction, supplanting the seedy, absent-minded codger so long fashionable. He is a handsome, brawny fellow who packs a two-fisted wallop, and he is beginning to crowd the daring young doctor, lawyer, engineer, Air Force pilot, Navy officer, reporter, and architect for the romantic lead. Thus, in a recent Philip Wylie magazine serial, "Experiment in Crime," the hero, Martin Luther Burke, a personable young professor at the University of Miami, involved in a branch of higher learning labelled socio-psychology, not only slugs it out with a desperate gang of racketeers and smugglers but for the final clinch has a choice between Connie Maxson, a blond decoy at the Club Egret, on Miami Beach, and Marigold Macey, a beautiful coed.

In a *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Double Dare," Professor Squint Douglas, apparently in biology at Bryn Mawr, bumps (literally) into a Miss Theodora (Teddy) Marchant on a ski run in Vermont. The significant thing here is that Professor Douglas, "a comfortable sort of man . . . nice-looking, in a quiet, weather-beaten kind of way . . . with the native balance and ease of a born skier," has the effect of making Teddy fall in love with him at first sight, and charms her away from a famous young skier, "big and blond and handsome" Fenn Petersen. In another *Post* story, called "Holiday of a Star," Professor William Ellery Sheridan (astronomy, university in Ohio but unnamed) meets a movie star, Beryl Hilton, at the Australian Pines Inn, on the Gulf of Mexico, and in a matter of a few days wins her heart and hand, notwithstanding all the glamorous men she has known in Hollywood. Occasionally, this new-found romantic power spills over onto already married professors, such as Arthur Mills, Assistant Professor of Economics at Columbia, whose wife, in a *Good Housekeeping* story, suddenly recognizes "the vibrant note" in his voice. Now, there is nothing wrong with this sort of thing, except that it may give odd notions to some professors grown respectably gray in service and about to be put out to pasture.

TO one in the academic confines, what is most interesting about this latest-model professor is that he never gets bruised on the rock-ribbed Laws of Promotion. As the university family well knows, there are three successive ranks—instructor, assistant professor, and associate professor—that one must attain, much like the ledges in Dante's Purgatory, before one reaches the Earthly Paradise of a full professorship. Ordinarily, one lingers in each of the lower ranks for a term of five to ten years, depending upon his teaching ability, his connections, his skill at maneuvering, the current market value of his specialty, and his success in what is known as publishing scholarly articles. The chief consideration in this last endeavor is not necessarily quality or significance but the *number* of titles, referred to as one's List of Publications. However, in the world where the new type of professor moves and has his being, the Laws of Promotion do not operate. No sweating it out in the lower ranks for him.

Take, by way of example, Professor Martin Luther Burke, in the Wylie serial already mentioned. At thirty, and after a wartime interlude, he came to the University of Miami as a full professor, and now, at thirty-three, he is about to be made head of the Department of Socio-Psychology. The old-model professor would have plodded on another ten or twenty years to achieve this distinction. In a story in *Collier's*, "White Wedding," Duncan Jones is, at twenty-nine, Professor of Philosophy at a university in Ithaca, which we must assume to be Cornell. (However, I must report with regret that although Jones is Professor of Philosophy, and a Doctor of Philosophy to boot, he is a victim of Momism and loses his fiancée to a mere Navy man.)



PERHAPS the new-model professor is best exemplified by Thomas J. Thompson, age twenty-six, Associate Professor of Biology at Sarah Filby College for Women and hero of the story "Schoolgirl in Pursuit," published in the *Saturday Evening Post.* In swimming, at a place called Lopez Island, Associate Professor Thompson uses "racing strokes," not the erratic dog paddle of the old-model professor. Moreover, he has a notable physique. Virginia Ann Barbour, the particular schoolgirl in pursuit, enjoys "watching the muscles in his shoulders flex" while he is rowing. For old-model muscles, "flutter" or "quiver" would be more accurate.

It is only fair to add that Thompson is not entirely unaware of the Laws of Promotion. "To get anywhere, teaching," he explains to Virginia, "you have to do some silly things. Publications. Schools always want to know what you have had published. I haven't had anything." Thompson must be overly modest. Surely he must have had *something*, for at twenty-six he is an associate professor. Even more remarkable, he has been at Sarah Filby College for Women only two years. Since he has been an associate professor for at least one of those years, we must conclude that during the other he got through both inferior ranks and that the Board of Trustees was called into special session in midyear to pass on his promotion from instructor to assistant professor.

Member of a hungry generation, Thompson is already treading down the full professor in his department. He confides to Virginia, "Old Mansfield is quitting this fall, and somebody is going to get his job. The dean came around just before school was out. She said if I had just a little more professional standing . . ." That accounts for Thompson's presence on Lopez Island in the hot summer of 1949. He is about to do a Publication. In preparation, he is studying a North American shrew, family Soricidae, over-all length 4.2 inches, average hind-foot measurement .52 inches, upper parts chocolate brown, sides ochraceous buff. This is the work that is going to get him old Mansfield's place. Yet the picture leaves one somewhat saddened, for if all goes as expected, Thompson will be a full professor at twenty-seven, his career practically finished, with nothing to look forward to during his remaining forty years except retirement.

THE chronology of Thompson's career grows puzzling when we learn that he has served a fairly long stretch in the United States Marines. In a tender moment, Virginia touches a scar left on his shoulder by a Japanese bayonet, and we are informed that, as

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a sergeant, he took part in the capture of Saipan. That was in 1944. Thompson was then twenty-one. We can safely assume, I think, that he joined at eighteen—that is, in 1941—and that he was discharged in 1945. What is baffling is how Thompson found the time to get any advanced degrees.

A Ph.D. cannot possibly be fitted into his timetable. That degree requires a minimum of three years, and often four or five, beyond the B.A., which itself usually costs four years. Thus, if a student graduates from an accredited high school at eighteen, he would be twenty-five, at the very least, before he had his Ph.D. Since Thompson is twenty-six, there is a margin of only one year in which four years in the Marines and two years at Sarah Filby have to be worked in somehow. Reluctantly, we are forced to the conclusion that Sarah Filby is not a first-rate college and that Thompson has been taken on and advanced with nothing more than an M.A. The chronology would then work out as follows:

1941-45, with the U.S. Marines
1946, getting the M.A. degree
1947-49, at Sarah Filby.

That still leaves the little matter of the B.A. degree. As it had to be earned before 1941, when, at eighteen, he went into the service, Thompson must have first entered college at the age of fourteen.

Just a few more brush strokes and the portrait is complete. One evening, Associate Professor Thompson takes Ginny, as he has come to call her, to a square dance at the schoolhouse on the island. During the intermission, he is invited out behind a parked car to join a circle of men drinking from a "gallon glass jar." When it is passed to him, he knows exactly what to do. He hooks his thumb through the handle and lifts the jar on the crook of his elbow. "By damn," exclaims one of the men in the circle, "now there's an old jug drinker." For the professor (latest model), no praise could be sweeter. —SAMUEL YELLEN

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From "Liberty," by John Stuart Mill, 1859*]	[*From "Courtroom," by Quentin Reynolds, 1950*]
. . . the dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods . . . which all experience refutes. . . . It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake.	The dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods which experience constantly refutes. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to the forces of prejudice and evil.

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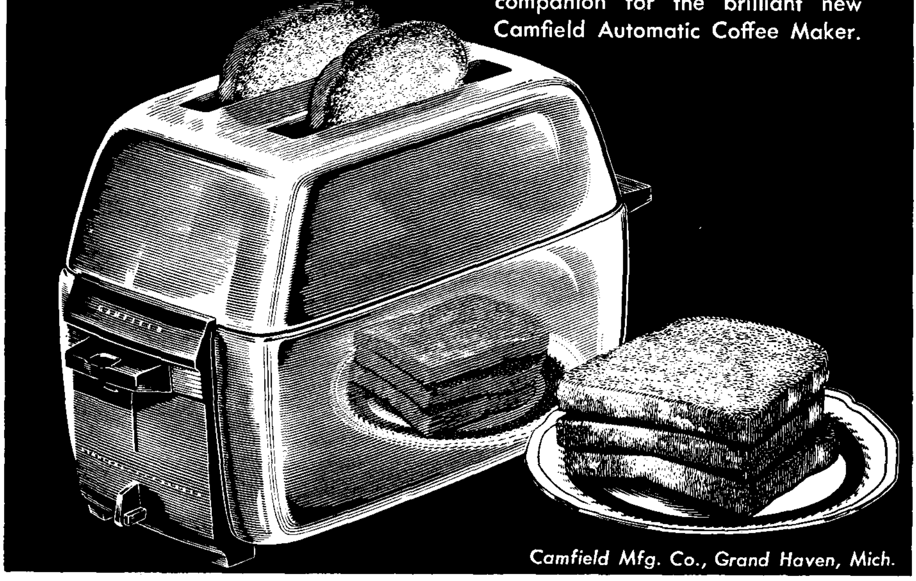
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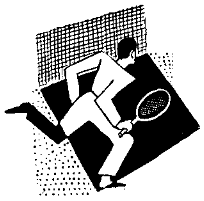

THE over-all quality of the tennis exhibited at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, during this year's National Singles Championships, which wound up last week with Arthur Larsen, of California, as the new and somewhat unexpected men's champion, was not much higher than what one might find in, say, a slightly better than average sectional tournament. There were a number of fine players on hand at the start, to be sure, but for one reason or another they either couldn't play at all or couldn't produce their best when it was required of them. Budge Patty, for instance, the current Wimbledon champion and No. 1 United States seeded player, had to default before the first round when the ankle he sprained at Newport two weeks earlier began giving him trouble again. Frank Sedgman and Kenneth McGregor, the gifted singles players of the Australian Davis Cup team, showed little of the skill or will to win they displayed in the Cup challenge round. Sedgman, the Australian champion, stumbled through two matches to the third round, where he was removed by Earl Cochell, a good Grade B player whom he would ordinarily have taken in straight sets; McGregor, who many thought would win the event, was beaten soundly in the first round by Donald McNeill, a Long Island businessman who hasn't played in a championship at Forest Hills since 1946. In fact, the only sustained first-class tennis I saw in the eight days of play was provided by Gardnar Mulloy, a Florida superannuate of almost thirty-six; he reached the semifinals without dropping a set, and although he lost there, in a five-set marathon, to twenty-one-year-old Herbert Flam, of Beverly Hills, his succumbing was caused more by advancing age and some questionable linesmen's decisions than by anything Flam had to offer.

Larsen and Flam are, respectively, the sixth and tenth ranking players in the country, and they reached their dizzy eminence in the National Singles largely through their apparently limitless energy and their joint conviction that any opponent's shot that comes within half a mile of them is returnable. This situation didn't make for such long rallies as one might suppose, since both players are tireless exponents of the volley-and-lob school, but it did result in one of the closest matches Forest Hills has seen in years. Larsen took the first set, 6–3, devoting about as much energy to the job as Tilden used to expend in five sets. This effort may have tired him slightly; at any rate, he dropped the next two sets, 4–6 and 5–7, and on two or three occasions pursued out-of-reach shots at no more than a swift canter. Flam, on the other hand, was on the dead run practically all the time. After the ten-minute rest interval, Larsen sped about to collect the fourth set, 6–4, and built up a 5–1 lead in the fifth. Flam had a few more laps left, though. Chasing almost into the reserved-seat section after some of Larsen's deep lobs, he won the next two games, and led 30–love in the ninth game, with Larsen serving. That was all, though. Larsen took the next four points and the match.

THE Women's Singles was won, unsurprisingly, by Mrs. Margaret du Pont, of Wilmington, the defending champion, who beat Doris Hart, of Jacksonville, in the final, 6–3, 6–3. The only two surprises of the whole week came in the women's division, however. One was the performance of Althea Gibson, of New York, the first Negro player ever to be entered in the National Singles, who got to within a game of upsetting Louise Brough, the Wimbledon women's champion, in the second round. Miss Gibson was leading, 7–6, in the final set, with Miss Brough obviously quite tired, when a cloudburst postponed further play to the following day, enabling a refreshed Miss Brough to win the next three games and the match. The other surprise also had to do with Miss Gibson. The tennis fathers, in their infinite wisdom, must surely have realized that her appearance in the tournament was a matter of considerable interest to many, yet they staged her first-round match on the remotest possible court, where not more than three hundred spectators could watch, although about three thousand deserted the stadium and tried to.

—P. W. W., Jr.

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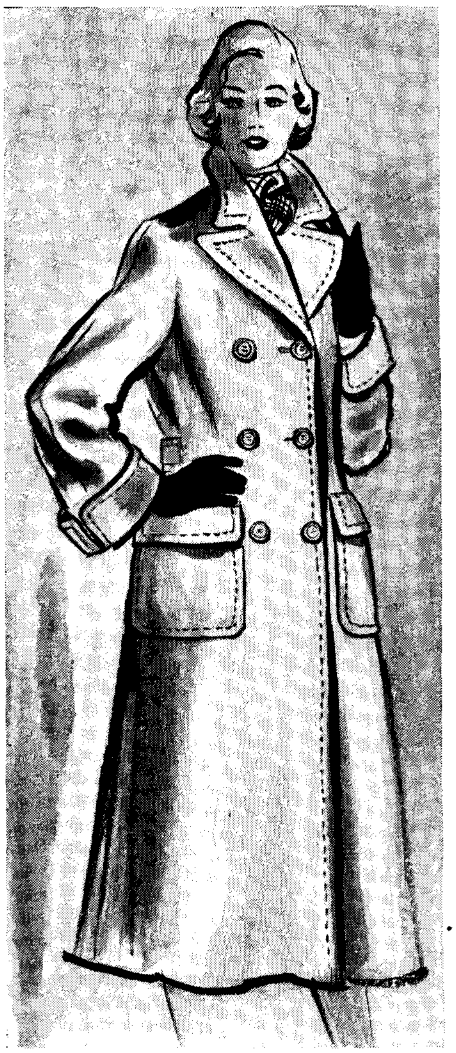

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE shops, as is usual this time of year, are galloping toward cold weather as fast as they can go. Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room has a fine collection of seasonable coats and suits, many of her own design. One suit has a straight skirt and a fitted jacket with lightly stiffened hips and a yoke that is fastened by a single button of imitation pearl and gold metal. The suit appears in navy, mulberry, or light-blue-flecked tweed or gray flannel. For town or country, and for travelling between the two, there's a black-and-white tweed suit, the skirt peg top, the jacket bloused and waist-length, with a red wool jersey lining to match the shirt. A suit of herringbone tweed in henna, cinnamon, or olive green has a skirt with a pointed yoke across the front, a box jacket, and a matching wool jersey blouse. A dress of the same wool jersey, with a round yoke and a fairly straight skirt, would be perfect with the jacket on country weekends or about town in the mornings.

Carnegie's topcoats are, in a word, superb. One, a voluminous thing of black or taupe wool, has a collar that stands high or folds low, according to the weather (or the length of your neck), braid frog fastenings across the chest, and raglan sleeves that may be turned back into elbow-length cuffs on mild days. A slim, fitted version of this coat is in black, navy, taupe, or crimson wool, and another fitted wool coat, this time with a rippling skirt and a yoke cut like a coachman's cape, is on hand in navy, cinnamon, red, or black.

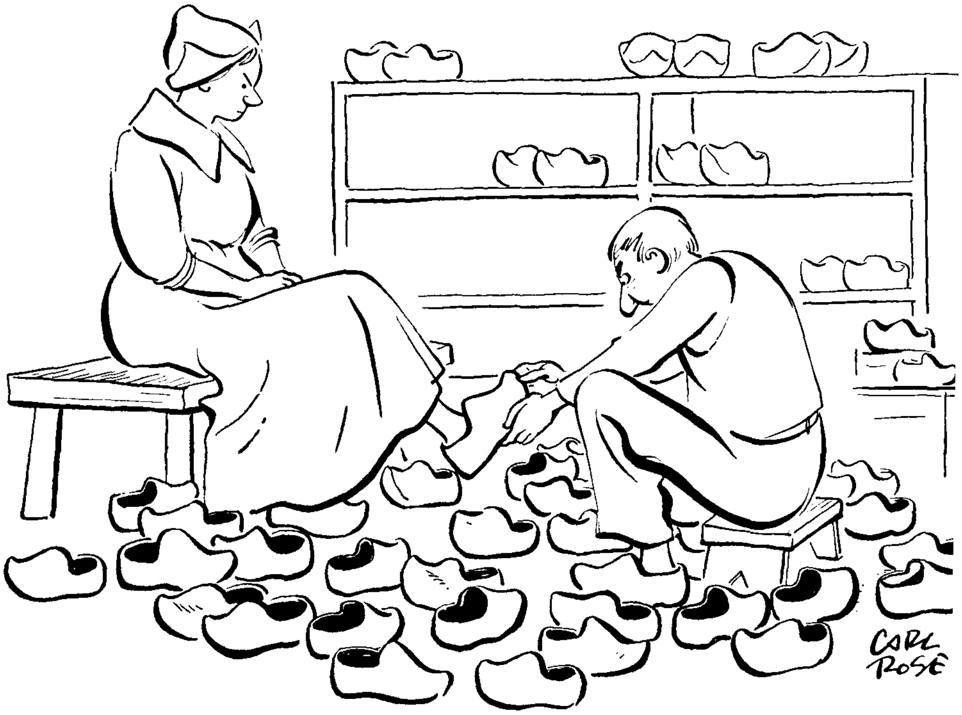
Those who never attempt to brave the autumn/winter season without a black dress or two might find what they need in the Blue Room. A wool jersey day dress has a deep V neck, tiny frogs (hardly more than tadpoles, really) down the bosom, and a narrow skirt in which one can walk and sit with both propriety and charm. Add to this a rayon faille wrap-around skirt with two deep folds at one side, and the incumbent can go out for cocktails. A downright just-for-cocktails dress of rayon faille has stubby tassels edging the cap sleeves and a pocket on one hip, thus imparting a South American note that is fetching without being costume-ball.

In the short-evening-dress class, a popular one at the moment, there's a naked-top, full-skirted beauty in écru Chantilly lace over beige satin festooned with iridescent sequins. Another, equally breathtaking, is black Chantilly over white satin appliquéd with black velvet leaves and giant roses. A third, almost bare above the waist and frothy below, is of the palest beige nylon net, pleated like a fan, which is as pretty as pleating can be. Some of the skirts are stiffened with crinoline.

The prices of the clothes mentioned range between $50 and $155.

SOMEONE named Mme. E. Garnett has ready-to-wear clothes from Italy—topcoats, suits, dresses—at her shop, which is at 47 East 51st Street. They are turned out in her workroom in Italy, of Italian materials, and they could hardly be more wearable, photogenic, or American. Her collection relies entirely on line and workmanship; there is no shock treatment. A fitted topcoat of burnt-orange wool fleece has a black velvet turnover collar, a black velvet belt, and horizontally tucked elbow-length sleeves. A pyramid coat of black wool, with the narrowest of black satin bindings, has a high, pointed collar and an air of Machiavelli, Dante, or the Tragic Muse; i.e., it's romantic and good-looking. A sleek suit of black wool has a straight skirt and a sort of Norfolk jacket, which, when belted in, flips out casually at the sides and in back. A suit in a mottled black, gray, white, and red tweed has a black wool turnover collar, flat flap pockets, and a fingertip-length box jacket with raglan sleeves. Again, the skirt is straight, a pleasure to eyes weary of summer dirndls and pinafores.

There are black dresses here, too, among them a sheer wool that is buttoned in a diagonal line from the high, collarless neckline to halfway down one hip. The straight severity of the skirt is eased by small flutters of pleats at the side back. A slender, feminine marocain crêpe has a scalloped turnover collar held high and handsome by a necktie of starched white piqué. A crêpe, distinctly for cocktails, has flat drapery about the hips, floating side panels that lend wings to your feet as you walk, and a bold V décolletage filled in with pale-pink chiffon on which crystal bugle beads have been embroidered. All of these pretty dresses could be worn by women of any age. There are also fancier things, notably a satin brocade sheath, with a neckline that is slightly V in front and dips modestly at the back. This has a whopping big pouf on one hip. A black façonné taffeta has a full, gathered skirt and the turnover collar, done in white satin in



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this instance, that is Mme. Garnett's signature. A smasher of a cocktail-and-dinner suit of bronze satin has a long tunic coat and a tubular skirt. And a dramatic one of olive-green brocade has a straight skirt, is panel-pleated at each side, and has a short peplum jacket lined with orange silk.

Prices range from $85 to $225, and sizes from 10 to 20, but not every dress is available in every size. A few models may be ordered in special colors. Such stuff will arrive, by plane, in about three weeks.

SIMON, at 924 Madison Avenue (73rd), does eminently satisfying custom suits and topcoats. Cardigan suits are sometimes accompanied by artful waist-length capes that are pointed at the back. Dressmaker suits with neat velvet collars, buttons, and cuffs have soutache braid and ball fringe to decorate the solitary hip pocket. Simon also makes fitted black wool topcoats with small folded collars, to be worn with furs, and casual contrasting-color raglans with wide collars and a tab at the throat—dark-red tweed, perhaps, with a royal-blue rayon faille lining. Suits start at $200, topcoats at $215, and they are all so simple that they should stay in style indefinitely. Delivery in three weeks.

EDWARD REED, who is at 49 West 49th, does classic ready-to-wear tailored suits at from $49.50. One, rather male and rather fitted and with a long, one-button jacket, is shown in black unfinished worsted, gray-and-white bird's-eye worsted, or gray sharkskin. A trim double-breasted suit is set forth in red, green, tan, or beige gabardine, which is exactly the right weight for fall. Giving way to a mood of the moment, Reed has used a Hunting Fraser tartan (bright blue, green, red, and brown) to make a suit with high, short lapels and the straight skirt that is his hallmark. More feminine is a three-piece ensemble—a suit in herringbone wool or mixed tweed with a slightly fitted jacket, which is equipped with a black rayon velvet collar, and a jaunty three-quarter topcoat. His Harris-tweed topcoats are classic too, with set-in or raglan sleeves and in autumn-leaf colors or in checks. They're just about the best thing in the world for travelling or for that daily turn in the Park; $39.50.

BENDEL'S Young-Timers department has added a rack of negligees and a pile of lingerie to its stock in trade. A pretty peignoir, in pink, blue, or white basketweave wool, has a trail of rayon satin flowers appliquéd down the bosom and along the sleeves. It's $39.95, which is as high as you can go here in negligees. A three-quarter lounging coat, in royal blue, coral, or emerald flannel (the cut, the colors, and the fabric are all sturdy) has two enormous (sixteen inches deep) pockets, almost as large as storage bins, and much warmer for one's hands. It's $17.95. A fitted wool housecoat in a check of, say, forest green and yellow is handsome enough to reassure any woman first thing in the morning, and cut well enough to greet a husband home from the office. In other words, it can be worn all day long—in the house, that is. It's $29.95. Some lounging pajamas, recommended by Bendel for TV evenings, but fine for just talking or playing the piano, are composed of a short, impudent tunic of black rayon taffeta, which has a multicolored metallic overcheck, and tapering slacks of black rayon velvet; $35. The slacks, of course, would go nicely with a white silk shirt or one of those bare-shouldered jerseys. For very quiet evenings, there's a pair of Jacquard rayon-crêpe sleeping pajamas, with short-sleeved tops and wide trousers, in white, pink, pale blue, yellow, green, or flame; $10.95. Among the nightgowns is a nylon tricot, very clinging, very soft, with a décolletage of ruffled nylon net hand-embroidered with rosebuds. More rosebuds show up on the waistband. In white, pale blue, or pale pink; $18.95. A slip to match is $14.95, a petticoat is $12.95, pants are $8.95. A set of handmade lingerie in silk crêpe, seductive enough for a trousseau, is edged with narrow imitation Valenciennes lace and embroidered with small flowers. It's in pale blue, pink, or white. The cost runs from $7.95 (pants) to $16.95 (nightgown, in the Empire manner). Bendel's lacy rayon-crêpe slips begin at $3.95, a price that should please anyone.

DELMAN'S shoes, this season, are apt to combine two leathers or two fabrics. His newest Spectator pumps are all of suède and have high (*not* Cuban) heels. Some are banded with calf; others have a bit of calf over the rounded toes and tapering off at one side. They're black, brown, or navy. Medium-heeled suède walking pumps, robust but feminine, have knots of calf scattered like polka dots over the vamp. His calf pumps are tan, with dark-brown kid piping and dark-brown bows, or black, with gray kid piping and bows. For the many women who can't or won't wear high heels but want a dressed-up shoe, there are suède pumps with medium tall and commendably slender heels. These are trimmed with grosgrain, steel beads, or piecrust cutouts. Some of them come in brown, and all come in black or navy. For cocktails and evening, there are slim ankle-strap sandals in black satin or suède. A highly formal group of high-heeled opera pumps, shell pumps, and open- or closed-toe sandals appears in black nylon velvet, which is said not to spot even in a downpour. However, the big surprise of the Delman collection is a bare evening sandal, a definite nod to the twenty-first century. It's a handmade concoction of gilded calf with a towering heel, a mere thread of an ankle strap, and widely carved scallops outlining the foot. Another pretty bauble is a gold nylon mesh sandal with high heels and ankle straps of black nylon velvet. Sandals of Venetian-type lace, with nylon velvet heels and ankle straps, are shown in black, navy, or white. The white lace can be dyed to suit. Other items worthy of comment: black satin or velvet sandals with glittering jet heels, and jewelled sandals in black or white satin or in silver and gold kid, some with sparkling heels, others studded all over. Prices here start at $22.95.

FOR old shoes that are coming apart, and for new ones that won't fit, T. O. Dey, on the third floor of 509 Fifth Avenue (42nd), is able to offer a hundred solutions and seventeen thousand lasts. The very thought of all that footwork might exhaust most of us, but not the busy bees in this emporium. When resoling, they insert a piece of felt between the soles, for extra comfort. This job costs a minimum of $6. If alligator or other reptile shoes are split, they can repair the damage with a matching scrap so deftly that no one can see the mend. They not only redress and redye shoes but remove tarnish from gold or silver evening slippers and bags by a process they claim will keep them bright indefinitely. If anyone brings them a swatch of her new suit or dress, they'll do everything from whipping up a pair of toe bows ($5 and up) to covering shoes to match the costume, if the customer insists that that's what she wants. Doing this to shoes costs at least $35, though. The shop doesn't stop at shoes. Its stocking department is solicitous about tender feet, allergic feet, and so on. For such

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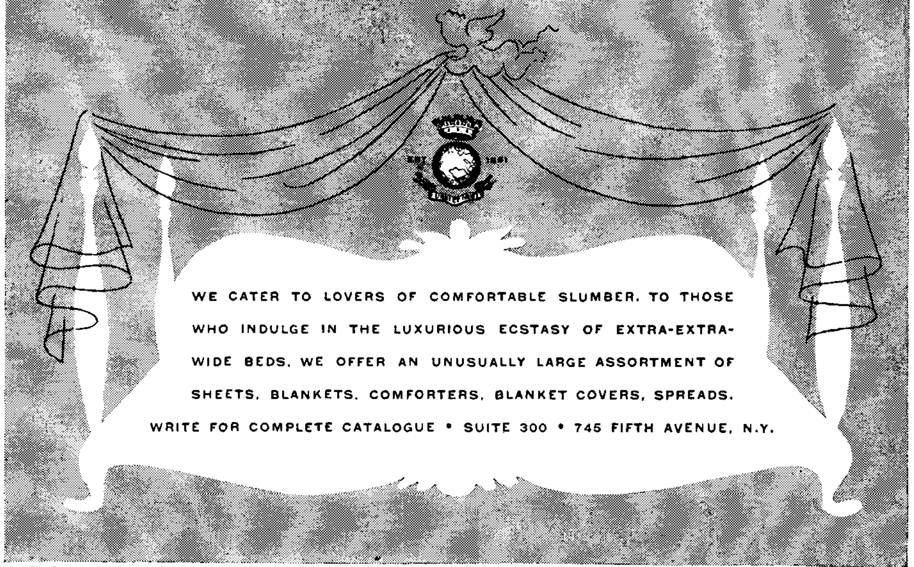

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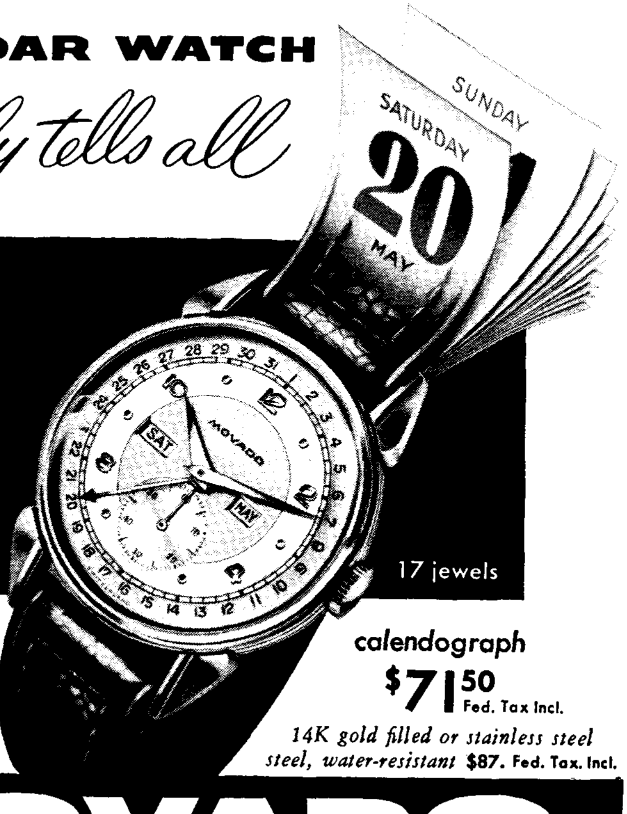

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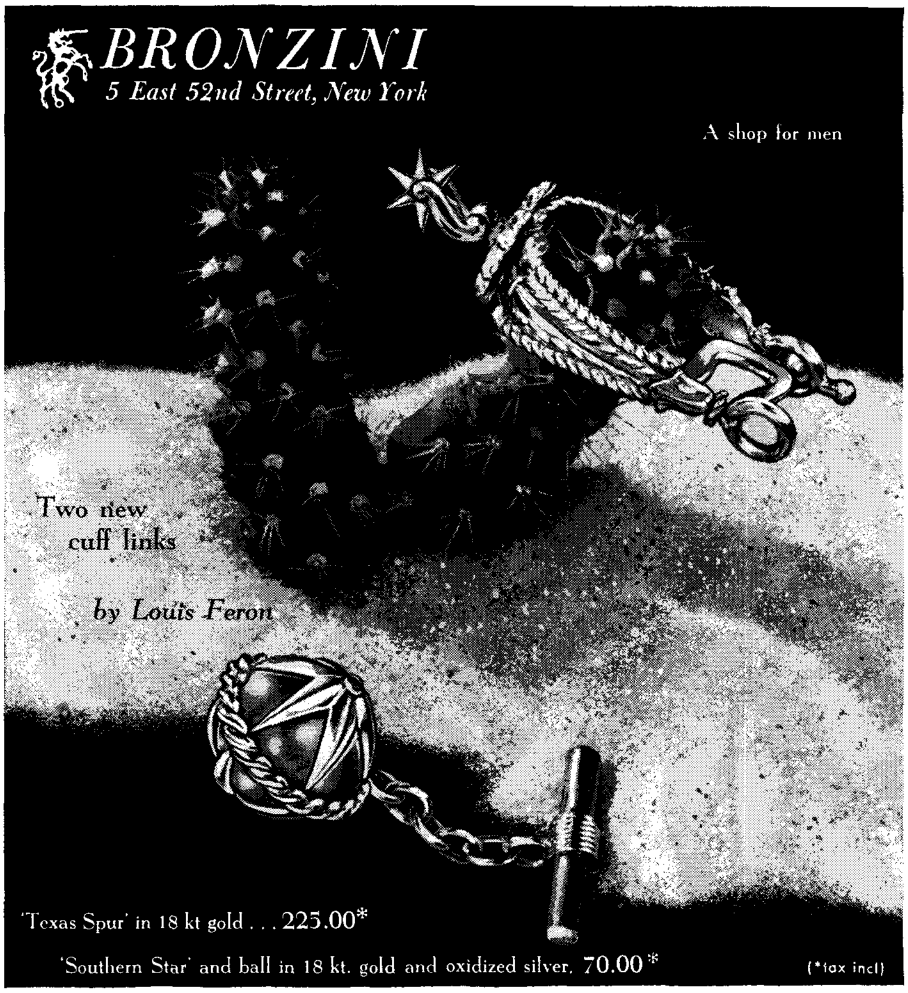

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problems, it has nylons with cotton or silk feet, or, for sandal devotees, nylons with cotton soles. It also has silk stockings. Some go up to size 12, some are as long as thirty-seven inches, and prices are between $1.25 and $1.95.

TO keep company with your new suit, or simply to wear with odd skirts and jumpers, de Free, 547 Madison Avenue (55th), has masculinely tailored custom shirts for from $8 to $18. There are a variety of models, from severe to not quite so severe, and a couple of hundred fabrics to choose from. The white Jacquard cottons and polka-dotted taffetas are particularly good, but then so are the almost weightless woollens and necktie silks. Be prepared to wait three to four weeks for a shirt.

GRAB BAG: Women who have accidentally fattened themselves up during the summer might begin thinking of Constance Gaul, at 1 East 53rd Street, and her body massage. Her procedure is effective but relaxing. She starts the customer off with a workout in the gym, wraps her in an electric blanket for half an hour, then gives her an hour of massage, which includes the face and neck. After my session with Mme. Gaul, I felt refreshed, glowing, and lithe, in the order named. A course of ten treatments is $60; without the blanket business, it's $10 less. The establishment is open Tuesday and Thursday evenings till eight. . . . Fille d'Eve is the forthright name given to Nina Ricci's newest French perfume. It has a fruity tang when it is put on, but that soon changes to a warm, mellow aroma. One and a third ounces in a stunning Lalique apple costs $30, and its effect on any man is said to be worth a lot more. At Lord & Taylor and Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Lanvin is reintroducing an old favorite, his Spanish Geranium cologne, a true, pungent fragrance that might be called—well, nostalgic. In four- and eight-ounce sizes, $6 and $10.20, as well as a traveller's size for $2.40. . . . Guerlain's talc is another welcome revival, now in six scents, including Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, and the new Fleur de Feu, at $2.40. . . . Mary Chess, that original thinker, is putting her bath powder in an ivory plastic box, so you'll no longer have to worry about its being spattered by a shower or bath; $3.60. And she'll soon have refills on the market; $1.80. . . . DuBarry's Crème Superbe, which lives up to its name, is a rich night cream that works like magic on sun-parched skins or on complexions that are just plain tired; in two sizes, at $3.30 and $6. . . . All prices, by the way, include the federal tax. —G. J.

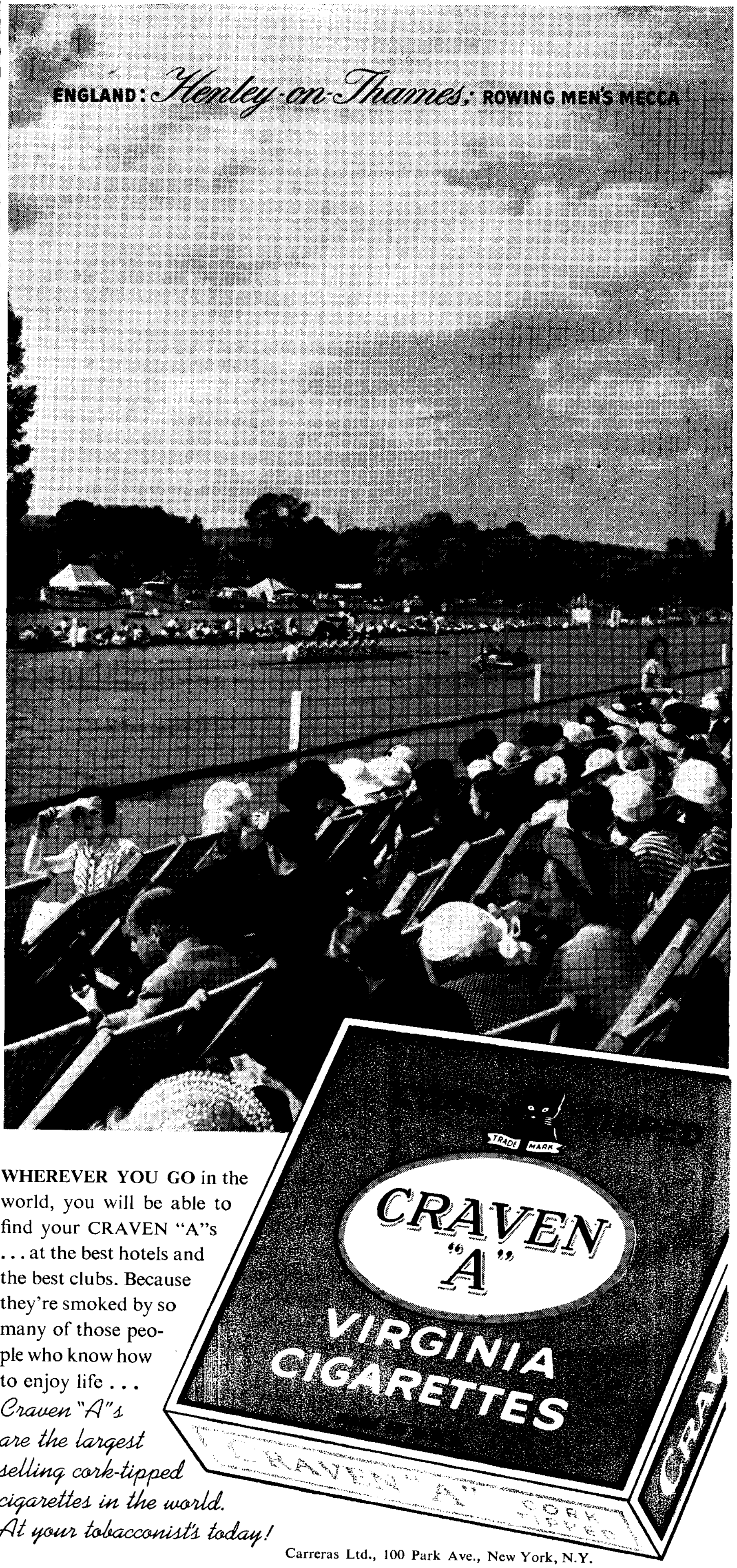
ABOUT THE HOUSE

Liberation

PERHAPS I am oversusceptible to what seem to be signs and portents of a new era, so it's possible that a service called the Know-How Workshop, recently come to roost at 1947 Broadway (65th), may not be productive of the fundamental changes in home life, for better or for worse, that I foresee. This undeniably shrewd venture comprises a course of schooling aimed at banishing the handyman (and maybe, with a few extra lessons, the man, handy or otherwise) from the home. Once enrolled in the Know-How Workshop, a housewife can, if she keeps her eyes and her notebook open, learn to replace the tapes of Venetian blinds, patch a plaster wall, put a rush bottom in an antique chair, and do everything for a recalcitrant electric toaster except make it yield edible toast (that, to my way of thinking, is beyond the ability of *any* electric toaster). She can also learn to refinish wood, deal with a dripping faucet, and, if she's willing to abandon herself to such projects, even rehang a window and put new springs in an ailing sofa.

All these basic problems of home upkeep and dozens of others heretofore left to strong men, professional or domestic, are cleared up during the instruction given by the K.-H.W.'s staff of three experts (male), who conduct morning, afternoon, and evening classes of two hours each and who must hold some sort of record for versatility. The course—eighteen hours in all—is a flexible one, designed to fit into the limited leisure of the busiest housewife or working girl, or, for that matter, since the school is technically coeducational and harbors at least two men students, any man who is ready to confess that he needs such tutelage. One may attend twice a week during the day for four and a half weeks, or once a week in the evening for nine weeks. Classes begin at ten o'clock in the morning, one in the afternoon, and seven and eight in the evening, Mondays through Thursdays. The tuition is $30, tools are provided, and there is no charge for materials used.

I attended an eight-o'clock class the other evening that was composed entirely of young women who were attending their final session. Fortunately



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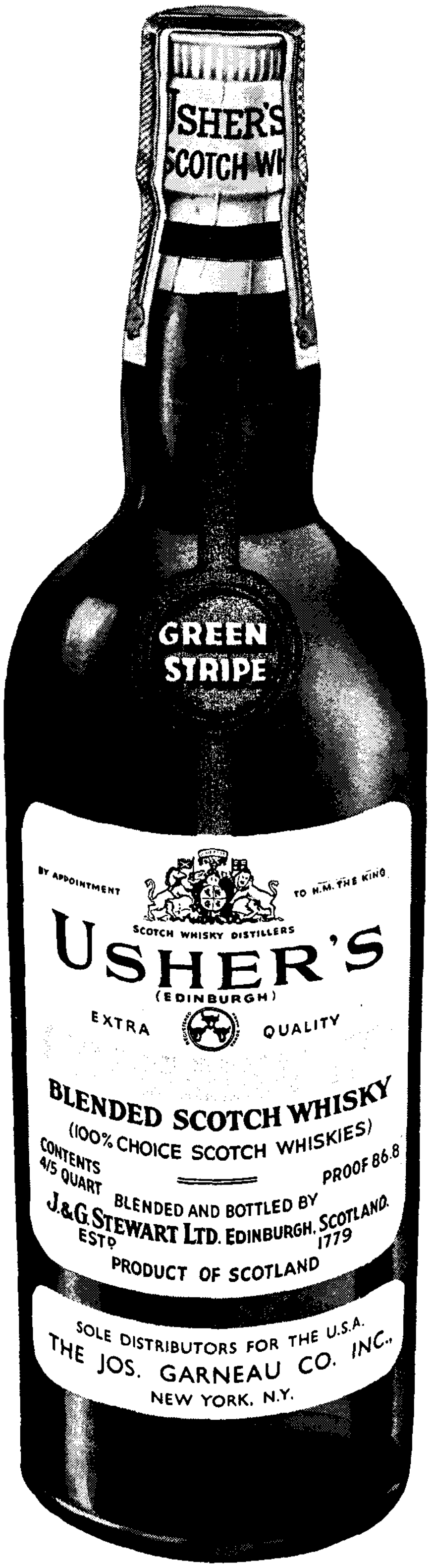

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for me, they had elected to spend their time reviewing subjects they felt they had not quite mastered, so I was able to get a fair idea of the scope of the curriculum. Although the young ladies tackled such minor matters as the correct method of sharpening scissors (and with a resolute self-confidence that would appall the manufacturers of all those fancy sharpeners on the market), they tended, on the whole, to concentrate on the phenomenon of electricity. The great success of the evening was the rigging up of a front- and back-door bell (chimes for the front door, a buzzer for the back), first with a dry cell and then with house current and a transformer. The fact that nobody but me even jumped when the darned thing actually rang illustrates the high standard of achievement at the Workshop.

Not the least useful feature of the course is that it teaches one to identify countless tools and small parts, a speaking acquaintance with which does so much for a girl's assurance. On a big board in the workroom, there is a fine display of such modest yet necessary objects as a toggle bolt, a repair bolt, a loose-pin butt, a butt hinge, a T hinge, a strap hinge, various washers, and half a dozen kinds of nails, brads, and the like, each with its name painted below it. By studying this exhibit, one can appreciably reduce the chances of making a monkey of oneself in a hardware store. Also, the walls of the workroom are lined with charts showing cross-sections of faucets, diagrams of the mysterious workings of a toilet tank, views of what goes on inside a lamp socket, and such things, all looking startlingly like medical drawings of the digestive tract. As for live, working faucets, with attendant drainpipes, a long sink with four spigots furnishes the necessary field for demonstration. Several old-fashioned faucets, of varying degrees of antiquity, are also kept on hand for study, bearing witness that the Workshop acknowledges the hard facts of the housing situation. What the ladies make of such grisly problems as grease traps and faucet packing, you will have to investigate for yourself; before they had got around to tampering with the plumbing, I left them. They were heartily absorbed in opening up an electric iron.

SOME five centuries before the Know-How Workshop hit on its telling slogan, "Learn to do it yourself," Moorish women of the mountains around Granada, guided perhaps by the reflection that if they didn't learn to weave rugs themselves, the family tiles would go bare, had perfected that combination of expert hand-looming and imaginative design known as the Alpujarra rug—an antique example of which, by the way, can be seen at the Hispanic Society, on Broadway between 155th and 156th Streets. The Andalusians picked up the art from the Moors and have handed it down from generation to generation of their weavers with very little change. A collection of these rugs has recently appeared at the Lorton Studios, 21 East 62nd Street, the first that have shown up for sale in this country since before the Spanish Civil War.

It is hard to give you an idea of the artistry and the skilled workmanship that remove the Alpujarras from the banality of a lot of contemporary floor coverings, and it's harder still to pigeonhole them as belonging to any one school of decoration. Some of the Lorton examples have a suavity that is reminiscent of the finest Scandinavian weaving, others are almost rudely primitive, and a few are even gently romantic—which is to say, perhaps, that they are all essentially Spanish. One motif runs through practically all the designs, although sometimes so unemphatically that it might be overlooked; it is the influence of Moorish ironwork, which provided a rich inspiration for much fifteenth-century Andalusian decoration. On a handsome rug in the dull red of Spanish antique earthenware is a deep border of delicate white tracery unmistakably indebted to a bit of grillwork; on a dark-green carpet with a raised pattern of conventional roses (this would fit admirably into an Early American room) the ironwork theme is no more than a suggestion; against a striking Turkey-red background it is realistically presented in black, an intricate design that would go well in a library or a man's office; and, again, it is only subtly indicated in a magnificent room-sized carpet of soft, pale green with a white pattern. The Alpujarras not only vary widely in color and design but have three quite different textures. One is the result of a tight weave combined with a striking embossed effect rather like that of the Bernadotte rugs shown here not long ago, another presents the same tight weave without the raised design, and the third is more loosely woven. Each rug is set off by a sewed-on fringe in its predominating colors. Prices run from $95, for a loosely woven specimen in dark blue with a cheerful pattern of bright green, white, and red (four feet seven by six feet seven), to $240, for a rug of formal elegance in the same loose weave (eight feet three by nine feet ten). The studio, in addition to selling the rugs on hand, takes special orders, promising delivery on them in from three to four months.

IT may be that, watching wreckers at work on the noble old mansions about town, you have thought regretfully of the destruction of their furnishings and the disappearance of the nineteenth-century *mœurs* they stood for; if so, you will be relieved to know that at least the brass fittings of some of those splendid interiors have not been lost but have turned up in the studios of Charles McCarthy, at 48 East 57th Street. There are few of the town's great vanished dwellings—the Washington Square houses, sundry Vanderbilt homes, and all the others—that are not represented in this collection of Regency doorknobs, Georgian locks, Louis XVI escutcheon plates, French filigree gilt lever handles of the finest workmanship, elaborately chased door hinges, and Louis XV *espagnolettes* that once adorned heavy French windows. Salvaging local flotsam, even the finest of it, is, I hasten to say, only a minor activity of the McCarthy firm, which devotes itself primarily to restoring and reproducing antique hardware. But the rescued odds and ends are of such unusual charm that they should not be overlooked by anybody with a building problem, or even a renovating problem, on his mind. There are, for example, half a dozen or so Regency brass doorknobs outlined with a small beaded pattern—perfect of their kind—which McCarthy will fit with spindles and the right rose plate, for $5, all told; a fairly large assortment of silver-plated knobs (these from Washington Square), at around $4; a few outsize pure-crystal knobs, at $9; a couple of eighteenth-century cut-glass newel posts, for $25 each; and a number of small oval or round brass Georgian doorknobs, for as little as $3 each. These fascinating things—reproductions of them would cost four or five times as much—are on hand in such small quantities that it is probably risky to mention them here.

Having got into the McCarthy premises through the back door, so to say, I should now tell you of the reproductions and adaptations of antique hardware that are the firm's more serious concern. Although much of the work is copied from Georgian or seven-

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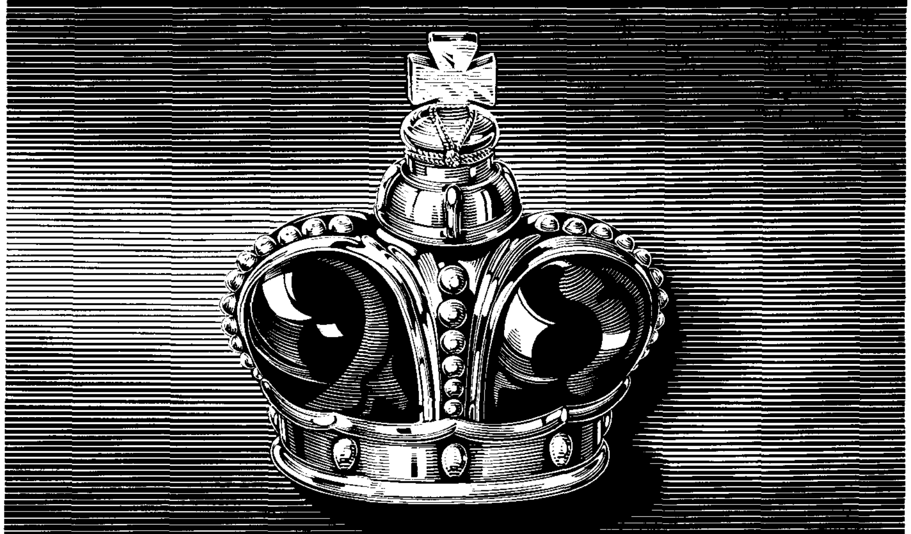
teenth- and eighteenth-century French originals, some of the most interesting effects are achieved by combining old and new parts not only with skill but with the utmost discretion. Thus, a reproduction of an old English doorplate will be outlined with a delicately chased antique border that gives it just the right character; curtain tiebacks may be equal parts authentic Regency and the most careful reproduction; and a Louis XV escutcheon plate may be trimmed down and relieved of its overweening heaviness, to its considerable advantage. Among the reproductions are some doorknobs copied from classic English and French pieces, costing from $6, for an egg-shaped knob of plain white porcelain, to $16.50, for one of pink or blue porcelain covered with flowers and scrolls. A delightful knob with a white-and-yellow design, which would be exactly right on an Adam door, is $9.50.

DOORKNOBS of a very different sort are to be seen at the workshop (113 West 10th Street) of Carol Janeway, a distinguished craftsman who produces ceramics of captivating originality. A sizable group of ready-made knobs that would go well with most interiors is kept on hand, but Miss Janeway is best known for custom jobs, which either pick up some feature of the decoration of the room in which they are used or emphasize a personal interest of the householder. The stock knobs come adorned with such conceits as clasped hands beneath a legend that says "Welcome," a single and rather leering large green eye, and a sgraffito design of a strange bird. A stock-model knob two inches in diameter and fitted with spindles is $6.50, a two-and-three-quarter-inch one is $8.50, and an extra-big one—three and a quarter inches—is $12.50. For the same money—except in the case of the middle-sized knob, which is $10—you can have knobs made that carry out your own ideas.

The output of the 10th Street shop is by no means confined to doorknobs. Miss Janeway has a spectacular way with tiles, and I had better warn you they are so alluring that you may come out of the place irrevocably committed to installing tiles in places you had never dreamed of using them before. For example, behind a work sink in the shop's back quarters is a charming set of large and accurately drawn butterflies, an arrangement that could certainly be used to advantage in taking the curse off those smug, shiny modern kitchens or in tempering the slickness of the fash-



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THE BERMUDA SHOP
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ion-magazine bathroom. Prices of the tiles start at $5, for one six inches square, and there are any number of designs to choose from. Other appealing Janeway items are feeding bowls for cats or dogs, with the name and portrait of the pet ($6 to $10); every conceivable type of drawer pull ($3 to $4); astonishing thumbtacks with gay ceramic heads ($3 to $5 each); soap dishes that are both practical and fetching ($8 and $12.50); large tiles with house numbers ($5 to $15); and memorandum plaques to replace the old kitchen blackboard ($2 to $12.50, including a grease pencil to write on it with).

IF, earlier in this exercise, you were left unmoved by my enthusiasm for the hand-loomed Spanish rugs, maybe some unusually treated sheepskins—equally decorative, in their own way—will catch your fancy. These furs, to be had at Hansen, 978 First Avenue (53rd), come in fifteen-inch squares, which the shop will stitch together into rugs of any size you like. The furs are sold either closely clipped or left shaggy, and most of them cost $10 a square. It is my opinion that the unclipped skins, while luxuriously comfortable to tread on, are overpoweringly woolly, so I incline toward the clipped variety. Owing to the convenient fact that different sheep grow different-colored wool, the natural skins are available in white, gold, and various shades of gray, brown, and near-black; they can be put together in a checkerboard pattern or matched to produce a solid-color rug. The white wool is $11 a square, and the gold, presumably the next best thing to what Jason went to all that trouble for, is $12. —S. H.

•

City police received their usual number of routine nuisance calls over the weekend. Saturday afternoon they settled a dispute over a fence on Central Avenue. Saturday evening they got a cat out of a tree on Water street. Shortly after midnight Saturday, they took the keys away from a driver who was attempting to start his car.—*Warren (Pa.) Times-Mirror.*

That's nipping crime in the old bud.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Russia's Jacob Malik gave a party last night. Those who went said it was a dud. There was plenty of vodka, but no caviar.—*The Post, September 1st.*

The final paradox . . . was the party Mr. Malik gave last night at the Waldorf-Astoria. . . . It was a lavish Russian affair—salmon from the Volga, caviar . . .—*The Times, same day.*

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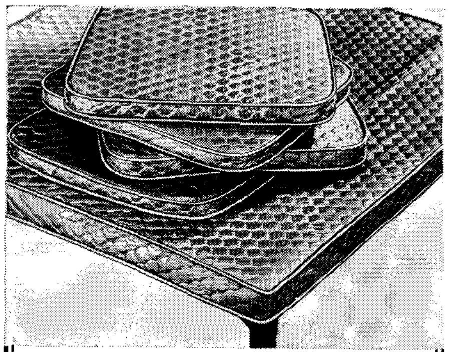

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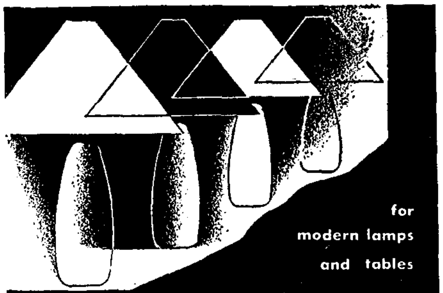

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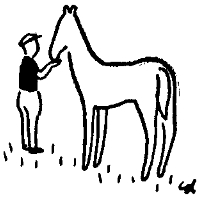
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

High Times



NOTHING infuriates an English horseman more than to hear an American observe that the steeplechase fences on William du Pont, Jr.'s, great Foxcatcher National Cup course, at Fair Hill, Maryland, require a horse to jump higher than anything at Aintree does. Last spring, in Liverpool, I heard an Englishman retort bitterly to such a remark, "Sir, there are two things we British will not have challenged—the size of the Queen ships and the height of the Grand National fences. You Americans insist everything is bigger over there. Well, in this case that just isn't true." So perhaps I ought not to mention that when Canford, a nice Irish horse owned by Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir, of Rockland, Delaware, and a distant cousin of the mastermind of Fair Hill, won the Foxcatcher National Cup last Saturday, he not only set a record for the race, speeding over the three-mile course and its nineteen fences in 5:58⅘, but in doing so cleared a brush obstacle that is undoubtedly the highest one anywhere—six feet four inches. Riders call it the Chinese Wall.

Actually, the Foxcatcher Cup race, despite its big fences, is far safer than England's Grand National, because there are nowhere near as many runners in it (this year there were only five, as against forty-nine in last March's Grand National) and because the obstacles at Aintree are trickier on the landing side than on the approach. Aintree's notorious Becher's Brook fence is only a trifle over four feet high—and it's the highest on the course—but there is a dropoff on the landing side that must make a horse think he is stepping from a cloud.

Canford was exceptionally well ridden, I thought, by Joe Snyder, a young professional who had never seen the course before he walked over it the morning of the race. His mount, carrying a mere hundred and forty-one pounds, went right to the front and stayed there. Mrs. Cortright Wetherill's Adaptable, the three-to-two favorite, who carried a hundred and sixty pounds, finished ten lengths back, in second place, a neck ahead of Bayard Sharp's Lieutenant Well and a length ahead of Richard K. Mellon's Replica II, twice a winner of the Foxcatcher. Mrs. C. E. Adams' ancient campaigner Refugio, who is almost snow-white now and, at four to one, was the long shot of the field, came in a poor last. Jim Ryan, who trains the Weir horses and brought Canford here from England four years ago, is over there again, shopping. He also hopes to find a British trainer who will prepare Canford for next year's Grand National. Obviously, the horse has the necessary speed and jumping ability. Canford, by the way, was the second choice at Fair Hill and paid two to one.

MR. DU PONT (his wife, of course, is the Mrs. du Pont who won the National Women's Tennis Championship for the third year in a row last week) is a thin, wiry man who is recognized everywhere as an authority on steeplechase fences, having had a hand in the construction of practically every course in America. He gets up early enough every morning to gallop one of his thoroughbreds over his private training track (a mile and an eighth), eat breakfast at his home, Bellevue Hall, and still get into Wilmington in time to open the Delaware Trust Company, of which he is president, at nine o'clock. After checking on affairs at the bank until noon last Saturday, he rushed out to Fair Hill, took in all six races run that day, and, after the last one, acted as host to five hundred people at the annual Foxcatcher tea, held in a nearby barn. When darkness fell, du Pont left the tea fanciers in the hands of a caterer and returned home to dress for dinner and the Vicmead Hunt Club Ball. During the rest of the year, du Pont, who built and is a member of the executive committee of the Delaware Park race track, at Stanton, Delaware, keeps busy with that or with his engineering business and his real-estate business, or attending to his duties as a member of the audit committee of du Pont de Nemours. Otherwise, his time's his own. —T. O'R.

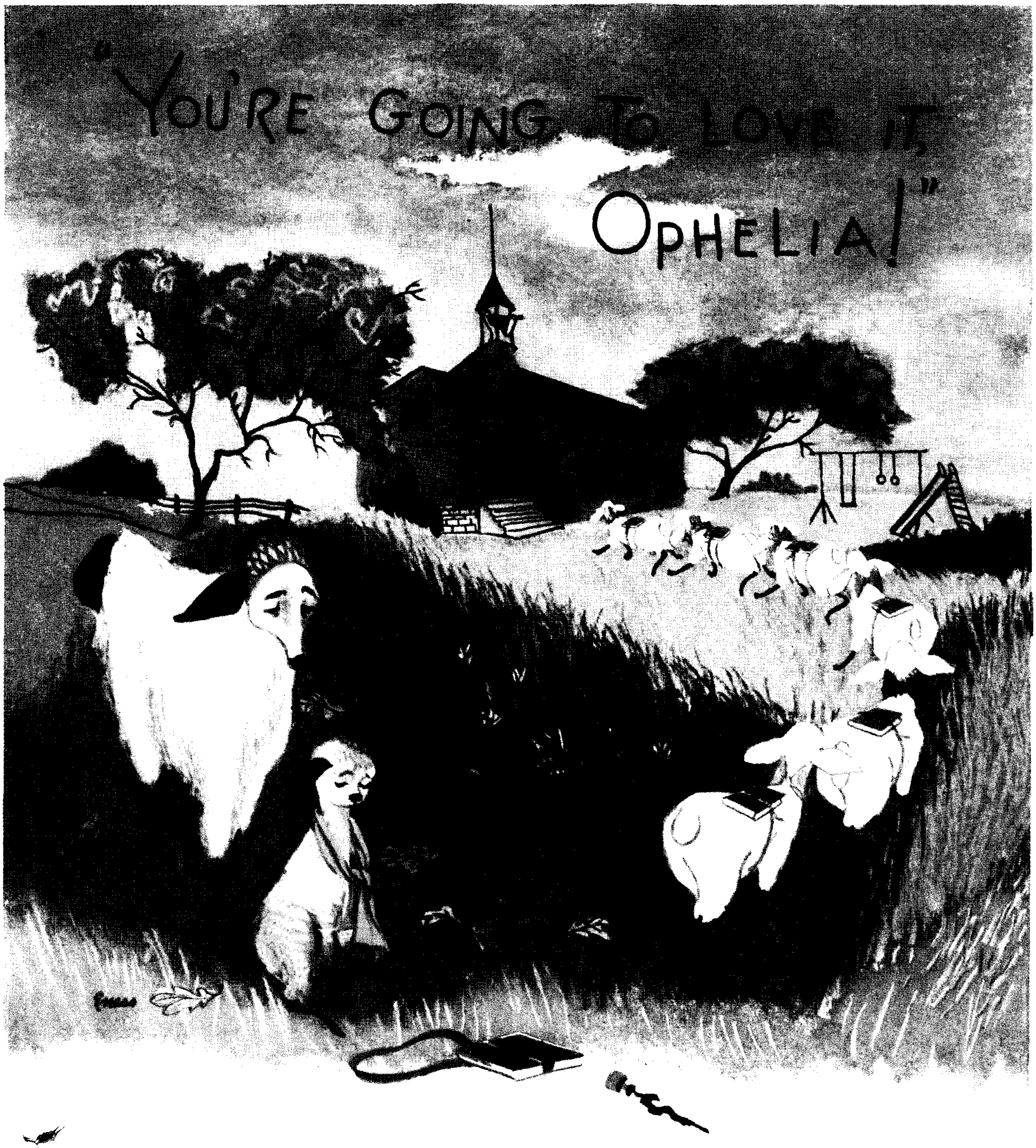
•

Mrs. Celia Stark of Manhattan has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Helen Stark, to Daniel D. Weiss, son of Meyer Weiss of Broad Channel. no charge or obligation and to bring the family along if no baby sitter is available.

According to the Maxwill people anybody with average mechanical ability and a little time can learn to do an expert job on a tile wall.

—*Rockaway Beach Wave.*

Not if the family is along.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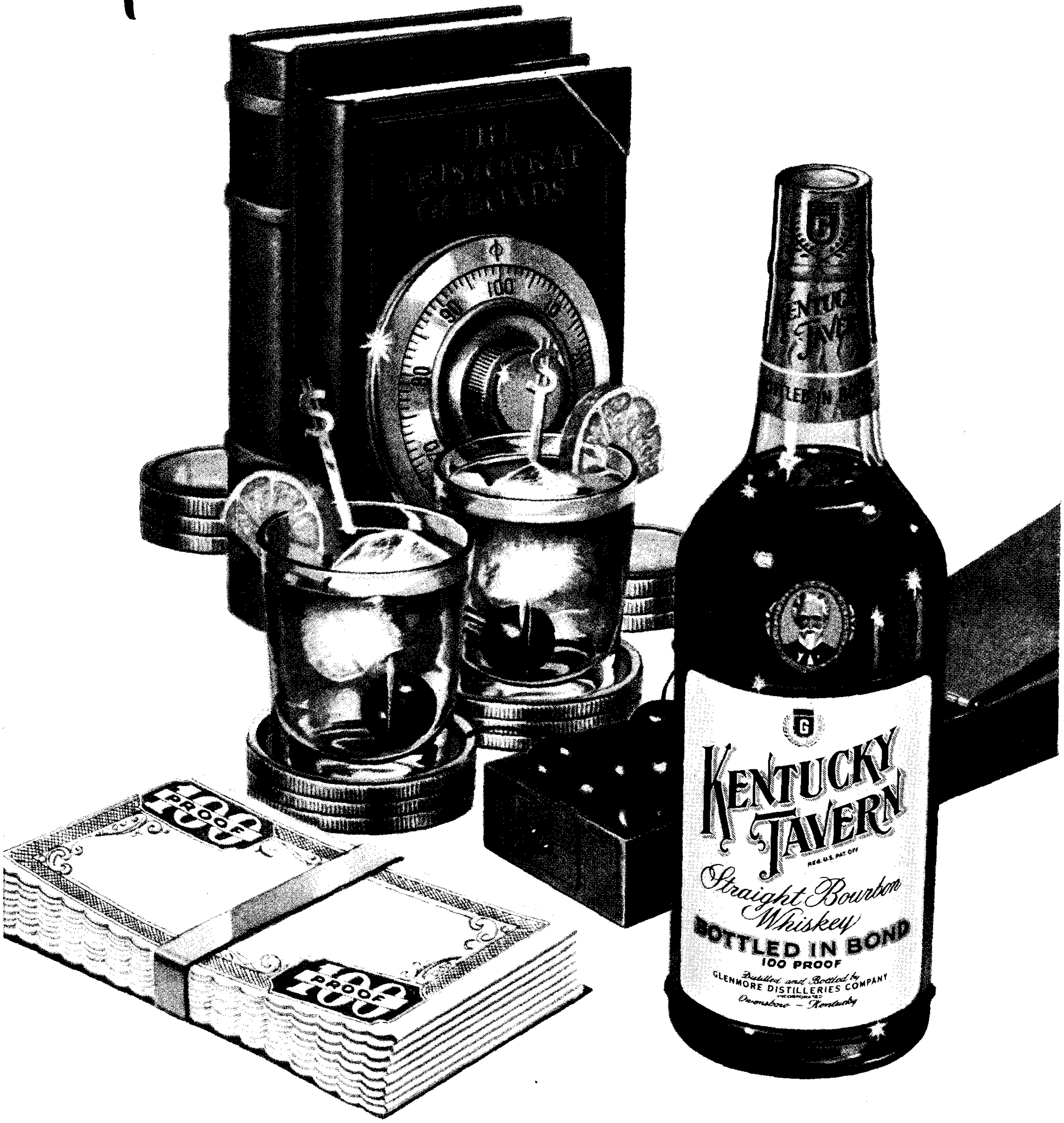
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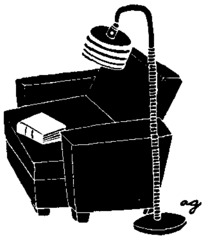
BOOKS

Six Men on a Raft



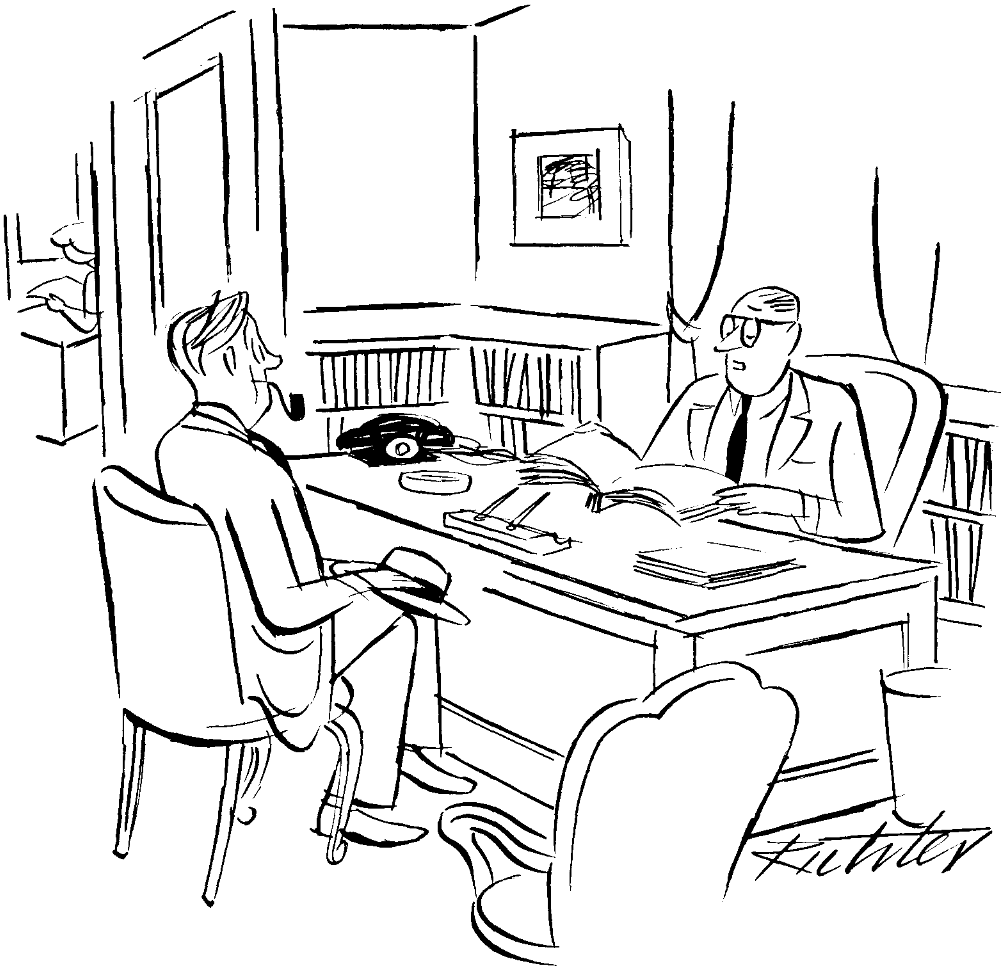
The most exciting factual sea story I know is Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," published fifty years ago; the next most exciting is "Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl (Rand McNally), published last week. Captain Slocum's book, like Charles Darwin's "The Voyage of the Beagle" and Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," is a classic, and I doubt whether Heyerdahl's contribution to the literature of the sea will ever attain such eminence, but for pure, genuine excitement, generated by its treatment of the old theme of man against the elements, it is remarkable.

Mr. Heyerdahl is a Norwegian, a landlubber, and a scientist. After graduating from the University of Oslo, he went on an archeological expedition in 1936 to the Southeast Pacific. He explored Tahiti, the Tuamotu Archipelago, and the Marquesas Islands; then he spent a year on the little-known island of Fatu Hiva, where he came across some ancient rock carvings and other remnants of a vanished past. As a result of his findings, Mr. Heyerdahl gradually developed a new theory about the origins of the Polynesian peoples. It had always been assumed that the islands of Polynesia had been settled by some venturesome folk from another part of the world. Malaya, India, China, Japan, Arabia, Egypt, and even Germany and Norway have all been championed as the Polynesians' ancestral homeland; one expert's meat was the other expert's ptomaine, except for one thing. All the experts agreed, not without reason, that the people who settled Polynesia, whoever they were, had come by sea. But why, Mr. Heyerdahl asked himself, thinking of the pyramids, the rock carvings, the paved roads, and the huge stone statues on some of the islands, could not these people have come from the New World instead of the Old? The more he investigated, the more cause he found to believe that they had. It is best to let him state his case for himself, and at some length:

> And on the nearest coast due east, where today the South American republic of Peru stretches from the Pacific up into the mountains, there was no lack of traces if one only looked for them. Here an unknown people had once lived and established one of the world's strangest civilizations. . . . They left behind them enormous stone statues carved in the image of human beings, which recalled those on Pitcairn, the Marquesas, and Easter Island, and huge pyramids built in steps like those on Tahiti and Samoa. . . . The Inca Indians . . . told the Spaniards that the colossal monuments were erected by a race of white gods [who had] long beards. . . . Finally they left Peru as suddenly as they had come; the Incas themselves took over power in the country, and the white teachers . . . fled westward over the Pacific.
>
> Now it happened that, when the Europeans came to the Pacific Islands, they were quite astonished to find . . . whole families conspicuous for their remarkably pale skins, hair varying from reddish to blonde, blue-gray eyes, and almost Semitic, hook-nosed faces. . . . [They] said they were directly descended from the first chiefs on the islands, who were still [revered as] white gods.

The foremost of these gods was named Tiki. Mr. Heyerdahl came across traces of him in Peru, too. The original name of the Inca sun god Virakocha, he learned, was Kon-Tiki—the high priest and sun king of the "white gods" who lived in Peru in pre-Inca times. According to Inca legend, Kon-Tiki, after a battle in which most of his race was massacred, made his way down from the mountains to the coast, and then, with a few companions, disappeared across the sea. "I was no longer in doubt," Mr. Heyerdahl says in his book, "that the white chief-god . . . whom the Incas declared that their forefathers had driven out of Peru on to the Pacific was identical with the white chief-god Tiki, son of the sun, whom the inhabitants of all the eastern Pacific islands hailed as the original founder of their race."

One question was still unanswered—how had Kon-Tiki and his pre-Inca companions (if it was they) managed to get from Peru to the South Sea Islands? Mr. Heyerdahl had no difficulty



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answering the question, at least to his satisfaction. They crossed the ocean on those rafts made of balsa wood on which the Indians of Peru used to venture far out to sea. Mr. Heyerdahl's fellow-scientists were not so readily satisfied; their argument was that it would have been impossible to get from Peru to any of the Polynesian islands on a raft. The only way Mr. Heyerdahl could think of refuting their objections was to construct such a raft and float from Peru to Polynesia himself. And so, with five companions and a rather charming Norwegian stubbornness, he proceeded to do just that.

His book is a record of the voyage, one of the most remarkable feats in seafaring history. On April 28, 1947, the six men left the harbor of Callao, in Peru, on a raft they had constructed themselves—an exact copy of the craft used by the Peruvian Indians. It was their hope that their raft would be carried by the wind and currents to one of the Polynesians, but it was only a hope. On August 7th, a hundred and one days and forty-three hundred nautical miles later, the raft crash-landed on a coral reef well inside Polynesia and its crew scrambled safely ashore. No brief retelling of the story of the voyage can do it justice. Mr. Heyerdahl's theory and his development of it are just as exciting as the adventures on the raft. This is an enthralling book, and I don't think I can be very far off in calling it the most absorbing sea tale of our time.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MILL ON THE PO, by Riccardo Bacchelli (Pantheon). An elephantine novel in which even the most minute twinges among Italy's nineteenth-century growing pains are examined with clinical meticulousness. In theory, attention is focussed throughout on several generations of the Scacerni family, proprietors of a floating mill anchored in the Po not far from Ferrara, a region especially significant in the national struggle for independence and unity. Regrettably, the Scacernis not only carry on their sturdy peasant shoulders the burden of summing up fictionally the successive political and economic trends but also suffer recurrently from the type of natural disaster—flood, famine, or plague—that is indispensable to any novel written, as this one is, in the grand manner. As a result, the representatives of the

"Did as much to mould the history of her time as any man.... Yes, Eleanor was indeed a great Queen." —NORMAN COUSINS, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings

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tribe are submerged a good deal of the time either literally, in the treacherous waters of the Po, or figuratively, in the author's elaborate method of presentation. Translated by Frances Frenaye.

The Peacock, by Jon Godden (Rinehart). An Englishwoman and four men—one of them her husband, the three others enamored of her—settle down in a well-appointed camp in the Nepalese jungle for the purposes of relaxation and big-game shooting, pastimes apparently considered by the British more or less synonymous. The complications that inevitably grow out of this setup are outlined by Miss Godden in a well-bred and melodious murmur that pays due attention to the symbolic as well as the outward aspects of Indian flora and fauna. Since all her characters suffer in varying degrees from either emotional anemia or excessive reticence, their problems don't turn out to be especially engrossing, even when things take a violent turn toward the end. A lesser piece of work than "The House by the Sea," this author's last previous novel.

The Grass Is Singing, by Doris Lessing (Crowell). Murder on the South African veldt, in an atmosphere of gradually mounting hysteria brought on by both climatic and sociological causes. The victim, a rather empty-headed city-bred girl married to an unsuccessful farmer, is shown in all phases of her progressive disintegration—a grim and depressing spectacle indeed. Miss Lessing's touch, which is remarkably sure as long as she is dealing with the unfortunate couple, wavers a bit when she turns her attention to the natives, with the result that one of her major characters, a houseboy who is partly responsible for the heroine's ultimate moral collapse, remains an enigmatic and shadowy figure.

Face of a Hero, by Louis Falstein (Harcourt, Brace). A sincere account of the Second World War in Italy, written from the point of view of an American aerial gunner. Though the gunner, Ben, speaks with authority and emotion, he spoils his effect by a persistent air of peevish dignity, which comes mostly from the fact that he feels himself to be an outsider but which tends to reflect his spite rather than his anger.

The Circle of the Minotaur, by Stuart Hood (Viking). The story of a man who has to live by a lie or not at all. Carlo, an Italian country boy,

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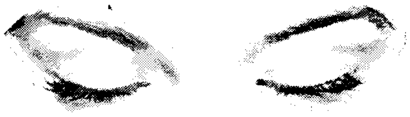
The Backward Bride

BY AUBREY MENEN



N. Y. Times Book Review— "... deals with the morals of the day and the even more complicated morals of the night in ... a way that is ... witty but not bitter, and thought-provoking but not unto despair."

Ethel Vance— "... devilish wit ... delicious inventiveness."

Once again, the author of "Prevalence of Witches" rings the gay little bell of sane wit in a world of serious insanity. When Anisetta, the brilliantly "backward" bride, takes the "de-education" of her husband into her own pretty hands, things really start to pop, from the mountains of Sicily to the salons of Sartre!

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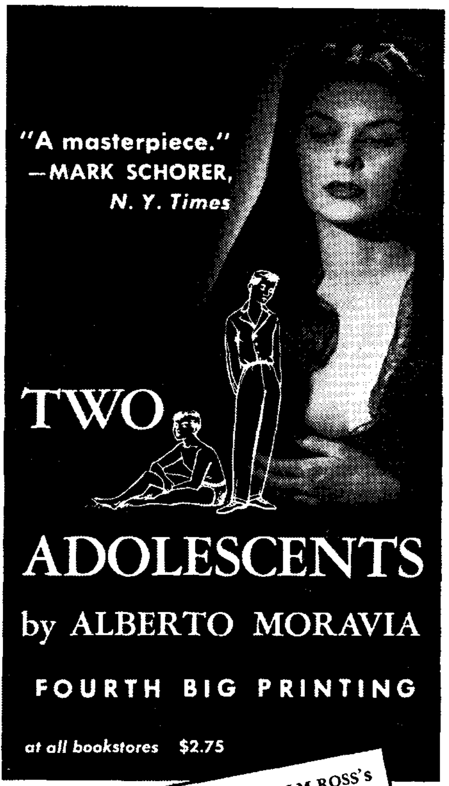
takes credit wrongfully for the assassination of an unpopular landowner, and becomes an outlaw and a hero. Years later, when he returns to his native town and tries to deny the lie, it turns against him and destroys him. Mr. Hood writes evenly, with little change in tone, and succeeds in giving us a strong impression of Carlo's fatalism but no idea at all of the kind of human being he is.

A PRIVATE STAIR, by David Loughlin (Harper). An American ship's electrician visits Bangkok and has a love affair with a pretty dancer named Saeng. Mr. Loughlin finds much significance in this, but his characters are all so poker-faced, and his sentences come in such short gasps, that it is hard to be honestly attentive to what he has to say.

GENERAL

MISTER JELLY ROLL, by Alan Lomax (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Talking into a recording machine furnished by the Library of Congress, the late Ferdinand (Jelly Roll) Morton, New Orleans Negro and self-styled "inventor of jazz," set down this autobiography in 1938, in collaboration with Alan Lomax. As Morton tells it, the story of the burgeonings of jazz in the brothels of New Orleans' Storyville is a masterpiece of American social and musical history. Lomax has added connective sections and supplied a few critical insights and some illuminating interviews with Morton's New Orleans contemporaries, but these efforts hardly make up for what he has intruded: a style apparently modelled after a laundry list; a running love affair with words like "working-stiff" and "folklife;" a psychoanalysis of Morton that sounds like cocktail-party conversation; and a gaudy bad taste, reflected in phrases like "a Creole Cellini." The book is good-looking and has extensive appendixes (including many of Morton's scores and a full tabulation of his compositions and recordings), effective illustrations, and an end-paper map of Storyville, by David Stone Martin, but no one seems to have bothered to proofread the text.

THE ROAD TO PEARL HARBOR, by Herbert Feis (Princeton). A full and authoritative account of how the war between Japan and the United States came about. The author, who was in the State Department during the prewar negotiations with the



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DOUBLEDAY

Japanese, has documented his book with passages from the writings and statements of Stimson, Grew, Morgenthau, and Hull; from state papers of the Roosevelt administration; and from Japanese sources. Mr. Feis is scrupulous about his facts and careful in his interpretation of them, but he has opinions, and while they do not sound even remotely like those of the Charles A. Beard-Chicago *Tribune* school, neither do they glow with admiration for American diplomacy. He finds considerable fault with the American leaders of those years, charging them with indecision, double-talk, and a reluctance to take the people into their confidence.

VERDICT OF THREE DECADES, edited by Julien Steinberg (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An integrated and well-edited collection of writings about Soviet Communism, drawn mostly from the works of men and women who have revolted against it and believe that Lenin and Stalin cynically betrayed a revolution they did not start in the first place. The various authors include Rosa Luxembourg, Bertrand Russell, André Gide, Arthur Koestler, and Max Eastman, who is represented by a brilliant piece on Leon Trotsky. Another is Joseph Stalin himself, who is quoted at sufficient length (from his "Foundations of Leninism," mainly) to prevent its being said that his words have been lifted out of context; his contribution is particularly damning. If there are any people around who still do not believe the accusations made against Lenin and Stalin, this book should dispel their doubts.

BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN EMPIRE, by Erich Eyck (Macmillan). A one-volume political biography of Otto von Bismarck, written in English by a German scholar who is also responsible for a three-volume study in German. The author presents Bismarck as a giant of statecraft—a man of superior intellectual gifts who unified Germany, prostrated the Second Empire, defeated Austria, and forged the alliance between the Hapsburg monarchy and the German Empire. He is also shown as a man who would use every trick of deceit and disloyalty to further his cause, and in whose nature there was as much lofty larceny as blood and iron. In trying to assay Bismarck morally and determine whether he belongs to the forces of

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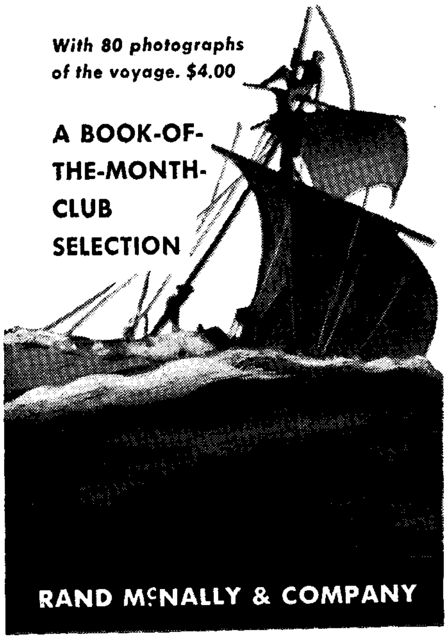

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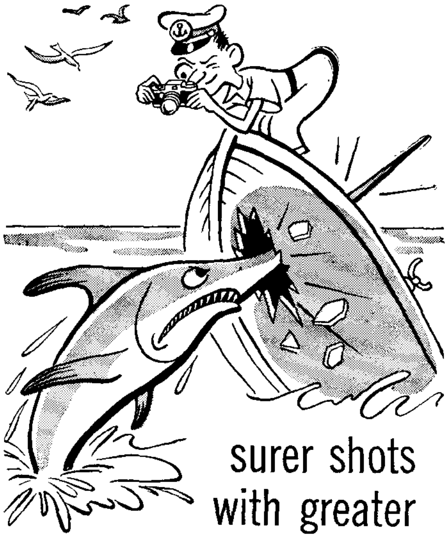
good or evil, Dr. Eyck is less sure and less clear. What he appears to be saying in conclusion is that by uniting Germany and making her powerful, Bismarck accomplished good, but by creating a political institution like the German Empire and then leaving it in the stewardship of a mediocrity like Wilhelm II, he accomplished evil. Hardly a verdict that will be very popular outside Germany.

HAWKINS OF PLYMOUTH, by James A. Williamson (Macmillan). A history of the Hawkins family of Devon, the leading shipbuilders and privateers of Tudor England and the founders of Britain's transoceanic merchant trade. The central figure is Sir John Hawkins, who was a rear admiral in the fleet that defeated the Spanish Armada, and, as Queen Elizabeth's Treasurer of the Navy, a prime mover in getting England started on her career as a sea power. The author, a specialist in Tudor maritime history—his "The Age of Drake" is a contemporary classic—takes a more frankly admiring attitude toward Sir John than some earlier writers, who, conceding his genius as a sea dog, believed him to have been cruel, avaricious, and even crooked. Mr. Williamson does not gloss over Sir John's ruthless pillaging of Spanish merchant ships, his trading in Negro slaves, or his alleged manipulating of state funds for his own purposes, but he also maintains that "much morality is relevant to time and place." While some of the reasoning of this sort seems a little weak, the book as a whole is a rich, stirring, and knowledgeable narrative of brave old times. Illustrated.

MEMORY BAY, by John Frederic Gibson (Longmans, Green). Snugly ensconced in a cottage in Cornwall, Mr. Gibson looks back with understandable satisfaction on the twenty-year program he mapped out for himself early in life and then managed to carry through. This involved ten years of peregrination, both as a passenger and as a working seaman, to such spots as Lapland, Australia, Cape Horn, and, during the war, Norway, followed up by an equal amount of time devoted to training himself to set his recollections down on paper. Although he dwells with enthusiasm on the manner in which he has now taken root in Cornwall, he is at his best when describing his many jaunts and the exertions they entailed, leaving one with the feeling



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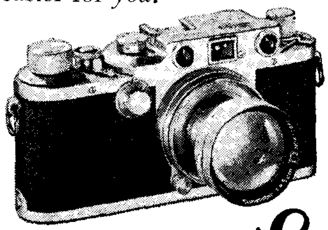

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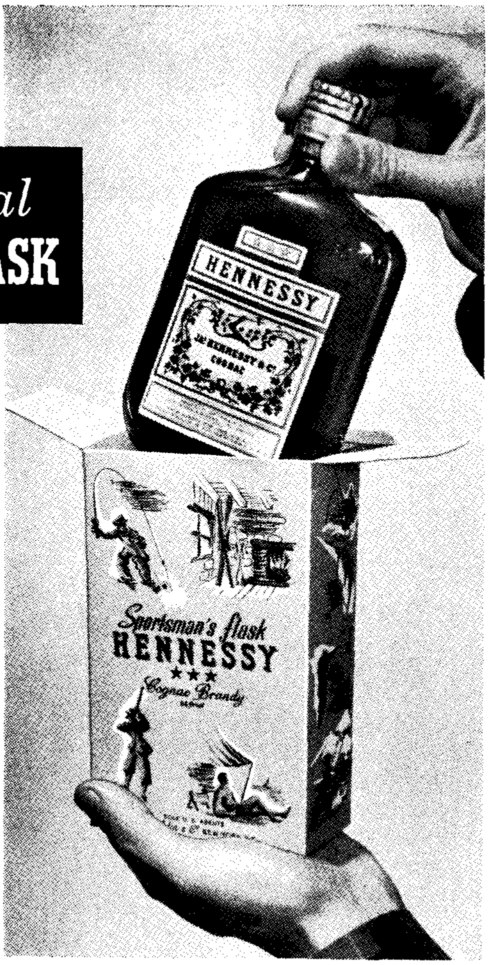
that his exchange of belaying pin for typewriter may not turn out to be as final as it sounds.

THE THOMAS MANN READER, edited by Joseph Warner Angell (Knopf). This selection of Thomas Mann's works, recently published to commemorate his seventy-fifth birthday, resounds with such memorial éclat and bears such a freight of exegetical apparatus that it comes as something of a shock to realize that Dr. Mann is still enjoying excellent health, in Pacific Palisades, California. Two of his marvellous short novels, four short stories, and a number of essays are included, along with large chunks from several of his full-scale novels. Also, a curious attempt is made to encompass "The Magic Mountain" by means of excerpts and a running synopsis. A selection from "Reflections of an Unpolitical Man" is the first bit of that strange and rather repellent work to appear in English, and several other things have been newly translated for the book by Mrs. H. T. Lowe-Porter. The total impression created by this three-hundred-thousand-word monument is that Mann is a major writer, but perhaps not all *that* major.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER TAKES THE VEIL, by Margaret Ann Hubbard (Bruce). The trouble all begins when Mother Theodore, Superior of St. Aurelien's convent, in the Louisiana bayou country, hires three distinguished men as lay instructors. One of these, it soon develops, committed a murder several years before and is now bent on exterminating the only witness—a student at the convent—who can testify against him. The three instructors are almost equally suspect, but in the end the sheriff figures things out, and quiet is more or less restored to St. Aurelien's. Miss Hubbard's plotting is intricate but fair, the happenings she records are sombre and violent, and her atmospheric effects are excellently contrived. Altogether, a very original and stimulating piece of work.

DEATH WEARS CAT'S EYES, by D. B. Olsen (Doubleday). Jim Bayliss steps around the corner to get some coffee for a drunken friend, and when he comes back, there is a dead woman in his room. Naturally, this requires a little explanation, and it isn't made any easier when the police find out that Jim's wife also died under suspicious circumstances. Ev-



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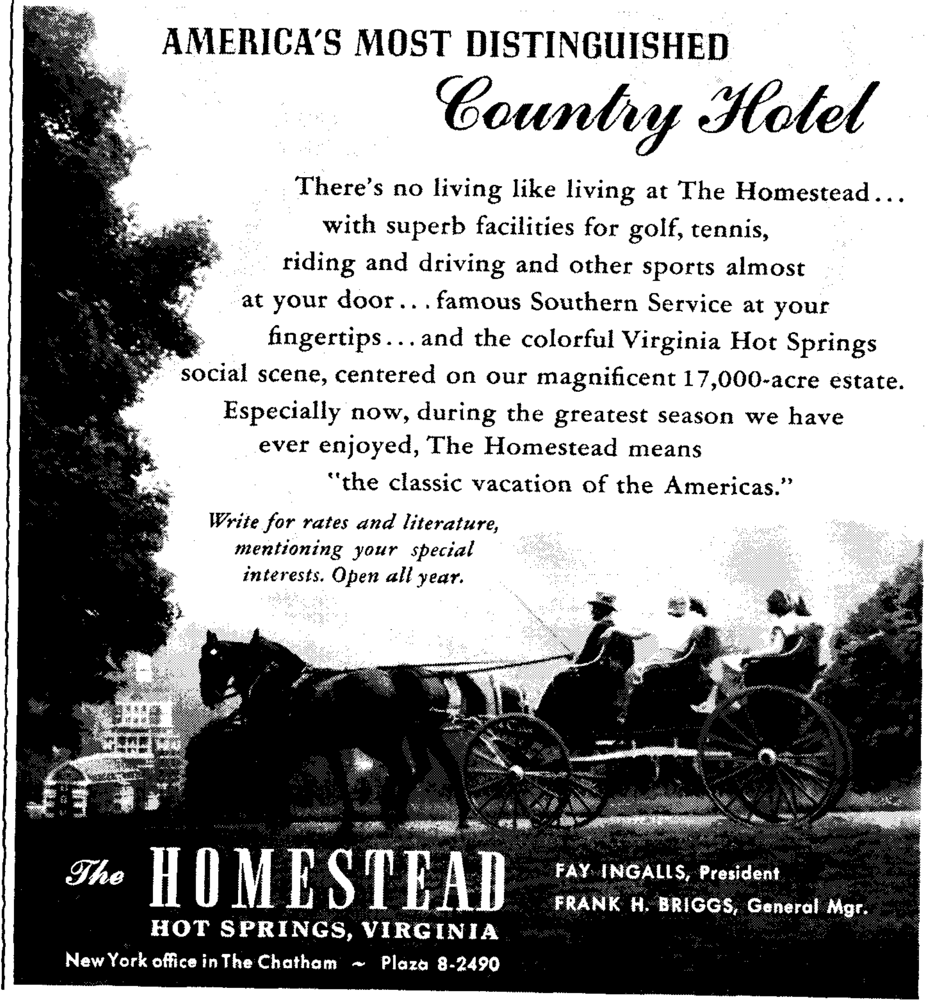

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erything, in fact, looks pretty black for him, but Miss Rachel Murdock, a spinster sleuth less tiresome than most, takes up the chase and eventually finds a solution. Rather complex, especially in its *final* revelations, but probably fast and ingenious enough for most admirers of multiple homicide.

MURDER MEMO, by Will Oursler (Simon & Schuster). This collection of photostats of simulated police reports, newspaper clippings, letters, and official memoranda is hardly a book (it costs only a dollar), but it makes an entertaining novelty, and almost all the material in it looks remarkably authentic. The story has to do with a detective who was dropped from the force when he declined to accept an official verdict of suicide in a case and decided to conduct an investigation of his own. The case is just a variation of the locked-room gambit, and the solution may seem to belong to science fiction rather than detection, but the form is interesting and the typography is a triumph of patient ingenuity.

•

When sending delicacies to invalids and persons in hospitals, if possible send them on paper plates with paper doilies and save the family the trouble of returning dishes.

If we would reach a stable civilization, we must penetrate below political and economic troubles into their causes and bring about a fundamental change in the bases of life.—ARTHUR H. COMPTON. *Reno (Nev.) Shopping News Reminder.*

Well, that's making a start, anyway.

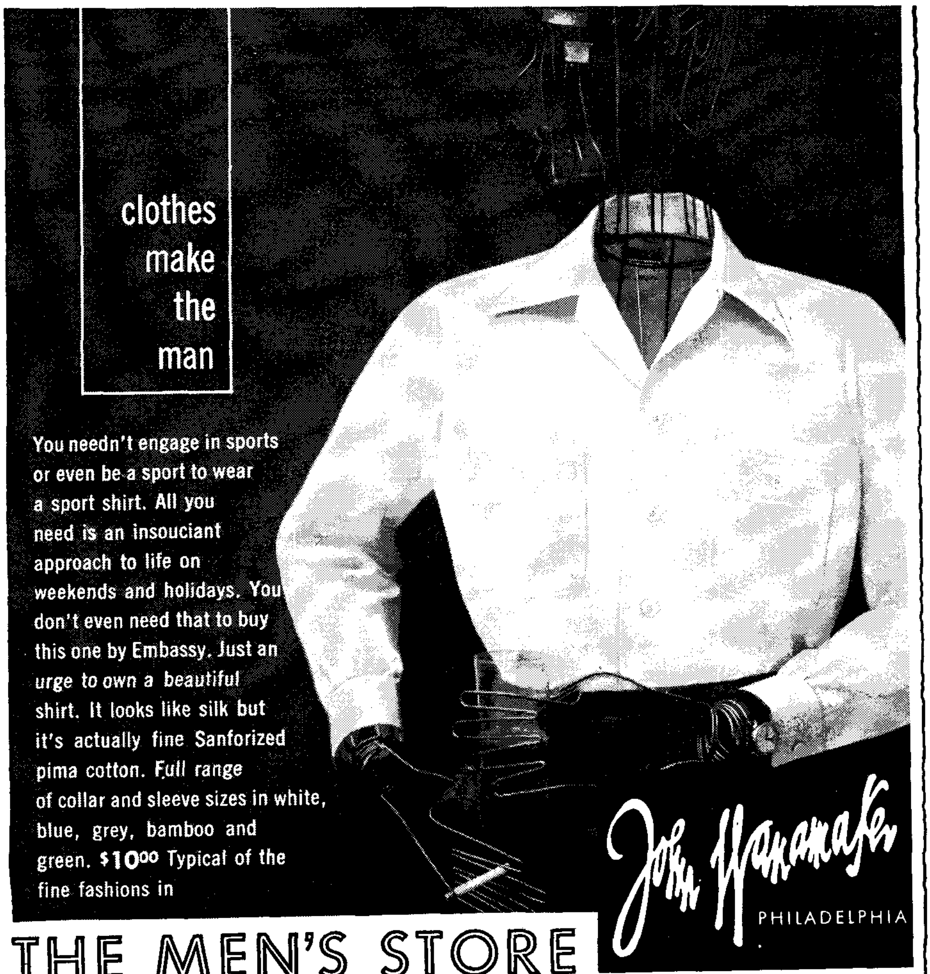
•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
(ENCYCLOPEDIA DIVISION)

. . . for the introduction to England of potatoes . . . Raleigh is popularly remembered.—*Columbia Encyclopedia, page 1,474.*

If the origin of the potato is uncertain, information concerning its introduction into other countries is also shrouded in mystery. The exact history of such introductions has been lost, and the few historical stories that remain prove to have little solid foundation. Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, is said to have brought back the potato from Virginia in 1585, yet on investigation it appears that the true potato did not reach Virginia until more than 100 years after this date. Nor could Raleigh have obtained the potato from Peru, for his ships apparently never visited that country.—*Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume 18, page 326.*

In 1586 he [Raleigh] was given 40,000 acres of the forfeited lands of the Desmonds, on the Blackwater in Ireland. He planted English settlers, and introduced the potato . . .—*Encyclopædia Britannica, same volume, page 960.*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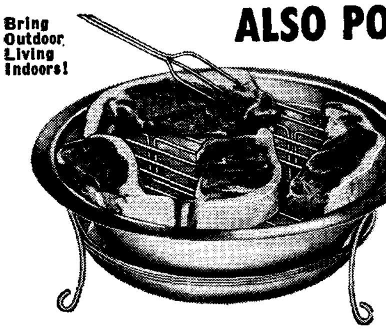
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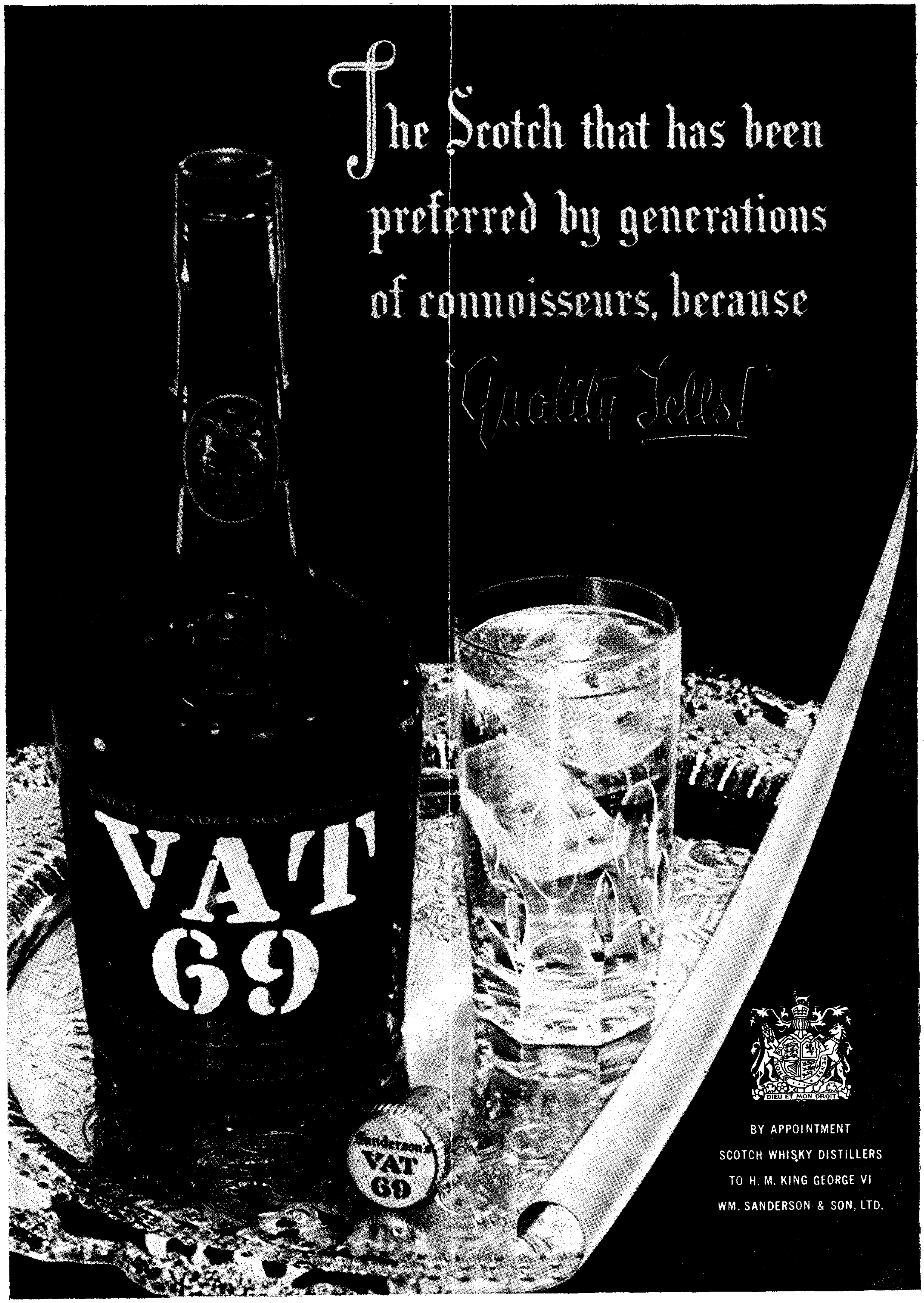
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